THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° Dñi [illegible] by B[illegible]. Franklin

AUGUST 3, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

The Making of an American Woman—By Maude Radford Warren

DO YOU ORDER

FLOUR AND POTATOES

IN THE SAME WAY?

A Million

GOLD MEDAL

housekeepers

are more

careful.

They order

"GOLD MEDAL FLOUR"

and their

reward

is easy baking

and sure results.

If they ordered—

"a sack of flour"

as they order

"a peck of potatoes"

results would

be different

Careful selection of wheat, washing, scouring, tempering, uniform grinding of each kernel, sifting and bolting, cleanliness, purity, strength and absorption make GOLD MEDAL FLOUR the greatest in efficiency and satisfaction.

WASHBURN–CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Get Your Free Jar From the Grocer

We want to *give* you a fruit jar. We think you will be glad to get it. Because this jar is a great *help* in preserving—it is more certain and more sanitary. Just cut off the coupon below and take it to your grocer.

The Sanitary All-Glass Atlas "E-Z Seal" Preserving Jars

"Home Jarring" Who wouldn't rather eat her *own* "garden stuff" than store goods?

What housewife wouldn't choose to preserve her *own* vegetables and fruit, rather than pay fancy winter prices to the grocer?

When January comes, wouldn't you like to *surprise* your family with fresh, luscious, tempting peas, beans, corn and tomatoes—peaches, pears, plums, cherries and berries that had never been "citified"?

"New Ways" You can do it—every woman can, if she will. "Home Jarring" is easy, safe, certain and sanitary when you use the Atlas E-Z Seal Jar.

Be sure that your vegetables and fruit are put up in *all-glass*—the day of tin-topped, metal-capped, wrist-twisted jars is *past!*

Atlas E-Z Seal Jars are "all glass"—the top is all glass—no metal to taint the fruit. The seal is a wire clamp—it closes with a *touch* and opens with a *tilt*. No "contortion" necessary.

VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS

Mrs. L. Strain,
Los Angeles, Cal.
"I have used your jars and think them to be the best."

Mrs. N. Ainsworth,
Ballston Lake, N.Y.
"I use Atlas E-Z Seal Jars and like them best of all."

Mrs. Claude L. Bills,
West Walworth, N.Y.
"I am using E-Z Seal Jars and think they are excellent."

Mrs. Ada Perry Thompson,
Watertown, Conn.
"I have used your jars for two seasons and am buying more."

Mrs. Ethel Hirbert,
Henderson, Neb.
"I am a user of Atlas E-Z Seal Jars and think them above all others."

Mrs. L. J. Harris,
Los Angeles, Cal.
"If your book is as good as your jars, will be glad to receive it."

Mrs. John Cofelder,
Beattyville, Ky.
"I am a constant user of E-Z Seal Jars — will never use any other."

Reduce the Cost of Living

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives.

The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

1 doz.	Quarts	String Beans	$2.65
1 "	"	Peas	2.10
1 "	"	Asparagus	2.85
1 "	"	Tomatoes	1.90
1 "	"	Lima Beans	1.90
1 "	"	Corn	1.65
			$13.05
Six doz. Quart E-Z Seal Jars cost—say			5.40
Actual cash saving (first year) between 72 quarts of "store goods" and 72 quarts of "home-jarred" goods			$7.65

Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is $13.05, less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your *own* home are so much better than any you may buy! Many women are doing their own jarring—why not *YOU?*

You have only to know the *truth* about this jar. Then, as sure as you are a good housewife, this will become the jar of your *first* choice.

"By its fruit you may know it"

Get Your Free Jar and Your Free Book

Get our FREE Book of Recipes—it is an index to successful preserving and a guide to good results. It contains all manner of recipes for the putting up of all kinds of vegetables and fruit, together with full instructions as to the use of the jar. Get the FREE Booklet from *us* and the FREE jar from the *grocer*. And you will be *glad*.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

A

1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE

Please note—in order to secure free jar this *coupon must* be presented to your dealer before October 15th, 1912, with blank spaces properly filled out.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

This is to certify that I have this day received one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar Free of all cost and without any obligation on my part. This is the first coupon presented by any member of my family.

Name _____

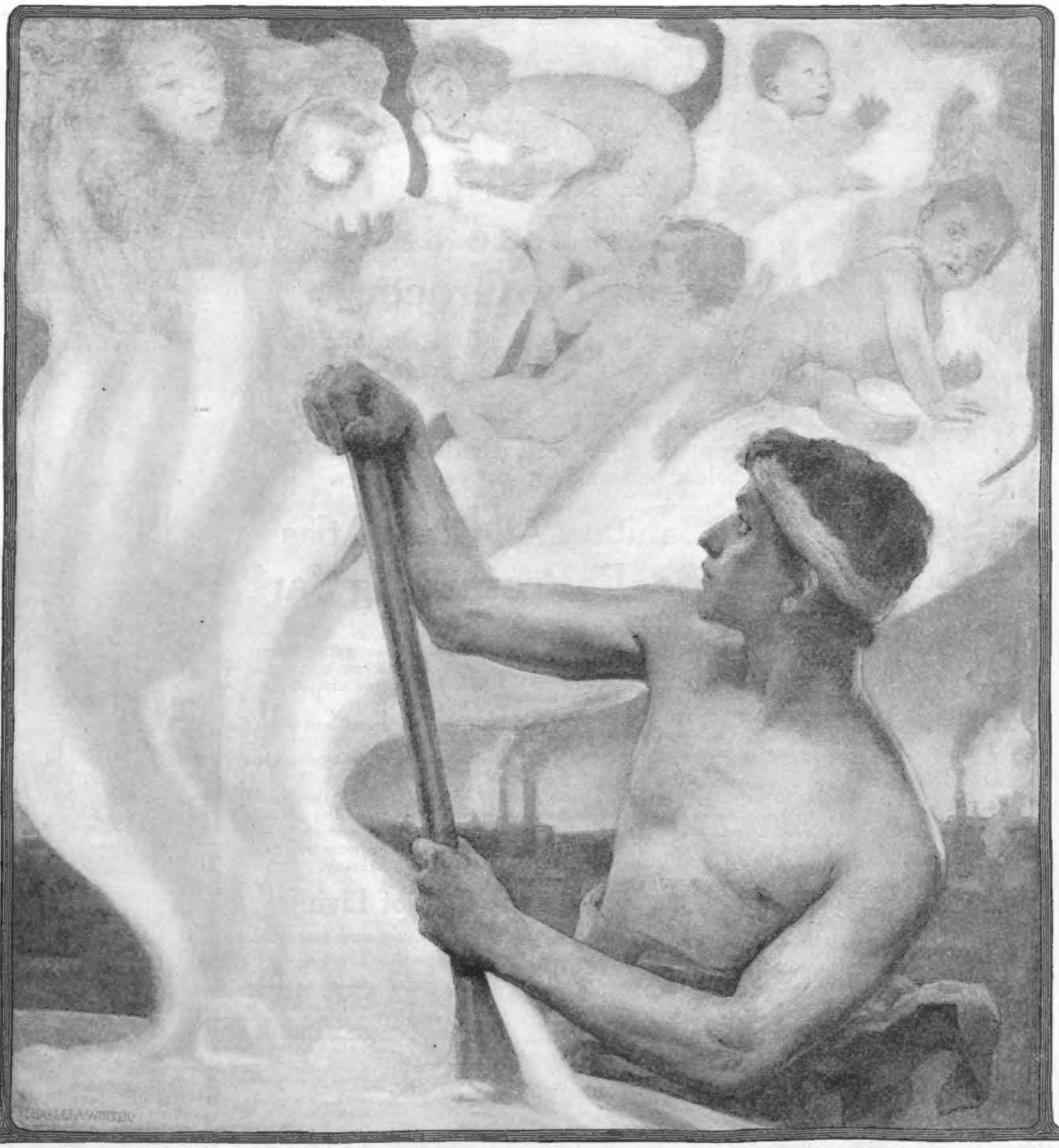
Address _____

TO THE DEALER—Present this to jobber from whom you recieved E-Z Seal Jars. All coupons must be signed by you and returned before November 1st, 1912.

DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I gave away one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar to the person whose signature appears above.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____



The spirit which inspires the making of Ivory Soap, as conceived by Charles A. Winter

Illustration copyright, 1912, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

INSPIRATION

Always is it faith in someone or something that inspires us to lift our work above the commonplace.

IT is the confidence which even the humblest worker in the Ivorydale factories has in the product he helps to make that is the basis of the superiority of Ivory Soap.

It is the knowledge that his efforts are given to an article worth while which inspires him to do his best.

It is the certainty that the soap which he helps to produce is the purest and most economical, the soap that is doing the greatest good in the world, which enables him to look beyond the drudgery of the moment and see his labor glorified.

And as his thousands of fellow-workers share the same inspiration, it is but natural that Ivory Soap should be the embodiment of the Spirit of Cleanliness.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 3, 1912 Number 5

The Making of an American Woman

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE NORTHERN BLOOD

THE ship was nearing home. The cabin passengers, steamer rugs put away and baggage arranged in the best order for inspection, were showing that touch of nervousness or excitement that even the sophisticated feel on approaching a journey's end. From time to time on the voyage they had gazed down on the immigrant deck, interested, indifferent or disgusted, few of them reflecting that only the difference of a few dollars prevented themselves from being fed and lodged badly—for the ship was not an English ship—driven rudely up and down slippery stairs and exposed to the winds and the waves. Yet, had the cabin passengers chosen to look in this last hour, they would surely have felt a bond of real fellowship with their steerage companions, for these, too, were going home. There were many foreign faces showing an exalted emotion of patriotism that few Americans feel, a high belief that this new country was going to give the freedom—the opportunity—that had so far been denied them; and this emotion was accompanied by the consecration of themselves as loyal children of the new mother. There were other expressions on other faces—fear, bewilderment, shrewdness, calculation, greed; for the men and women who come to us steadily and relentlessly over the immigrant trail are just men and women, and no more.

During the voyage they had their first lessons in the process of the melting pot, for they were of many nationalities. Russians, Poles, Germans, Bohemians, Slovaks and Italians—they had listened to one another's songs and made acquaintances in the common sign language; but now they were almost silent, for they were just passing the Statue of Liberty. There she stood, with her magnificent sweep of line, her torch on high, a beacon to light Americans or future Americans home. Though a democrat, the Lady of Liberty refuses to be a sentimentalist; she wants only useful and worthy children to come home, for she has a long posterity to guard. The immigrants gazed up at her. Yetta Rudnitsky and her little sister Sonia were the center of a group of Russian Jews who had fallen on their knees and were stretching out their hands, with tears and sobs, to the woman of hope. Teresa Soriano, in the first rank of the Italians, her three little children huddled against her, gazed hard and pointed excitedly, because her husband, waiting for her at Ellis Island, had written to her, in a letter which the priest had read to her, that she must not fail to look. Olga Jenssen, the only Scandinavian girl on board, standing by her German friend Hedwig Schmidt, stared, with her jaws working in a ruminative way. And Susanka, the Slovak from the mountains of Hungary, standing uncomprehending, patient, stolid-faced, merely accepted as one more new marvel this great figure rising over the green waters to welcome her.

The immigrants had been up since daybreak, making ready to land. Many were filled with fear lest something should happen to shut them out from the new land; they were perfecting themselves in what they meant to say to the officials. They were tired before they entered the harbor, and most of them were unaware of the long hours of waiting before them. The waiting began at the dock while the cabin passengers were disembarked. Then the immigrants, carrying their own baggage, were loaded into the barges that were to take them to Ellis Island. Perhaps the immigrants should have felt some appropriate emotion as they crossed the gangplank that landed them on Ellis Island; but their energies were fully engaged in trying to do what was expected of them.

Mrs. Henderson Had Been Letting Things Go

An official shepherded them up a broad inclined way to the door of the great Government building whence they were to emerge, if they emerged at all, with a right to America. They poured in, their faces intent, eager or furtive, some stolid, some servile, but all docile, all ready to walk, as they were told, along the two passages outlined with steel bars where the doctors stood. Many of them did not know why the covering was stripped from every baby's head or why every child of walking age had to be put on the floor; or that certain men and women whom the doctors chalkmarked were reserved for further inspection. If they had been told that ten or fifteen per cent of those who come in are put aside for further examination, and that of these two per cent are deported, the figures would have meant nothing to them.

Many were passed through quickly; and as they went on, directed by various officials, some courteous and some not, they were aware of a clamor behind them. Families were being separated—some to go into the rooms reserved for special examination, others to be held in a pen to await the outcome. The consequence was that frantic questions were addressed to two interpreters—one was ready to explain two or three times; the other regarded the human distress unmoved. The immigrants who had gone on up the wide stairs did not even look back. Their business was to go on with their baggage.

Presently they stood in the largest room they had ever seen—an immense yellow place, with a high balcony running all round, whence could look down visitors, so fortunate as to be Americans already, upon those standing in the doorway of America. The room was full of long lines of benches where the immigrants were seated according to nationality, holding tightly to the cards of identification furnished them by the transport companies. The immigrants knew that the men standing before desks at the end of the long rows of benches were those who opened the doorway for the newcomer or closed it. Few realized the difficult task of the inspectors, who, with only the ship's manifest for a guide, containing the names of the immigrants and other statutory information, must work rapidly and yet exercise sound judgment in applying indefinite tests to human beings.

Some of the immigrants received yellow cards and were led to a room at the western end of the floor below the balcony to be held for special inquiry. In some hours or in several days, as the case might be, they would be taken to

She Had Become a Lady's Maid Proper at Eighteen Dollars a Week

the board rooms, where judges, with the help of interpreters, would pass on their cases. Perhaps it was as well that the immigrants were ignorant of those rooms upstairs, where men—some sympathetic, some palpably indifferent—decided the fate of their brethren and handed on the decision to interpreters, who were occasionally not careful enough to make an adverse judgment understood. Tired, bewildered, anxious foreigners, confused at being disposed of in English, sometimes needed to be told twice or even three times in their own language why they were not to be American citizens.

The people sitting on the benches knew nothing of these places of judgment, or of the temporary detention rooms, or of the excluded rooms. There were men who had to be held for a week in a dormitory, where the occupants stayed night and day to the number of two thousand, though there were only eighteen hundred beds without mattresses, in tiers of three each, the lines of tiers being separated by a two-foot passage. The ventilation was poor and on summer nights the thermometer recorded one hundred degrees. Whenever the door was opened the men and boys ran forward, wild-eyed, to see if liberty offered. The commissioner asks for improvements; perhaps some day a slow Government will grant them.

The German-Norwegian Alliance

THE immigrants waiting on the benches saw that those who had not yellow cards went down one of two stairways. They went to the railroad rooms or to the ferry which would carry them to New York, or else they were put in a temporary detention room, walled with crisscross bars, whence they peered, waiting for their friends. They were managed by a system very well devised by the men at the top, and, like many human schemes, often imperfectly carried out by the men at the bottom. On one side it was a business, and some officials handled the immigrants like so many frozen fish; on the other side it was a poignant human drama infinitely repeated. Day after day men came to America seeking the right to live—and women, too, like Yetta Rudnitsky and her little sister Sonia, Russian Jews; like Teresa Soriano, the Italian; like Susanka, the Slovak; like Olga Jenssen, the Norwegian, and her friend, Hedwig Schmidt, the German.

When Olga and Hedwig passed the inspector's desk he remarked to the interpreter who was directing the girls:

"That's the kind of flesh and blood we want in this country. The Scandinavians and Germans are more akin to us racially than these other people who are coming over. They assimilate our ideas, get in tune with our civilization and have an upward tendency generally."

"They have nice figures," replied the interpreter, watching these figures disappear down the stairway dedicated to the use of immigrants going to the city of New York. "The German is a little scared and excited, but that Norwegian never turned a hair."

The girls on the stairway were splendid creatures physically. Hedwig was the shorter, rather dark, plain-faced, but quick and observant. Olga was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with heavy blond hair and frank, open face. If she "hadn't turned a hair" that was no sign she was not sufficiently perturbed at her recent experiences and more than a little uncertain as to what was still to come.

Accident had thrown the girls together. Hedwig was the daughter of a small shopkeeper who had suffered reverses and had been glad to let his eldest daughter, who was learning to be a dressmaker, go into the service of the wife of a small official. The small official had been sent to Christiania and there had taken Olga into the household. Olga was not a native of the city. Her father held a small tenant farm and there she had helped him—in the winter knitting and embroidering linen; in the summer living high up in the mountains in a *saeter* hut, where she took care of the little cattle, made butter and cheese and gathered the precious hay. There were too many daughters, however, and so she had gone to Christiania for work. When the official was recalled to Germany, his wife took Olga and Hedwig with her. Sickness and death broke up that home, and Olga and Hedwig took passage for America.

Hedwig had made the suggestion, for her year in the independent atmosphere of Christiania had made her loath to go back to the severe discipline of the life of a servant in a German town; but it was Olga who had kept Hedwig to the resolution. Olga had an acquaintance in New York who had promised to see that the girls got work. This girl—Ragnild Olesen—met them outside the temporary detention room at Ellis Island; and, though she greeted them heartily, she contrived to make them feel her superiority as to clothes and general sophistication. No emotion is more distressing to an immigrant, already suffering from homesickness and strangeness, than the feeling that, as a personality, she is going to be handicapped in her chances in the new country by the fact that she is a "greenhorn." On the other side of the water she does not realize this; her friends and relatives send her glowing accounts of how well they are doing in America, and she has the impression that opportunities come forth to seek the immigrant. It is the hard experience of the voyage and the nervous strain of disembarking and of hearing affairs she does not understand transacted in a strange language that bring to her a sense of fear that she may be unable to cope successfully with her future.

Olga and Hedwig were first taken to a cheap boarding house—which seemed dear enough to them—and then to a registry office for domestic servants. As there are over three hundred of these offices in New York, of which one hundred are for freshly arrived immigrant girls, and as some of these places are indifferent about investigating doubtful "homes" to which they send immigrants, the two newcomers were fortunate in having a friend who took them to a reputable registry. The woman presiding over it was a cheery person, who told Olga in her own language to come back in the morning as she was sure she could find places for them. Olga translated this direction for Hedwig and the two went back to their boarding house.

Hedwig cried herself to sleep, but Olga lay wide-eyed far into the night. She was used to silence and tranquillity; she thought of her father's farm, where life went on quietly and no one hurried. There she walked often for miles along a road, meeting no one—not even hearing a dog and very rarely a bird. In New York people ran about as if they were mad; and even at night there was no peace, for the strange trains up in the air roared into the windows and there was never stillness in the streets below. However, Olga came of a race fond of adventure and steeled to endure, so next morning she went to the registry office ready to accept whatever the day should bring.

Olga Gets Her First American Job

BEFORE noon it brought Mrs. Henderson, a delicate-looking, worn woman, with eyebrows perpetually raised in a sort of exasperated resignation, evidently well known to the office.

"Yes, here I am again," she said to the woman in charge. "I declare, I think servants are so ungrateful. The patience I took in training that girl—and here in seven months she left me!"

"She must have learned English very fast," said the agent.

"Too fast. I just dread breaking in another!"

"Now, Mrs. Henderson," said the registry agent in a persuasive voice, "do you think you are wise in taking these greenhorns? Why don't you pay more and get a girl who wouldn't take so much out of you?"

"If I were only strong enough," said Mrs. Henderson with a break in her voice, "I'd do the work myself; but, with three children—I just can't pay decent wages! My energy is less valuable than dollars. Let me look at your list today."

There was a long row of girls sitting about the room, chiefly Scandinavian, German and Austrian, and Mrs. Henderson began to examine them.

"That's a Norwegian, isn't it?" she said, nodding at Olga. "I'd rather have a Norwegian than a Swede, for Norwegians have more intelligence, I think. They aren't so polite and they're so self-centered you want to kill them; but they do have a better grasp of things. Besides, my Bobbie knows a few Norwegian words and that pleases them; and then I have a Norwegian-English dictionary. She looks strong. Will you see if she will come for two dollars and a half?"

The woman in charge explained to Olga that two dollars and a half a week was all that a greenhorn could expect until she knew English; and besides, this lady lived in Brooklyn, where prices were not so high. Olga reflected that she had to pay a dollar a day in the boarding house and that this chance was the only one that had come to

"Ay Ban Fed Babies. Ay Ban Go"

her all morning, though various Swedes and Danes and Germans had already found places. Likewise, she need not stay if she did not like the place. She accepted and asked if Hedwig could come too.

Mrs. Henderson happened to have a German friend in dire need of a general servant; so, after some telephoning, Hedwig was assured that in all probability by the afternoon she would be installed in a place only a mile from where Olga would be. Then Olga and Mrs. Henderson went to the boarding house, got Olga's valise and bundle and basket, and set out for Brooklyn. Olga did not realize what a tiresome journey it was; after the voyage over the ocean she would have been surprised at no span of distance. She looked about her at the long rows of shops, but nothing changed the impassive expression of her face.

She was surprised, however, to find that her mistress lived only in part of a house, all on one floor with no upstairs or downstairs. She liked the room assigned her well enough and wondered if she would have to sleep with anybody. Mrs. Henderson indicated by signs that Olga might unpack her clothes and put on a working dress. After this she led her into the kitchen and pointed to great piles of dirty china lying in the kitchen sink. The situation was clear to Olga; Mrs. Henderson had been letting things go.

Mrs. Henderson, from long experience, did not assume that Olga knew anything. She showed her how to turn on the hot and the cold water, pointed to soap and towels, and indicated the china closet. Then, with her characteristic expression of exasperated resignation, she went to a neighboring flat to get her younger children from the friend who had been caring for them. When she returned Olga had the dishes washed and in place and was sitting by the kitchen table, waiting for whatever was to come next. Mrs. Henderson saw with approval that the dishes had been sensibly arranged, those likely to be most in use having been set nearest at hand. Still, she was afraid to be optimistic; this was only the beginning and there was plenty of chance for stupidity to appear.

She began to teach Olga some of the fundamental words necessary for use in the household—"bread" and "meat," "salt" and "butter," "icebox" and "broom." Then she got the Norwegian-English dictionary and showed Olga how the words looked in print. Later in the afternoon she showed her how to prepare the food for dinner. It was hard work for both; despite Olga's intelligence, she was ill at ease with familiar products like fish and potatoes, because she was ill at ease with their strange English names.

Strange Duties

FROM Tuesday, the day of her arrival, until Sunday Olga worked hard. A large washing had been saved up for her and she had been slow and discouraged over the strange laundry tubs and wringing machine, so different from the picturesque if somewhat ineffective Norwegian mangle. The ironing she had been able to manage rather better; and Mrs. Henderson thought she would make a good plain cook as soon as she became used to the names of American foods.

Because Olga's face was so placid Mrs. Henderson had no idea of the girl's inner discomfort. Olga was not used to so many vegetables—the Norwegians care very little for any root except potatoes. She missed her beloved and nourishing *fladbrod* made of unfermented dough of barley and oatmeal and rolled very thin. At home she was used to ten different kinds of cheese; here she got none. Besides, she couldn't shut her window—Mrs. Henderson had seen to that—and, like many of her kind, she particularly detested fresh air in houses.

On Sunday afternoon Ragnild Olesen came to see Olga and found her sitting in the kitchen, mending a child's dress.

"You are not going out?" asked Ragnild in her own tongue.

"The mistress has not given me permission," replied Olga.

Ragnild put in an enjoyable five minutes explaining to Olga her right to part of Thursday and of Sunday, and to as many evenings as she could get, the evenings being an elastic arrangement, the adjustment of which depended on the relative strength of mistress and maid.

"I will go out on these afternoons, since it is my right," said Olga, after pondering; "and when I learn the way I will go to see Hedwig in the evenings."

Ragnild pointed out to her that she would never learn the way younger, and then she asked:

"Was it arranged that you should mend?"

"Nothing was arranged," replied Olga.

Once more Ragnild made an exposition on the rights of the servant maid in America, while Olga listened attentively. Nothing she heard surprised her, for she came from a democratic land and, moreover, from a land where woman's work is counted on and appreciated. In the country she was used to seeing girls help in haying and in the care of animals, just as the men did. In Christiania she had seen maids serving even a large banquet. She knew that women worked on the railroads and in banks. In Norway there is no such thing as country gentry; a landholder is merely a rich peasant. Olga had shown the deference to Mrs. Henderson due the employer, but she had no sense of inferiority.

"That is all very good, what you say, Ragnild," she said ponderingly; "but when I do not know English very well I feel that I must do more work. I can not explain to you why."

Ragnild nodded understandingly.

"Once you know some English," she said, "you can have your own way; but if I were you I should not have said I would do the washing—and I would not sew."

"I think I will not sew," decided Olga; "but I will go on washing, because I have begun and because I want to learn how it is done in America. Will you please tell Mrs. Henderson I will go out on Thursdays and Sundays, and that I will not sew?"

Ragnild was none too pleased with the mission, but she hardly saw her way clear to refuse Olga's request.

"Note!" She Called. "Ay Ban Olga Jensen"

"I will get her to come out here and say to you in English the things I have not understood," continued Olga, "and then you can tell me in Norwegian. That will please her."

Ragnild smiled appreciatively and Olga beckoned Mrs. Henderson away from her first glance at the Sunday newspaper. Ragnild made her apparent mission clear and Mrs. Henderson welcomed her help. There was much she wanted to say for which the Norwegian dictionary was no help. She did not like the way Olga left the prints of her fingers on the wallpaper and polished tables—Olga should walk without pawing things and stand without leaning her weight on her hands. She wanted Olga to take away the plates from the right side and serve from the left. She expected her to take a bath weekly. This and much more she said; and Ragnild translated, remarking finally:

"Olga is glad to know; she likes to work right. She says to tell you she's going to take her days off now, same as an American girl."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Henderson weakly. "I did not know how to tell her in Norwegian; and as I did not know she had any friends here I thought she was just as well off in the house until she knew some English."

"Sure," said Ragnild; "but she got plenty friends."

Mrs. Henderson went back to her newspaper, reflecting that the beginning of the end had come, while Ragnild took Olga to call on the only other Norwegian girl she knew in Brooklyn. After that they went to see Hedwig. Hedwig, with red eyes, was preparing a big supper. In German and broken Norwegian she made Olga understand that she was homesick; that she had to work as hard in Brooklyn as in Germany; that the cooking she was doing was German cooking, not American cooking; that she had learned no English, and that she was getting only three dollars a week. Olga instructed her as to her rights and Ragnild advised her to get a new place where she would not hear any German.

The day's outing gave Olga considerable confidence in herself, and a day or two later she went for a walk after dinner along the business street nearest the Henderson flat. The following Thursday, fortified by instructions written in English and Norwegian, she took a long street-car ride that ended in a call on Ragnild. Here she met some other Norwegian girls and listened to their stories of what good wages they got and what work they would and would not do. Olga was a level-headed person and she thought they were exaggerating about the amount of money they received. Since, however, two of the company were working in the same place, she saw no reason for doubting what they said about specialization of work. She realized that she was cook, second girl and laundress all in one, and yet getting much less than any of her friends for what she did. At first she was inclined to assume that this was entirely due to her ignorance of English. Later on, however, one of the girls, a cook, told of an elaborate eight-course luncheon she had prepared; and, as Olga listened to an account of dishes of which she had never heard before, it was borne in upon her that the kind of simple cooking Mrs. Henderson required was very different from the kind some other American housekeepers would exact.

Olga Learns Her A B C's

OLGA, being a stolid girl, thought slowly; but when she made an opinion she would not change it, and once she took a determination she could not be shaken in it. She had come to America to make money and she saw that English was the route to money. She did not realize that, being in a household, she was learning English faster than an immigrant in a factory or a sweatshop could; her standards were not relative—she merely knew she wanted to learn the new language faster. She bent all her energies toward that end. Every day she wrote down a list of things she wanted to know—words Mrs. Henderson used which she could not understand or questions it occurred to her to ask; and in the evening she carried them to some Norwegian friend and had them explained. Sometimes she prevailed on Mrs. Henderson's seven-year-old Bobby to teach her his lessons, and the next day she would murmur over her work: "Ay ban see a cat. The cat can ran."

Though she was faithful in her work and scrupulously honest in carrying out all she had agreed to do, she wasted no sentiment on Mrs. Henderson. She was kind to the children, but she would not play nursemaid to them. She accepted a present of goats' cheese Mrs. Henderson made her, but she disregarded an obvious hint that Bobby was going to a party and that his best suit would have to be washed. One Thursday, after Olga had been with her two months, Mrs. Henderson felt too ill to rise. Olga gave her breakfast, sent Bobby to school, penned the two younger children into the tiny library and went about her work as usual. At eleven o'clock she appeared at Mrs. Henderson's bedroom door with her hat on.

"Ay ban fed babies," she said. "Ay ban go."

"Oh, Olga!" moaned Mrs. Henderson. "You couldn't leave me today! Why not go out tomorrow or Saturday, when I'll be better?"

Olga had not the English to say that a number of her friends were going on an excursion, to which she had been

(Continued on Page 44)

On Being Lost Out of Season

By James B. Connolly

AT ONE o'clock of a foggy April night the crew of the Mary Patton put out to set their trawls. This was in South Channel, which lies to the westward of Georges Shoal. Fishermen say that it takes a moderately tough man to enjoy channel-fishing, for, once a vessel arrives there the crew figure on fishing without a let-up until the vessel is filled up or bad weather gives them a chance to rest.

This night the sea was smooth; but a heavy black vapor was overhanging, so that the men, before leaving the vessel in their dories, lit their great torches. In channel-fishing this is a regular measure against going astray. Clear of the vessel, however, the Mary Patton's crew found the vapor too thick for the torches, and so, to keep track of each other, they took to hallooing from dory to dory. The flaring, smoking torches and the voices from out of the black night—only a bank fisherman would refuse to see anything chilling in the scene.

By four o'clock in the morning the dories should have been back to the vessel; and all were, except that manned by John Hawley and the new man. Nobody worried overmuch about them at the moment. Dories regularly go astray and usually turn up again, especially with resourceful men like John Hawley in them.

The crew had breakfast. The weather remained foggy; but no great matter that—an old neighbor, fog. They baited up, put out, set and hauled, and rowed back to the vessel. Still no John Hawley.

Throughout the morning the crew fished from the dories, and on the vessel the skipper ceaselessly worked the foghorn; but from out of the fog no sign of John Hawley's dory. The fog lifted and they went into the rigging and looked and looked. Men with eyes that a match on the water could hardly have eluded gazed and gazed from shrouds and masthead across the little crested sea. But no John Hawley.

It was middle afternoon, pleasant and warm after the fog, with a touch of a lifting westerly and a smooth-enough sea. But that changed. It breezed up quickly and hard, and when the sun dropped out of sight for that night a rough-enough sea was cutting nicks out of the piled-up clouds above the horizon.

By full night it was a gale, and on the Mary Patton they hove to and waited for morning; and in the light of the morning there came tossing up to their rail a capsized dory with a dark-red bottom and a figure five on her bow. They needed but one guess to name it; and drawing it alongside they took it in, and where they had nested it a thousand times they nested it again.

"Gripe 'em," ordered the skipper. He was leaning against the main rigging and staring up to windward. Presently he faced inboard. "Anybody know anything of that dorymate o' John's, or how John came to hook up with him?"

"John was courtin' his sister, so some thought down to Rockport," spoke up one; "but he didn't seem to be gettin' any for'arder with her."

"And so he takes the brother for a dorymate channel-fishin'? A fine recommend for a dorymate! But I s'pose there ain't none of us but what gets foolish once in a while. Well, goodby, John Hawley. Ten years I knew you, and a damn good fisherman you were. And your mate was all right too."

The skipper had been studying the deck. He drew one long breath and looked up. "Get out the ensign and set her at half-mast." And to the man at the wheel, "Swing her off—west nor'west"; and with a beam wind and all she wanted, the Mary Patton lifted a long forefoot for the Boston market.

. . . . . .

They were hauling their trawl in No. 5 dory, John Hawley heaving it in over the gurry in the bow, snapping the little and gaffing the big fish as they came to the gunnel and passing the trawl on to his mate who, standing in the waist of the dory, was coiling it in the tub. They were almost done with their last tub when—"This offshore fishin', John, I calls it terrible work," groaned the new man.

"'Tain't exactly haulin' lobster pots on the North Shore," admitted John. "But think o' the chance I got yer to go with a killer like this one on the Mary. Two or three months with him, an' you won't be owin' nobody any couple o' hundred dollars for any motor boat. It'll be your own money'll be buyin' it."

"Mebbe not; but, John—look out on this dinged black fog 'n' what c'n yer see?"

"Why, what do y' want to see? I c'n see to gaff in fish 'n' you c'n see to coil the gear in the tub, can't yer?"

"But to be hearin' nothin' more'n a lot o' voices like ghosts talkin' out o' graves!"

John made no comment, and so his mate repeated that about the ghosts and the graves; but as John was still saying nothing, the younger man peered over his trawl tub to see what was the matter.

"Hear it?" queried John.

"I don't hear nothin' except them hollerin' fr'm that dory to wind'ard 'f us."

"Not them. Listen now. Hear it—the churnin' o' the screw?"

"An' what'll she be?"

"One o' them steam trawlers. Hear her now?"

"I hear her—and see her too. A red sidelight low 'n' a steamin' light aloft. An' she must be some close for us to see them. But, John—ding it, John—she'll be atop of us!"

"She will if we let her. Haste that torch over y'r head, an' holler—beller at her. Now!"

They yelled in chorus and again in chorus. The dim red and the dimmer yellow light sheered off and merged with the fog. The dory tossed and swirled in her wake after she passed.

"John, John, she's drawin' us arter her!"

"She ain't drawin' nothin' arter her. That's our gear she's parted. See that?" John examined the ragged end of the parted trawl. "Dern 'em, wouldn't y' think they'd go off 'n' hunt up fishin' grounds for themselves?"

The dory was racing before the tide. John buried his boots among the fish in the waist, seized a pair of oars and took to rowing. "And you'd better out oars too," he advised his mate. As they rowed John hallooed to any fellow dorymen who might be near, but there came no answer. "That's the derndest of it out here—y'r sometimes kep' so busy doin' one thing you ferget all 'bout another thing. We're beyond hailin' o' th' other dories a'ready. But never mind—ketch hold 'n' row."

"This tide," he added presently, "will be settin' us in to shoal water, so I guess we'll cut catercornered across it."

And they headed so and rowed so throughout the night. They could not say just when it was morning, as the vapor lay low and thick as ever, but they continued to row, northerly and westerly as John judged, in the hope of getting in the path of shipping.

It had been good fishing for the time they were at it and the dory was well down to the gunnels, and to row a dory so loaded across a chop tide is heavy work. John's mate was a stout young fellow, with everything to make a good dory oarsman except the hardening years of experience. After four or six or it may have been eight hours he suddenly hauled his oars inboard. "John, I'm just all tuckered out."

"All right, Eph, take a spell o' rest."

And as Eph took his spell—a long spell—John continued to row; and he rowed on until it came on to breeze up, at which Eph said: "John, y'ain't goin' to hang on to them fish f'rever?"

"No," sighed John. "But ain't it tough though—ain't it jest tough luck—two thousand or more 'f as thrifty fish as any man'd want to see goin' back into th' sea that we slaved 'n' drudged to get 'em out of?"

"A ding sight tougher if the dory was to sink under us 'count o' havin' 'em in."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so, Eph. But say we was to get a dollar 'n' a quarter a hundred f'r them hake, 'n' one-fifty f'r them haddock, 'n' two-fifty f'r them cod ——"

"Not many cod," commented Eph.

"No, no, they ain't many, but we've as many as the next, 'n' if you'll quit squawkin' 'n' keep her head t' sea I'll finish heavin' 'em over."

Eph, with an oar through the stern becket, held her head to the sea—that is, he held her until he began to nod. It had been bait up, set and haul, bait up, set and haul, night and day with never a let-up for four days and nights now. 'Twas a terrible life, terrible, and he knew he couldn't keep awake much longer. Only for the danger now he didn't know as he could keep awake. And even with all the danger ——

The heavy eyes closed. Not for long; surely not for long, but for long enough. It was John Hawley, busy enough on his own job, who saw or rather felt the oncoming sea; but though he jumped nimbly for it, he could not get to the oar in time. A-whooping came the sea and caught the little dory broad on.

A dozen or fifteen feet she was pitched and capsized. John's dorymate could not swim; so John grabbed him and took him in tow, and boosted him on the dory's bottom.

"Ketch hold that plug strap!" ordered John—"'n' ketch it quick! No, not that way. 'Tain't no door-handle. Stick y'r arm through it. An' now lay y'rself along the bottom."

"But I can't ketch my breath—the sea's breakin' over me!"

"Oh, yes, you c'n ketch y'r breath. About once in ev'ry three or four o' them seas jest raise y'r head 'n' gulp down a good gob 'f air."

And John's dorymate gulped, while John, with no plug strap to cling to, spread arms and legs across the bottom of the dory and hung on as best he could.

(Concluded on Page 28)

PINCHED!

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

AT ELEVEN o'clock, on the heels of a weak and panicky opening, the usual batch of half-baked rumors began flying through the Street. One in particular was bandied to and fro—the report that a big "long" interest in Crystal common had been caught napping and was already in distress. Instantly, as if in echo to the tip, block after block of the security was hurled upon the market; and in a furor of selling a bombardment developed all along the line, the stock broke wildly, tumbling head over heels at each onslaught, as if bent on striking a new low level for the year. In fine, from its beginning, the day bade fair to be one long remembered in the Street.

In his huge, bare office, a block or so south of the Exchange, old Mr. Abner Coggins stood at the ticker by the window and stared gravely at the tape. He was a tall, spare man, smoothly shaven, with a mild, almost childlike simplicity of expression, an air of patient meekness. In his rusty, ill-fitting frock coat, short in the tails and tight across the chest, baggy, voluminous trousers and the cheap black tie that hung haphazardly by a loop from his collar button, the old gentleman had little of the look of an astute and active financier. Instead, one might readily have taken him for a clerk—either that or some other brokendown servitor, musty and superannuated. Mr. Coggins, however, bothered little about his appearance, for he often observed: "It ain't pants nor a coat that talks. It's the money in the pockets." Had it suited him, as likely as not he would have come to his office in overalls.

At the moment, though, the old gentleman's mind was on anything but his looks—on that or any other vanity. All the morning, while he had hovered by it, the ticker had thumped and pounded frantically, its staccato, rasping chatter dinning in his ears until it had become a pest, an abomination. Clack! Clack-clack! Clack! Never silent, never stilled, its racking, iterated discord would have tried the nerves of a heathen idol built of mud—much more a man of flesh and blood; and, leaning forward with an abrupt and energetic gesture, the old gentleman yanked out a length of the narrow paper tape.

It was a trick of his, a trait of secret concern, that more than once had put the ticker out of whack; but now, as if in derision, the machine gave a louder, more resounding thump, and, with its type wheel whirring impetuously, again began to clack stridently:

CSL.....
5000..... 81⅛

Five thousand Crystal common! Five thousand shares at a price ten points under the opening!

For forty years Mr. Coggins had bucked the financial game. For forty years he had fought and warred and battled with foes that daily beset him. Strife to him had been like a fiery tonic; a fray, like wine in his veins. A warhorse, the veteran of a hundred fields, he long had snuffed the battle from afar. Now, however, a change, it seemed, had come over him. Not only was he old but he had at last begun to show it; and dropping the tape he turned ponderously from the ticker and drew a little sigh. Never had he seemed so feeble, never so utterly debile. It was, in fact, the Street's opinion that Mr. Coggins should retire. Not only that—with its usual virtuous motives, more than once lately the Street had done its best to retire him. Somehow, though, it had never quite succeeded.

Old or young, active or otherwise, at the moment Mr. Coggins had every reason to look careworn, wearied and worried. It was he, in short, the bears so exuberantly raided—he they happily pounded; for that morning, at the opening, the line of Crystal held by the Coggins pool totaled to the somewhat considerable figure of one hundred and fifty thousand shares. Of this, no less than a full two-thirds was borne on Mr. Coggins' shoulders, the balance being carried by the pool's two other members—Mr. Meyer, the astute and able president of the Crystal Trust, and Mr. Cousins, its vice-president.

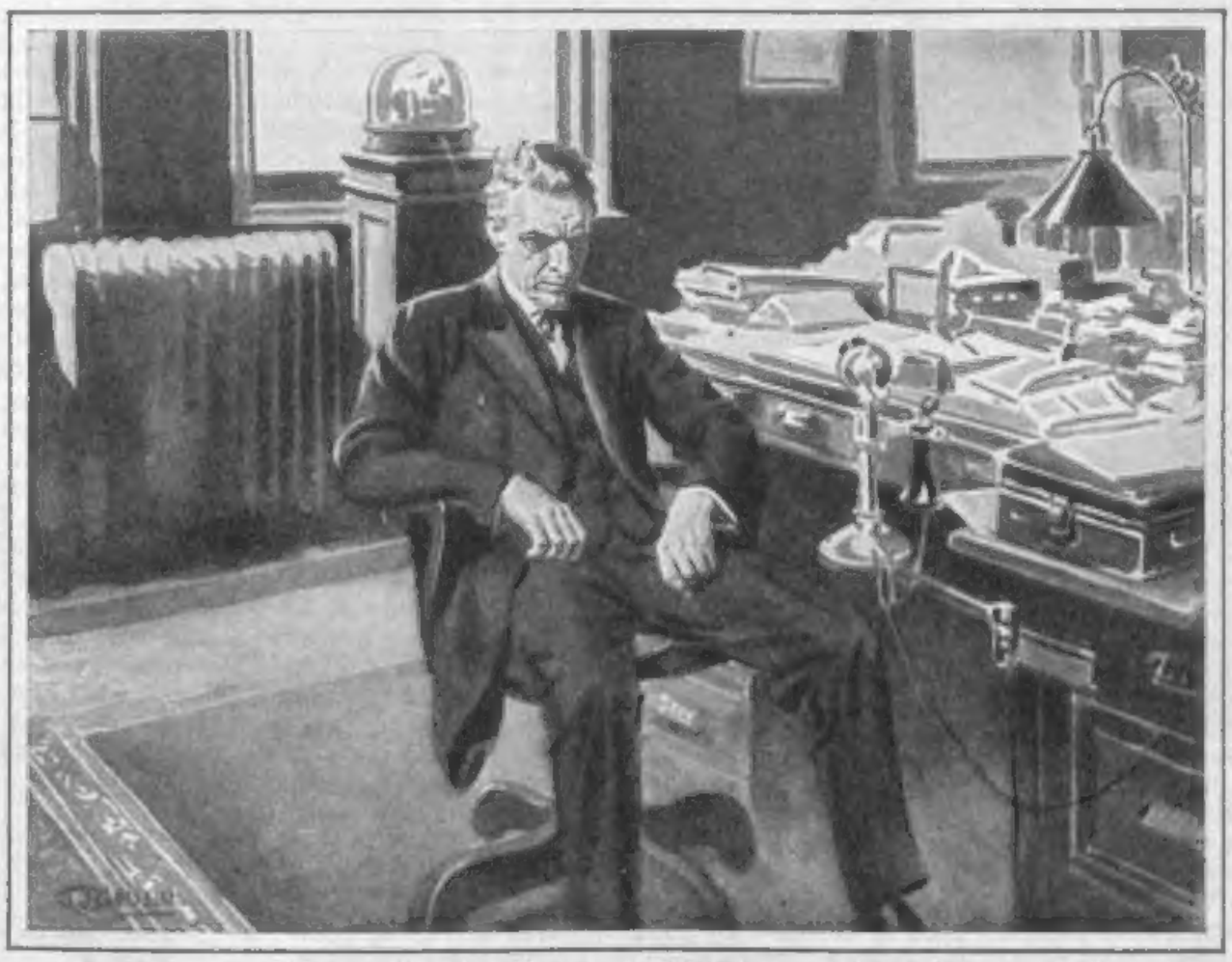
Two months before the suave and courtly Mr. Meyer had brought the proposition to Mr. Coggins' notice. It was an attractive, well-considered plan, a scheme that in every way admirably gave credit to Mr. Meyer's shrewdness. For years the bulk of Crystal common had been held by small investors; consequently, as would have been the case with many financiers, the president long had felt it should be placed in stronger, safer hands. To this end, therefore, he and Mr. Cousins had devised a means to overcome this weakness. The method was simple, involving obviously only a little extra bookkeeping. Crystal, though heavily watered, had for quite a period paid a small but regular dividend; so, first by issuing an adverse, alarming financial statement, then by passing its quarterly payments, the majority of these small investors would be induced to sell out cheaply. Afterward, or when the price had been sufficiently depressed, Mr. Meyer and his associates would be enabled to buy in the control at a thoroughly attractive figure.

So far, so good. When the gentleman, however, had broached his enticing project old Mr. Coggins had begun dubiously to hem and haw.

"H'm! I dunno," he had murmured, slowly shaking his head. "It somehow don't look square to me."

Square! Instantly Mr. Meyer had bristled. In a tone as dignified as it was astonished he had inquired whether Mr. Coggins meant to impugn his business probity.

Impugn Mr. Meyer? Impugn the motives of one so prominent as he? Having darted one brief glance at his visitor, Mr. Coggins then had concealed a grin.



For Forty Years He Had Fought and Warred and Battled

"It ain't that, Meyer," he had responded. "I was just thinking what'd happen was we to get caught with the goods."

At once Mr. Meyer had recovered his aplomb. The danger was nil. Time and again, by similar methods, he had depressed the price of Crystal and never once had the public been any wiser. Consequently if Mr. Coggins were ready to put up two-thirds of the money, to run the pool as well, Mr. Meyer felt confident they could clean up everything in sight.

"Yes, trim the boobs to a finish!" Mr. Meyer had added in the exuberance of the moment, utterly forgetting his usual courtly, cultured address. "Skin 'em to the hide and tallow!"

Obviously old Mr. Coggins had not liked it. Perhaps this was for the reason that personally he preferred bigger game, bigger prey, than a mob of small investors. At any rate, before he went in on the deal he'd have to have time, he said, to think the matter over.

"Very well, then," Mr. Meyer had rejoined, again suave and self-collected; "if my little—ah—project does not attract you I dare say I can find others it will."

That settled it. After a start, a sudden stare, the old man had abruptly given in. The next day the pool in Crystal had been launched.

And what had followed Wall Street to this day graphically recalls. It was out of a clear sky that the first bolt fell. Without warning of what was coming, the industrial's board of directors issued its usual statement. It was a screamer too. Fore and aft, one inferred from it but one thing—that the industrial was imminently in peril of going into the hands of a receiver. On the Exchange the price of its stock burst with a crash, the common falling in one day's session from 88 to 76½. The next day it still went on tumbling. A week later, by fits and starts, it had fallen to 69. There it hardened, drifting sluggishly to and fro within a half to three-quarters of a point. Then came the turn. In two weeks of gradually increasing activity Crystal had crept back to its normal, proper price. However, this had not satisfied old Mr. Coggins. As if rapacious, overgreedy, he had said he would drive Crystal to par or better—do it or burst, he had sworn.

But in Wall Street it appears it is one thing to make a vow, but quite another to clinch it. At 97 the stock had tottered hazardously. At half a point up it had met a furious attack. Then apparently the old man's bubble had burst. In the fierce and furious onslaught of that morning Crystal had toppled from its foundations and now was sluicing downward. Nothing seemed able to stop it—nothing had availed to check the resistless onslaught; for at every effort made to stem the tide of battle the bear attack became still more fierce and aggressive. Its most amazing feature, though, was the amount of stock hurled on the market at each and every transaction—huge blocks of it; thousand-share lots at a time. Evidently the interests—whoever they were—that led the raid had plenty of Crystal to deliver.

Clack! Clack-clack! Clack!

Again the ticker thumped and pounded, the echo of its busy, rasping chatter filling every corner of the room. Spinning impetuously, its type wheel whirred with a sound like beating wings; and then, as the train of cabalistic signs and numerals, figure by figure, jerked itself into view, the old man drew another heavy breath and once more turned weariedly to the ticker:

CSL.....
10,000..... 81

It was a landslide, an avalanche! A disaster such as this Wall Street had not seen in years; and, with his eyes dull and filled with trouble, Mr. Coggins gazed ponderously toward the gentleman seated at the center table.

"Well, Meyer," he remarked, "looks pretty rotten, don't it?"

Mr. Meyer started.

"Eh, what say?" he cried as if awakened from a trance.

The president of the Crystal Company was a portly, florid person; a gentleman with a bland face, a short, carefully trimmed mustache and a pair of gray, thoroughly respectable side whiskers that sharply accentuated the squareness and decision of sharp, determined jaws. His eyes, as well, were noticeable. They were small, vague and protuberant; and for many minutes now they had been covertly, not to say slyly, peering at Mr. Coggins. Whether the old gentleman, though, had been aware of this cautious scrutiny was nowise certain; for, each time he looked at Mr. Meyer, Mr. Meyer's eyes went hastily flitting away, evasively darting from the floor to the ceiling, from the ceiling to the window, then back to the floor again. Somehow they seemed incapable of fixing themselves on anything in particular, least of all on Mr. Coggins' face; though it is still true that when the old gentleman turned his back on Mr. Meyer they came instantly to a standstill. Then, with a gleam of sharp and hardened calculation, Mr. Meyer seemed to take stock of the gaunt, ungainly figure—of that and the rugged, furrowed face, the tired eyes, and the general air of wan and wearied helplessness that now appeared to mark the ancient warhorse.

For the fact was, like many others in the Street, Mr. Meyer had fully convinced himself he was dealing with a has-been. Mr. Coggins sighed again.

"Well, Meyer," he growled slowly, "I reckon there's one sure thing about it—it ain't any passel of small investors that's feeding us all this bunch of stock. Now what are we going to do?"

Mr. Meyer pondered lengthily. For a man, though, that stood imminently on the brink of a disastrous failure, he seemed curiously calm and collected; in fact one might even have thought him chipper. Presently he spoke.

"Two T'ouzand Crystal at Eighty and One-eight'!"

"Well," said he, his words gloomy if his manner wasn't, "it's just as I warned you. You've made a mess of it, Abner."

It was the first time Mr. Meyer had ever ventured to address Mr. Coggins so familiarly, much less to chide him; and Mr. Coggins started. However, his visitor took no heed. In tones as curt as they were compelling he delivered his opinion of the matter.

It was a long harangue. It omitted nothing. Beginning at the beginning, with a relentless frankness it ran on to the end. During it old Mr. Coggins stood silent, listening open-mouthed. It was the first time in his experience he had been talked to like this, consequently he seemed hardly to know how to take it. First of all, he learned how he had mussed up the Crystal pool almost from the start. In other words, by running the price up again almost as soon as he'd broken it he had failed hopelessly in his first and most important object—namely, the effort to drive out Crystal's swarm of small investors. Then, on top of that, he had still further muddled matters by trying to nurse up the stock to par.

However, at the moment, this was neither here nor there. Things were bad enough as they were without referring to the past; so there was but one thing to be done.

As Mr. Coggins had made a botch of it—as he was too old and incapable to be trusted any longer—he must at once step down in favor of a more active, a more capable substitute. In short, he must give up the control of the pool in Crystal common.

"Yes," said Mr. Meyer, his tone kindly, though at the same time it was firm; "you've got to quit, Abner. I myself will take the matter in hand."

A spasm for an instant contracted Mr. Coggins' throat. Then, for another instant, one saw his lean Adam's apple work convulsively, while a little tide of color swept up into his face. The fact is, after forty years of power, of active, able authority, to be told even kindly that you've become a has-been—told in any way whatever that you're out of the game and shelved—is, indeed, a blow that cannot fail to hurt. However, when Mr. Coggins somehow had managed to catch his breath his voice was quite controlled.

"Well, I'll be ——" he began, then abruptly checked himself. "Say, Meyer," said Mr. Coggins slowly, "there ain't anything wrong with my hearing—is there? You mean, don't you, that I'm to be scrapped and sent to the junkheap?" Though the speech was vulgar, its terms such as the cultured Mr. Meyer never would have used, it still conveyed exactly what he had meant. "All right, then," he continued bruskly. "As you've got it all doped out on me, maybe you wouldn't mind saying what you're going to do with the pool?"

"Do?" Once more Mr. Meyer smiled. He would do, he said, exactly what anyone else would do. "Sell out—naturally—dump our holdings overboard! What else can we do?" he inquired.

It was a bitter pill for a man like Mr. Coggins to have to swallow passively. Heretofore, to fight, to battle to the last ditch, had been his nature always. A flash of his former strength and energy suddenly transfigured him. "Sell out!" he exploded, his voice breaking, his tall, spare figure trembling like a reed. "Say! Don't you understand?" he cried. "I can't quit! I can't let go! If the pool was to break—if you was to go and bust it by selling out on me—don't you know what'd happen, Meyer? It might cost me millions—millions!" Then, as suddenly as it had flamed forth, the flash of fire died, leaving only the gray embers of his weakness, his debility. "Say, now," protested Old Man Coggins; "you wouldn't do a thing like that, would you?—sneak out and leave me in the lurch!"

Mr. Meyer lightly shrugged himself. In business, he said, sentiment has no place. Also, as he said, he had his own interests to consider. Consequently, unless Mr. Coggins at once gave over his control of the pool in Crystal, Mr. Meyer would instantly be compelled to take steps to protect himself—that is to say, he would give orders to his brokers to sell the fifty thousand shares of Crystal common to which he and his associate, Mr. Cousins, at the moment stood committed. Naturally, were he to do this, the stock would break even more wildly than it had; in fact, far more disastrously than if the pool held together and got rid of its holdings gradually. Mr. Coggins looked utterly crushed.

"I know, Meyer," he answered anxiously, "but maybe the price won't drop any further. The gang that's after me can't keep on endlessly feeding out their stock."

Mr. Meyer abruptly shook his head. It was no time to temporize. Either the old man must turn over his control or Mr. Meyer would let matters take their course.

"All right, then," Mr. Coggins murmured dispiritedly. "I suppose that settles it."

It did indeed. Already the president of the Crystal Company had wasted valuable time; and, picking up his hat, his gloves and his walking stick, he rose and moved suggestively toward the door. Opening it, he turned and looked back across the room. Old Mr. Coggins had drawn up a chair; and now, with his head bent, his shoulders sagging weakly, he sat pensively staring at the carpet. With another covert smile Mr. Meyer loudly cleared his throat.

"Well, Abner, how about it?" he demanded crisply. "Time's flying, you know."

After a pause Mr. Coggins answered.

"I dunno," he droned. "It's very sudden. You've got to give me time to think." Then he raised his head and gazed at the gentleman by the door. "Say, Meyer," he protested anxiously, "you ain't going to do anything mean, are ye?—anything crooked now?"

Anything crooked!

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Meyer, visibly outraged and resentful.

Instantly old Mr. Coggins became contrite, apologetic. "I didn't mean anything, Henry," he placated. "I just wanted to make sure you wouldn't sell out on me—not dump me overboard, you know—till I had time to give you an answer."

The Crystal's president, now thoroughly incensed, was in no mood to proffer promises. His business integrity had been questioned. However, after the old man had again appealed to him, Mr. Meyer grudgingly accepted the apology.

"Well, all right," he grumbled. "I'll let you have a little time to think it over. . . . But, mind, now," warned Mr. Meyer, "you can't take all day about it. Unless I hear from you in an hour ——" Pausing briefly, he waved an admonishing finger. "Remember, Abner! Just an hour, not one minute more!"

Then, with a brisk step, an alert and confident manner, the portly, dignified president of the Crystal Company turned on his heel and stalked majestically through the doorway. Once outside, though, the gentleman's dignity suddenly deserted him. Mr. Meyer fairly ran.

. . . . . .

At noon, in the New Street offices of Rooker, Burke & Company, a throng of bewildered, wondering customers sat and stood about, gaping open-mouthed at the quotation board. All the morning they had crowded there, a few in elation, but the others, as was distinctly evident, submerged in a deep and growing gloom. Some days before, at the vague, veiled suggestions of Mr. Rooker himself, the firm's senior partner, they had been induced to buy heavily of Crystal common. Not only that, but as the stock rose in value many had been led to pyramid their winnings—that is to say, as each account showed a profit the dabblers had been prevailed upon to devote their paper winnings to buying additional stock. Thus when the bubble burst the unfortunates found themselves hedged in between the devil and the deep sea. In fine, besides having lost their profits, they had also been called on by Mr. Rooker to put up additional margins. It was natural they should look depressed.

There were a few, however, that leavened the occasion with an air distinctly cheerful. Among these was a Mr. Pincus, a gentleman with an almost oriental cast of countenance, who had perched himself on a stool beside the ticker and was now reading off the prices from the tape. For a week Mr. Pincus had been short on Crystal. Having sold five hundred shares at 89 and a fraction, he had grimly held on through thick and thin, the stock meanwhile soaring fitfully to its apex—that is, 97½. Again and again he had been advised by other dabblers to buy in, to take his loss and quit; but to one and all Mr. Pincus had made a stated answer:

"Nix! Vat goes up comes down—ain't it?"

The philosophy, though pessimistic, was at the same time logical. What is more, when Crystal had begun to waver Mr. Pincus had complimented his judgment by selling an additional hundred shares at each half point downward. His commitment in Crystal common now amounting to fifteen hundred shares, Mr. Pincus accordingly had reason to rejoice. Sitting with the tape held out before him, he hailed each transaction with jovial comment.

"A hunnerd Crystal at a quowter! Another shoestring at the same! One t'ouzand Crystal at an eight'! Five hunnerd at 80!—Oi-yoi! Oi-yoi! See her drop! Crystal, seven-eight's! Cigars for the house she breaks to 75! A hunnerd, no change! Another tinhorn, the same!" Curling his lip, Mr. Pincus shrugged himself. "Gets to be a crap game—vat?" Then in the same breath he gave a loud, exultant chuckle: "Five t'ouzand Crystal at three-quowters! Vell, the smoke goes up the chimney just the same!"

It was just at this particular moment the door to the customers' room was thrown open and a gentleman briskly entered. Clambering down from his seat, Mr. Pincus had just elegantly remarked, "I guess I go now and fill my face," when he chanced to look up and see the newcomer. Instantly he gaped.

The gentleman was Mr. Meyer, president of the Crystal Company.

It was seldom, if ever, that Mr. Meyer entered a brokerage office. In the first place, like many eminent financiers, he felt it beneath his dignity; then again, as he often warned his subordinates, such establishments were no better than gambling resorts. There was, however, a still more definite reason why he avoided them. Should he be seen visiting one, the Street would of course suspect he had some scheme afoot. Consequently when he had any brokerage business to transact Mr. Meyer almost invariably transacted it over the telephone; in fact it is astonishing how much of Wall Street's influential commerce is conducted in this secret way.

However, at the moment Mr. Meyer had a motive for so imprudently casting his prudence to the winds. He wished not only to be seen; he wished to be recognized as well. Frankly, his visit to Rooker, Burke & Company was intended to lend a full moral value to the moral plan he was bent on carrying out.

So, pausing briefly, Mr. Meyer gazed at the throng in the customers' room. Then drawing a long face, with the most gloomy air imaginable he drew out a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses and, placing them on his nose with the utmost deliberation, stared at the quotation board. Immediately he let fall an exclamation.

"Seventy-nine and a half! H'm!" murmured Mr. Meyer to himself, though indeed loud enough to be heard by many near him. "Well! Well!"

Imperiously beckoning to Mr. Rooker, who meanwhile had been gaping at him, Mr. Meyer darted hurriedly toward the office at the rear.

At once the effect of this little byplay was evident. A stir ran like a shudder through the throng—a wave of nervous activity; as if, like sheep, the crowd of dabblers had been touched by sudden emotion. Then a babble of talk burst forth. In it one heard "Meyer!" "Crystal!" again and again repeated. Frantic hands reached forth to buttonhole Mr. Rooker; but, shoving them aside, that gentleman, himself obviously astonished, elbowed his way through the crowd and, entering his private office, slammed the door behind him.

However, the little comedy, whatever it conveyed, was by no means at an end. Hardly had Mr. Rooker closed the door behind him when he flung it open again. Rushing into a telephone booth, he shut himself in and eagerly snatched the receiver. Then through the glass partition

"It's Just as I Warned You. You've Made a Mess of It, Abner"

he was to be seen shouting animatedly into the transmitter. What he said was, of course, inaudible outside; but that he was 'phoning an order to Mr. Burke, the firm's floor member, and that the order concerned Crystal common, few of the watchers doubted. Presently Mr. Rooker hung up the receiver on the hook; and darting from the booth to his office he emerged presently, escorting Mr. Meyer to the door. There he deferentially bade the president adieu, then, grinning eloquently, strode back to the customers' room. Out there, meanwhile, the makings of a small-sized panic had developed among Mr. Rooker's clients.

There were, however, among that crowd one or two who still preserved some semblance of self-control—as, for example, the wise-eyed Mr. Pincus. After gaping briefly at Mr. Meyer's melodramatic entrance and the comedy just enacted, Mr. Pincus had leaned back and, with both thumbs stuck into his armpits, regarded the president with a fishy, mocking leer. Afterward, when Mr. Meyer had withdrawn, Mr. Pincus had emitted a vigorous, scornful grunt.

"Vell, Buck," he demanded of Mr. Rooker, "vat's the bunk?"

Mr. Rooker evaded the question. Loudly clearing his throat, he turned and addressed his customers in general.

"Gentlemen," he announced, his manner suave and confident, "I have it on authority that a plan for reorganizing the affairs of the Crystal Company will presently be forthcoming."

Reorganize?

It was virtually direct confirmation of the report that the company's condition was unpromising.

"I may also state," added Mr. Rooker, "that, in view of these plans, officials of the Crystal Company greatly deplore the recent effort to boost its price to par."

Mr. Rooker had hardly ceased when a violent commotion ensued in the middle of the crowd. Its storm-center revolved about Mr. Pincus. With teeth set, his elbows working energetically, Mr. Pincus violently propelled himself toward the smiling Mr. Rooker.

"Hey, quick, Buck!" grunted Mr. Pincus. "Get a jump on! Cover me that fifteen hunnerd Crystal!"

A dozen voices instantly uttered a protest. "Cover it? Good Lord, Pink! The bottom's going to drop out of it!"

His face set, his hands working eloquently, Mr. Pincus repeated his order.

"Cover me my Crystal, then buy me five hunnerd at the market!"

That Mr. Pincus on this occasion had erred sadly in his judgment presently became evident. Ten minutes later a new flood of selling orders was poured on the market. Breaking wildly a quarter to a half at each transaction, Crystal again slumped ponderously, its price tumbling from 79¾ to 75½.

Then the news, the truth about the morning's doings, spread broadcast through the Street. Old Man Abner Coggins had been "caught with the goods" at last. Cornered by the bears, before the close he would be forced to step up to the window and settle. Treachery had wrecked him. As it was already whispered about, his associates had sold him out.

. . . . . .

The office of the American Crystal Company, like that of many other Wall Street manufacturing concerns, was also supplied with a ticker. All the morning, in concert with all the other tickers, it had rasped and chattered busily, during which time Mr. Cousins, the company's vice-president, had hung above it, keenly absorbed in the tape.

The gentleman was a slight, well-dressed person, in age sixty or thereabout, with a smooth face, a soft, ingratiating manner, and a pair of keen gray eyes that looked out steadfastly from under their heavy brows. Ordinarily a bland, pleasant smile transfigured Mr. Cousins' features, but at the moment this was missing. He, in fact, looked perturbed. Crystal, falling steadily, had just broken under 76 when he exclaimed sharply and, leaving the ticker, hurried to his desk. There he pressed the button of an electric bell and, waiting but a moment, again rang. Then with a gesture of irritation Mr. Cousins put his thumb upon the button and held it there until the door opened and a young man breathlessly entered.

"Look here!" said Mr. Cousins curtly. "When I ring why don't you answer?"

"Yes, sir," the attendant meekly responded.

Mr. Cousins tossed his head, the frown deepening on his brows. "See if Mr. Meyer has returned," he ordered.

Hardly had he given the order when a door to the room adjoining was thrust open and the president himself was seen. Instantly Mr. Cousins gave vent to a murmur of relief.

A broad and cheerful smile illuminated Mr. Meyer's features. Never, in fact, had he appeared more cheerful, more delighted. Entering briskly, he greeted his associate with a loud and chipper "Hello!"

Then addressing the clerk, who still lingered, Mr. Meyer urbanely said: "Get out!"

Afterward, when the clerk had retired, he helped himself to a chair and, leaning back, freed himself of a shrill, exultant chuckle.

"Well, John," he chirped exultantly, "we've got him!"

Apparently the remark was significant. A smile sprang instantly upon Mr. Cousins' face.

"What! Old Man Coggins?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Meyer affably nodded.

"Exactly. Before I left him I had the old fossil begging like a child." Then bobbing his head delightedly, Mr. Meyer added: "But that's not all by a long chalk! John," said he, voicing it with still another chuckle, "this is the biggest thing you or I ever pulled off. I've just sold short thirty thousand Crystal!" Instantly, as if in echo to the announcement, a shrill, agitated exclamation burst from Mr. Cousins' lips.

"I've Just Sold Short Thirty Thousand Crystal!"

"Thirty thousand!" he ejaculated. "Not thirty thousand more?"

Again Mr. Meyer nodded. Again he murmured: "Exactly!"

For an instant Mr. Cousins paled.

"Good Lord, man!" he protested, "that makes us short a hundred thousand Crystal!"

It was true. There was no disputing it. It was a fact that Mr. Meyer, as well as his associate, Mr. Cousins, had sold out old Abner Coggins. To explain:

In the first instance, when the Crystal Company had issued its ruinous report the pool had sold short. Thus the first turn gave them a handsome profit. Then, when Crystal, with the bottom kicked out of it, had dropped to 69, the pool had reversed its trade—that is to say, it had bought, and bought heavily, taking every block that was offered. What is more, old Coggins had bought openly, making little secret of his plans. The result was that the pool had been made to pay dearly for what it bought, much to Mr. Meyer's disgust. Had he himself been in charge, he would have bought gingerly, nursing the market until he had all the Crystal he wanted at the lowest possible price. However, Mr. Coggins' clumsy bulldog methods, after all, had played admirably into Mr. Meyer's hands. When Crystal touched 90 the old man, having first admitted he had about all the stock he could carry, then announced fatuously that he meant to boost up the price to par.

It was Meyer's chance. By bursting the pool he could clean up far more than he could make by maintaining it. Consequently he had first hedged against his holdings in the pool. Having sold secretly fifty thousand shares, he was clear. Then jumping in, he had sold, block by block, seventy thousand more. Each transaction was a short sale, but Mr. Meyer had found no difficulty in obtaining the stock to deliver. There was a large floating supply. Furthermore, by now the public had little confidence in the security. Consequently when Mr. Meyer attacked it Crystal broke as if every prop had been kicked out from beneath it. His profits already were huge. Then, as he had just announced, he had sold thirty thousand more.

There was one thing, however, that Mr. Meyer seemed to have forgotten—paper profits differ somewhat from profits safely banked. Before he could count them the president would first have to cover the hundred thousand shares he was short. It was little wonder that Mr. Cousins gasped.

"Lord, man!" he expostulated, "you're mad! If the Street finds out we're short that much they'll trim us out of every cent we've got!"

For a moment Mr. Meyer grinned blandly.

"Cheer up, John!" he responded affably. "You may trust your Uncle Henry."

Then Mr. Meyer, chuckling and cheerful, told his confrère of the coup he had just pulled off. In other words, by bulldozing Old Man Coggins into giving up charge of the pool Mr. Meyer would soon be in possession of more than enough stock to cover his entire commitment. What is more, by dumping a part of it overboard he could further break the price of Crystal.

It was—as he had promised himself—a cleanup, a killing! Mr. Cousins, however, still remained pale, transfigured with alarm. His voice breaking slightly, he leaned over and grasped the jubilant Mr. Meyer by the arm.

"My God, Henry!" he whispered. "What if the old fox was only fooling you! What if he refused to give you control!"

The president started slightly. Then, after a pause, he shrugged himself. Had not Old Man Coggins virtually promised to turn over control to him? "Pshaw!" he laughed.

Mr. Cousins pressed his lips together.

"Call him!" he whispered. "The hour's up. Call him on the telephone!"

Outside, the downtown bells and whistles had just sounded one o'clock. A little astonished, surprised that time had flown so quickly, Mr. Meyer inspected his watch. Yes! the hour had gone—the hour he had given Old Man Coggins; and wetting his lips he took down the receiver from its hook. Promptly the office operator answered.

"Get Abner Coggins' office," Mr. Meyer ordered sharply. "I want Mr. Coggins in person."

Then slowly and thoughtfully Mr. Meyer again hung up the receiver. A pause followed—quite a lapse of time. During it the two gentlemen sat silent—Mr. Meyer with his eyes darting to and fro uneasily, Mr. Cousins with his breath coming thickly and beads of moisture on his corrugated brow.

Together they abruptly started—jumped is a better word—when the telephone discreetly rang. Once more Mr. Meyer snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Hello! That you, Coggins?" he barked bruskly.

To his disgust, to say nothing of his wrath, it was another voice that answered:

"Yes, this is Mr. Coggins' office. What is it?"

With an effort Mr. Meyer controlled himself.

"You tell Mr. Coggins I want him," he ordered. "This is Mr. Meyer, president of the Crystal Company."

"I know, sir," was the answer. "I told him it was you."

"What!" thundered Mr. Meyer. Catching his breath, he snapped wrathfully into the transmitter: "Look here! You tell Mr. Coggins to come to the wire at once, instantly! Do you hear?"

"Sorry, sir," the voice replied. "Mr. Coggins says if you wish to see him you may come here to his office."

Then a click sounded as, at the wire's other end, the receiver was hung upon its hook.

. . . . . .

The tide had turned. At one o'clock, just as the downtown bells and whistles shrilly proclaimed the hour, Crystal common touched 75¼, then rebounded like a ball. Satisfied they had done enough for one day, the shorts started in to cover, only to find that in every transaction the price was run up on them. Then a new panic-stricken rush ensued. This time, however, it was the bears that hunted cover.

(Continued on Page 29)

OLD DOCTOR BRYAN

And His Doses for Democrats—By Samuel G. Blythe

AFTER practically similar beginnings the Chicago convention and the Baltimore convention diverged until the end of the Chicago convention was the political antithesis of the end of the Baltimore convention.

The bosses triumphed at Chicago, defeating the will of the people so far as that will had had an opportunity for expression. The people won at Baltimore, and the bosses were beaten and demoralized. So far as candidates were concerned, there was one popular candidate at Chicago and two at Baltimore, but the difference in results was due to the affiliations of the two popular Baltimore candidates. Champ Clark's managers identified him with the bosses. That settled Clark. Wilson's managers kept him free from the bosses, and that nominated Wilson.

Moreover, there was a further analogy in the two conventions, for at Baltimore, as at Chicago, the temporary chairman who was opposed to the machine candidate was beaten, but here again the analogy ended, for the Chicago win by the bosses on the temporary chairmanship meant the control of the convention, while the defeat of Bryan at Baltimore on his first fight for the temporary chairmanship meant nothing of the kind. It forced the fighting and brought about the rout of the very men who proposed Parker and succeeded in naming him by somewhat less than a hundred votes.

This proved one thing, and that is that as a political general in the large sense William Jennings Bryan is the superior of Theodore Roosevelt. To be sure, Mr. Bryan had a less difficult situation to face, but he played far better politics than Roosevelt did and ultimately got what he was after. Bryan had the advantage of being in the convention, and he had more men to maneuver with; but all that aside, he again proved that Bryan is the biggest single individual force in his party and that he purposes to remain in that position.

Bryan Knew What Would be Popular

There were two sets of impelling motives among the delegates and bosses at Baltimore. A large number of the delegates, thinking with good reason that the Democrats have an excellent chance to elect their candidate for president this fall, went to Baltimore favorably disposed toward some one or other of the various candidates, but with minds open and desirous of taking counsel, of sizing up the situation, and of naming the man who appeared to have the most strength. They wanted to win and they wanted to pick a possible winner. The other impelling motive was that inspired by the bosses and the men the bosses controlled. The bosses had two ideas, two set intentions. One was to eliminate Bryan, the other was to defeat Woodrow Wilson.

The result showed how utterly futile the bosses were in the face of the conditions that existed. They eliminated Bryan—over the left shoulder. The way Bryan was eliminated was that he named the candidate for president and wrote the platform. Aside from those little details of the convention the bosses had their desire.

When Elimination Spelled Perpetuation

THE elimination of Bryan from control and power in the Democratic party has been a pet project of the bosses ever since 1896. In that space of time Bryan has been three times the candidate of the party for president, has dictated the platform four times and has named the candidate—himself three times and Wilson once—four times out of a possible five. Elimination, in the lexicon of the Democratic bosses, appears to spell perpetuation. They thought they had him down when they named Parker for temporary chairman, with Bryan as the opposing candidate, and they were smugly satisfied and quite boastful after the first session of the convention. However, they failed to appreciate either the resourcefulness, the ambitions or the courage of Mr. Bryan, and they came out of the long-drawn battle with nothing to their credit except their forced cheers for Wilson. Bryan played with them. He outmaneuvered and outgeneraled them. He put the brand he wanted to on them, and he ran over them, in the result, as remorselessly as they would have flattened him had the circumstances been reversed.

Bryan was the big figure at Baltimore. He came there, it was claimed, with a fixed idea that no other Democrat than himself shall ever be president of the United States. Maybe he did have that idea, and his proposals of compromise on such candidates as James, Kern, O'Gorman or Culberson showed that he didn't particularly care about the political strength of the nominee; but, whether or no, Bryan finally rounded to, played the cards that were dealt to him and took every trick but one. Analyzing political motives is a useless performance, especially after the results are known. The main fact of this convention is not what Bryan wanted to do but what he did do, and that was make Wilson's nomination possible and write exactly the kind of a platform he desired.

It has been the custom of leading Democrats for many years to sneer at Bryan as a self-seeking politician whose continuance in power in the Democratic party has kept that party from achievement of results that might have been possible with him in the ranks instead of as captain-general. He has been called the Old Man of the Sea of the party, and the bosses have almost universally been against him except when he beat them, as he usually did, and made them be for him. Prior to convention-times and campaigns the bosses have been anti-Bryan. After conventions they have been for Bryan not because they wanted to but because they had to, in so far as their antipathies could allow them, and to no farther treacherous extent than they could work without discovery.

They were against him when he came to Baltimore. Bryan had played rather a fast-and-loose game with the candidates. He had insisted the candidate must be a Progressive, and had not done much openly in favor of either Wilson or Clark, the two admittedly progressive candidates, although, as it turned out, Clark was rather of a middle-of-the-roader, which was due to the manipulations of the allegedly astute politicians who managed him rather than to his own sympathies. As a matter of fact Clark was complaisant. What he wanted was to be nominated, and he thought it unwise to be too positive about anything.

Bryan was definitely against Harmon and Underwood. This eliminated Harmon and Underwood. There never was a chance that either of those distinguished citizens would be named at Baltimore. The contest was always between Wilson and Clark, with the possibility of a third man—not Underwood or Harmon—in case a deadlock could not be broken. Now Bryan is a curious man. He is an odd sort of a politician. He keeps his own counsel. It is claimed that his failures in the past have been because he never tells anybody what he wants to do, or what he will do, but depends on his forces rallying to him after he has oratorically, or in a proclamation, set forth his plan. He does not depend on his organization, but makes his organization depend on him. He is close-mouthed, secretive, with implicit faith in the soundness of his own judgment and in his ability to carry out his plans. It has handicapped him at times, this habit of close-mouthedness, but it has helped, too, and one place where it helped mightily was Baltimore.

After they had "eliminated" Bryan by beating him for temporary chairman, the jubilant little bosses thought they had clear sailing. But Bryan had several other pieces of strategy in reserve, and he eventually took control of that convention and did what he had planned to do, always excepting any idea he may have had of nominating himself. His enemies say he did want the nomination himself. I don't know. Whether he did or did not, he was enough of a politician to see, early in the proceedings, that it would be impossible for him to get it, owing to the ease, under a two-thirds rule, of deadlocking the convention. Thereupon he took great pains to see that Clark did not get it and that Wilson did.

The logic of politics is not a very definite logic, but there are times when a situation arises that must inevitably have a logical outcome. The situation at Baltimore was just that. The Democrats came there after the Republican convention at Chicago, where Mr. Taft had been renominated and where Colonel Roosevelt, representing by main strength the progressive element in the Republican party, had decided on a third ticket. That—nominally, at least—left the Republican party split wide apart, with Mr. Taft the candidate of the conservative element and Colonel Roosevelt the candidate of the progressive element. The Democratic managers and leaders knew that whereas the progressive strength in the Republican party is about fifty per cent of the party, the progressive strength in the Democratic party is fully sixty-five or seventy per cent of the total vote.

Thus, logically, the thing for the Democrats to do was to nominate a Progressive who would hold all the progressive Democrats and would also naturally hold all other Democrats, because the old-line Democrats, if they thought they had a chance to win, would not desert the party to vote for conservative Taft, but would remain Democrats and poll the full vote of the party. This would divide the Republicans between Roosevelt and Taft, and all it would be necessary for the Democrats to do would be to hold the normal Democratic vote. If, on the other hand, a conservative Democrat were named, the progressive Democrats would have an outlet for their sympathies in Roosevelt's ticket, and it was generally believed that Roosevelt was figuring on such a contingency and was preparing to name a progressive Democrat to run for vice-president with him.

What the Democrats at Home Wanted

THERE was nothing else to it. The politics of the situation and the logic of the politics of the situation both demanded the nomination of the right sort of a Progressive. Therefore the field was immediately narrowed to three candidates, two avowed and one possible—Clark, Wilson and Bryan. There never was a minute at Baltimore when it was not certain that one of these three men would be named, and there were not many minutes, after a display of force on a few ballots, when the nomination of Wilson was not inevitable. A few bosses might have thought otherwise, but there were almost eleven hundred Democratic delegates there, and six or seven million Democrats back home, all anxious to see the right thing done, and all thinking the Democratic candidate will be elected next November.

The bosses and the manipulators could not prevail. The logic of it was inexorable. The Democrats at home did not care for the jockeying for advantage between certain sets of selfish politicians who had only their own aggrandizement in view. They want to win. They think they can win with Wilson. They think Wilson the right kind of a Progressive to meet the situation I have outlined, and the pressure that began resulted as it inevitably must have resulted. Moreover, Bryan, who always holds his ear close to the Democratic ground, sensed this long before the bosses did, and he fell in behind this sentiment and pushed where he could not lead.

Bryan knew what would be popular. He knew his people. The bosses, failing to appreciate what the people had in mind—as the bosses nearly always do—fatuously thought that by controlling enough delegates they could do as they wished, which was to kill Bryan politically and kill Wilson as a candidate. The bosses soon found they could do neither one thing nor the other. The delegates

refused to be controlled in sufficient numbers, and Mr. Bryan resurrected himself debonairly after each slaughtering. The bosses got exactly what was coming to them. There is a new political order in this country, and everybody knows it with the exception of the bosses. Still it is beginning to percolate into their selfish intelligences. Baltimore helped that a lot.

The situation that worked out in the nomination of Wilson had its real beginning when the Democratic National Committee met last January in Washington. At that meeting the committee, regardless of the fight Bryan made, sustained Colonel Jim Guffey, of Pennsylvania, an ancient aversion of Bryan's, and nominally defeated Bryan. At that time, too, though Underwood, Harmon, Clark and some others were actively out for the nomination, Wilson was in the lead. It was Wilson against the field. Thus the strength of the other candidates was combined against Wilson. He was the mark for all other aspirants to shoot at, and they all shot at him, morning, noon and night. In the mean time Mr. Bryan had told Chairman Mack that he—Bryan—might want to be temporary chairman of the Baltimore convention. Mack is a Bryan man, very friendly to the Nebraskan. He acquiesced.

Mack saw Bryan several times at intervals of a month or so, and Bryan said nothing to lead Mack to suppose Bryan was not in the same mind as to the temporary chairmanship. All this time Bryan had been holding the various candidates off, merely insisting that a Progressive must be nominated, and thus eliminating Harmon and Underwood from his support. Finally Bryan wrote to Mack and suggested that the friends of Clark and Wilson be consulted as to the temporary chairmanship and a man selected for the place on whom these men agreed. Mack replied that that could not be done because if a Wilson man were chosen the Clark men would be miffed, and it would be the same the other way round. So the sub-committee of the National Committee selected Judge Alton B. Parker for the place of temporary chairman, on the ground that Parker is the only living man who has been a Democratic presidential candidate aside from Bryan, and that Parker always supported Bryan.

The Mistakes of the Bosses

HERE is where Bryan made his first play. He protested that Parker represents the interests, that he is affiliated with Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont and others, and that he is not a progressive Democrat. Bryan was quite right about the conservatism of Parker, and he knew it; so he announced his fight on Parker. Also he addressed various communications to Clark and Wilson and others, asking them how they felt about Parker. Right there is where the Clark managers faltered. Clark sent a telegram to Bryan, or a letter, that indicated his position as in the middle of the road. From that minute the Clark managers might have known that Bryan would not support Clark.

Then came the fight for the temporary chairmanship. Bryan, after trying to get Ollie James, Senator O'Gorman and Senator Kern to stand, said he would stand as the Progressive candidate himself. Bryan was defeated, but that defeat was in reality the beginning of his victories, for the highly political managers of Champ Clark, instead of being one thing or another, thought to gain political advantage by splitting the Clark vote between Parker and Bryan. They sought to play both ends against the middle, to remain on the fence—or, in other words, they straddled. This naturally lined up the Wilson folks to a great extent with Bryan, and just as naturally lined up Bryan with the Wilson folks. It was all over but the shouting then, although they did defeat Bryan for temporary chairman and exulted greatly thereat. The bosses did not know it, and for a day or so Clark held an apparent advantage; but Clark's advantage was not real—it was only apparent. After the balloting began it was certain that in the end Wilson would be nominated, provided his delegates could be held, and his managers saw to that.

Bryan's politics then was to line up Clark with the bosses and to line up the bosses with Clark. That was easy enough, as it was easy enough to line up those representatives of the predaceous plutocrats to whom Mr. Bryan is opposed and the influence of Tammany Hall and Murphy, another *bête noire* of Bryan and of his followers. In fact the lining up was done by the bosses and the plutocrats themselves. Bryan merely had to call attention to it to get his results.

For a great many years certain influential—in a money way—persons who conduct operations in high finance have conducted political operations, not because they are party men or patriotic men, but because they wanted to manage the politics of the country for their own individual, selfish ends. This was reasonably easy in the old days and under the processes of the old order. High finance controlled high politics. For some years, however, the old order has been changing and the people have been taking over their own politics. Still one feature of the old order has not changed, and that is the political intelligence of the high financiers—or the lack of political intelligence, to be more exact. These men are not awake to what is going on in the country, being too busy getting money for themselves and exerting the power vast money brings. Conditions have changed, but they have not. They are still living and operating in the Silurian age of politics, and their politics is of the Silurian brand.

Their first ardent desire was to eliminate Bryan, and their second ardent desire—especially as typed by Thomas F. Ryan and his satellites and the influences Ryan controls and represents—was to beat Wilson. They frothed at the mouth when they talked of Wilson. They wished above all things that Wilson should not be nominated, and they worked their old pulls on the old bosses to make combinations to bring that about. Not having the political sense of chickadees and being arrogant as to their power and influence, they imagined fatuously that the mere fact they wanted to beat Wilson, hankered and hungered to beat Wilson, made the beating of Wilson inevitable.

They thought their opposition would be fatal to Wilson's chances. So, instead of playing big politics and being for Wilson, which would have beaten him—such is the temper of the country—they opposed Wilson and let it be known they did not want Wilson nominated, and that made it certain Wilson would be nominated, as he was. If they had been for Wilson, had supported him openly, had been his ardent champions, Wilson wouldn't have won. It would have been impossible, for the people are against anything political the plutocrats want. Being too puffed up with their own conceit and with the conceit of their money, these men could not see that. They arrogantly refused to allow there is anything they and the men they control cannot do, and they fought Wilson. That was Wilson's real strength.

Bryan knew this. He knew the people in the country are inflamed against Wall Street in politics, and he shrewdly used that fact to his own advantage. Moreover, so great was the political stupidity of these men that several of them actually came to Baltimore and were delegates. Thomas F. Ryan, instead of staying in the background, had half a vote as one of the eight delegates at large from Virginia, where he maintains a voting residence, and August Belmont was in the New York delegation. Others of the Ryan captains and scouts were on the ground, dickering and dealing and trying to force an anti-Wilson condition.

One morning the Baltimore Sun—a Wilson paper—printed on its first page a big picture of Thomas F. Ryan, a good portrait, and pleasantly announced Ryan was on the ground, with a suite in a certain apartment house, and gave a short sketch of his financial connections. Nothing derogatory to Mr. Ryan was said, but it was shown that he was on the ground. It was the smartest thing done by the Wilson people, if it was done by them, for it linked Ryan in the minds of the delegates with the anti-Wilson, anti-Bryan crowd, and that was all that was necessary. Next day Ryan gave out an interview, for which he wrote the questions and the answers; but the mischief had been done. He was there, and so was Belmont, and so were others; and the delegates didn't like it, nor did the people back home when the news got back home, which it speedily did.

William Randolph Hearst was vigorously for Champ Clark, and through his papers had been an item of great strength to the speaker in the ante-convention campaign. It was soon apparent that Mr. Hearst had an understanding with Charles F. Murphy, the boss of Tammany Hall, who previously had been opposed bitterly by Hearst. That Hearst-Murphy combination was another link. Then came the undoubted coalition of Roger Sullivan, the boss of Illinois, Thomas Taggart, the boss of Indiana, and Murphy, for Clark, and that was subject to suspicion. Various other minor bosses also were lined up.

The Deck Stacked the Wrong Way

THUS Bryan had a hand-picked situation. The cards had been stacked for him, not against him, as the stackers supposed. All Bryan had to do was to call attention to these combinations, and it was all over with Clark. Naturally Bryan called specific attention to them. Clark's managers, seeking strength wherever it might be found, had made and helped make these combinations. They wanted delegates, and did not care where those delegates came from, so long as they got enough votes. In their eagerness, as the result showed, they overreached themselves.

The out-of-New-York Democrats, even the Democrats upstate in New York, have no more use for Tammany Hall than Bryan has. By a long series of manipulations Murphy, as boss of Tammany Hall, went to Baltimore as boss of the entire delegation, instead of boss merely of the Tammany section of the delegates. He voted those ninety delegates as he saw fit. Murphy had but one idea. He had his orders to beat Wilson. He went into the combination for whatever reasons he may have had, including, no doubt, the renewal of his friendship with Mr. Hearst, for down at the bottom Murphy's particular field is the city of New York, and the question of who controls New York City is of much greater moment to him than the question of the presidency.

That is the way it lined up—Murphy, Hearst, Sullivan, Taggart, Stone, of Missouri, and various others for Clark, including a large number of delegates sincerely for Clark and wanting to see him nominated. Against them were Bryan and Wilson and Wilson's managers, who, so far as was apparent, had no affiliations with the bosses. The other candidates were mere trailers.

The bosses decided that as they had chastised Bryan in the matter of the temporary chairmanship they would humor him and mollify him, and they interposed no objection when Bryan asked that the adoption of the platform be deferred until after the candidates had been named, nor did they sense the object of Bryan's fight on the unit rule. They humored Bryan. There is a delicious side to that—humored him! "Be a good boy, Willie," they said, "and we won't do anything more to you." So they didn't—but what Bryan did to them was a caution!

The voting progressed. Clark was the leader. The Wilson people had started with about 260 real votes—that

(Concluded on Page 36)

Oscar W. Underwood

Champ Clark

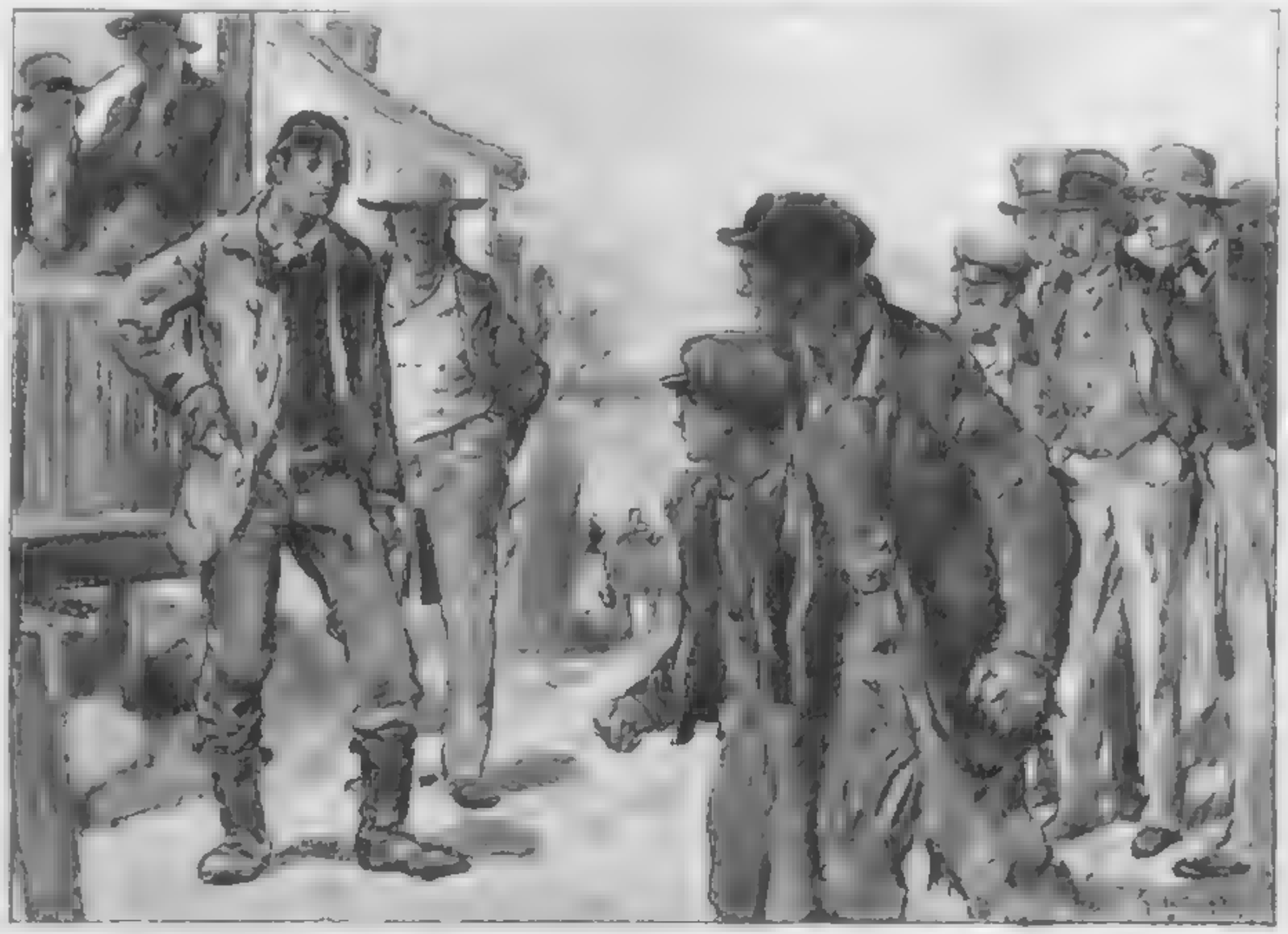
A DOGGED UNDER DOG

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ONE or two nights a week my uncle used to take me with him when he went to spend the evening with old Judge Priest. There were pretty sure to be half a dozen or more grayheads there. If it was good outdoor weather they would sit in a row on the wide, low veranda, smoking their pipes and cigars; and of these the cigars kept off the mosquitoes even better than the pipes did—our country being notorious then as now for the amazing excellence of its domestic red liquor and the bitter potency of its domestic black cigars. Every little while, conceding the night to be hot, Judge Priest's Jeff would come, bringing a tray with drinks—toddies, or else mint juleps, that were as fragrant as the perfumed fountains of a fairy tale and crowned with bristling sprays of grateful herbage. They would sit and smoke and talk, and I would perch on the top step of the porch, hugging my bare knees together and listening.

It was on such a night as this that I heard the story of Singin' Sandy Riggs, the under dog. I think it must have been in July—or maybe it was August. To the northward the sheet lightning played back and forth like a great winking lens, burning the day heat out of the air; and from the dried-up bed of the creek, a quarter of a mile away, came the notes of big bassooning bullfrogs baying at the night. Every now and then a blackbird or a tree martin in the maple overhead would have a bad dream and talk in its sleep; then hundreds upon hundreds of birds roosting up there would rouse and utter querulous, drowsy bird-sounds and bestir themselves until the whole top of the tree rustled and moved as though from a sudden breeze. In lulls of the talk thin-shredded snatches of singing were borne to us from the negro church beyond the old Enders orchard, where the negroes were holding one of their frequent revivals.



"'I'll be Back Again, Mister, One Month From Today. Wait for Me!'"

It was worth any boy's while to listen to the company that assembled on Judge Priest's front porch. For one, Squire Rufus Buckley was pretty certain to be there. Possibly by reason of his holding a judicial office and possibly because he was of a conservative habit of mind, Squire Buckley was never known to give a direct answer to any question. For their own amusement, people used to try him. Catching him on a flawless morning, some one would remark in a tone of questioning that it was a fine day.

"Well, now," the squire would say, "'tis and 'tain't. It's clear now, but you can't never tell when it'll cloud up—can you?"

He owned a little grocery store out on the edge of town and had his magistrate's office in a back room behind it. On a crowded Saturday, when the country rigs were standing three deep outside and the two clerks were flying about, busy as bird-dogs, measuring and weighing and counting up and drawing off, a waiting customer might be moved to say:

"Business pretty good, ain't it, squire?"

"It's good," the squire would say, licking off the corncob stopper of a molasses jug and driving it with a sticky plop into its appointed orifice, "and then agin it's bad. Some things air sellin' off very well, and some things ain't hardly sellin' off a-tall."

The squire was no great shakes of a talker, but as a listener he was magnificent. He would sit silently hour after hour, with his hands laced over his paunch, occasionally spitting over the banister rail with a strident, tearing sound.

Nor was the assemblage complete without Captain Shelby Woodward. Captain Shelby Woodward's specialty in conversation was the big war. From him I first heard the story of how Lieutenant Gracey, of the County Battery, floated down the river on a sawlog and, single-handed, captured the Yankee gunboat and its sleepy-headed crew. From him I learned the why and wherefore of how our town, though located right on the border of North and South, came in '61 to be called Little Charleston; and from him also I got the tale of that lost legion of Illinois men—a full battalion of them—who, crossing out of their own state by stealth, were joyously welcomed into ours and were mustered into the service and thereafter for four years fought their own kinspeople and neighbors—the only organized command, so Captain Shelby Woodward said, that came to the army from the outside. Frequently he used to tell about Miss Em Garrett who, when Grant came up from Cairo on his gunboats, alone remembered what all the rest of the frightened town forgot—that the silken flag the women had made with loving hands was still floating from its flagpole in front of the engine house. So she drove her old rockaway down to the engine house and made her little negro houseboy shin up the pole and bring the flag down to her, he greatly fearing the shells that whistled past his head from the gunboats; but fearing much more his mistress standing below and lashing up for his bare legs with her buggy whip.

"So, then," Captain Woodward would go on, "she hid the flag under her dress and drove on home. Some Union sympathizer told on her when the troops landed, and a crowd of them broke away and went out to her place and ordered her to give it up. She was alone, except for the darkies; but she wasn't scared, that old woman. They sassed her and she sassed 'em back, and they were swearing they'd burn the house down over her head, and she was double-dog-daring them to do it when an officer came up and drove them off. Afterward, when the warehouses and the churches and the young ladies' seminary were chock-full of sick and wounded, brought down from Donelson and Shiloh, she turned in and nursed them all alike, not caring which side they'd fought on; and so some of the very men who had threatened her used to salute when she passed them on the street.

"And, sir, she wore that flag under her skirts for four years. She kept it always, and when she died it was her shroud. You remember, Billy—you were one of the pall-bearers?" he would say, turning to Judge Priest.

Judge Priest would say he remembered mighty well; and the talk would go swinging back and forth, but generally back, being concerned mainly with people who were dead and things that were done years and years before I was born.

Major J. Q. A. Pickett was apt to be of the company, too, dapper and as jaunty as his rheumatism would let him be, always in black, with a white tuberose in his buttonhole. The major was a born boulevardier without a boulevard; a natural man-about-town without the right kind of town to be about in; and a clubman by instinct, yet with no club except the awnings over Soule's drug store and the screening of dishrag vines and balsam apples on Priest's front porch. Also, in a far corner somewhere, little Mr. Herman Felsburg, of Felsburg Brothers—our leading clothiers—might often be found. Mr. Felsburg's twisted sentences used to tickle me. I was nearly grown before I learned by chance—what Mr. Felsburg himself never mentioned—that he, a newly landed immigrant, had enlisted at the first call and had fought in half a dozen hard battles before he knew properly the English for the commands of his captain.

My favorite storyteller of them all, though, was old Cap'n Jasper Lawson; and, for a fact, he was old—old even to those other old men; older by a full twenty years than the oldest of them; a patriarch of the earliest times; a forty-niner; a veteran of two wars and of an Indian campaign. For me, he linked the faded past to the present and made it glow again in vivid colors. Wherever he was was as good as an Arabian Nights entertainment for me.

He lives as a memory now in the town—with his lean, shaven jowl, and his hand-made boots, and the crimson blanket that he wore winters draped over his shoulders and held at the throat with a pin made of a crusted nugget of virgin California gold. Wearing this blanket was no theatrical affectation of Cap'n Jasper's—it was a part of him; he was raised in the days when men, white and red both, wore blankets for overcoats. He could remember when the Chickasaws still held our end of the state and General Jackson and Governor Shelby came down and bought it away from them, and so gave to it its name of The Purchase. He could remember plenty of things like that—and, what was better, could tell them so that you saw before your eyes the burnished backs of the naked bucks sitting in solemn conclave and the two old Indian fighters chaffering with them for their tribal lands. He was tall and sparse and straight like one of those old hillside pines, that I have seen since, growing on the red clay slopes of the cotton country south of us; and he stayed so until he died, which was when he was away up in the nineties. This night it was Cap'n Jasper who told the story of Singin' Sandy Riggs.

Somehow or other the talk had flowed and eddied by winding ways to the subject of cowardice, and Judge Priest had said that every brave man was a coward and every coward was a brave man—it all depended on the time and the place; and this had moved Captain Shelby Woodward to repeat one of his staple chronicles—when the occasion suited he generally told it. It concerned that epic last year of the Orphan Brigade—his brigade he always called it, as though he'd owned it.

"More than five thousand of us in that brigade of mine when we went out in '61," he said, "and not quite twelve hundred of us left on that morning in May of '64 when we marched out of Dalton—Joe Johnston's rearguard, holding Sherman back. Holding him back? Hah! Feeding ourselves to him; that was it, sir—just feeding ourselves to him a bite at a time, so as to give the rest of the army a chance for its life! And what does that man Shaler say—what does he say, and prove it by the figures? One hundred and twenty solid days of fighting and marching and retreating; one hundred and twenty days that were like a red-hot slice carved out of hell!—fighting every day and mighty near every hour; hanging on Sherman's flanks and stinging at him like gadflies, and being wiped out and swallowed up in mouthfuls. A total, sir, of more than eighteen hundred deadly or disabling wounds for us in those hundred and twenty days, or more than a wound apiece if every man had been wounded; and there were less than

fifty of the boys who weren't wounded, at that. And in September, at the end of those hundred and twenty days, there were just two hundred and forty of us left out of what had been five thousand three years before—two hundred and forty out of what had been nearly twelve hundred in May—two hundred and forty out of a whole brigade, sir—infantry and artillery; but still fighting and still ready to keep on fighting! Those are Shuler's figures—and he was a Federal officer himself and a most gallant gentleman. And it is true, sir—every word of it is true, sir.

"Now, was that bravery? Or was it just doggedness? And when you come right down to it, what's the difference between the two? This one thing I do know though—if it was bravery we were no braver than the men who fought us and chased us and killed us off on that campaign; and if it was doggedness they'd have been just as dogged as we were with the conditions reversed—them losing and us winning. When you're the under dog you just naturally have to fight—there's nothing else for you to do. Isn't that true in your experience, Billy?"

"Yes," said old Judge Priest in his high singsong. "That's true as Gospel Writ. After all, boys," he added, "I reckon the bravest man that lives is the coward that wants to run and yit don't do it. And, anyway, when all's said and done, the bravest ones in every war have always been the women, not the men. I know 'twas so in that war of ours—the men could go and git what joy there was out of the fightin'; it was the women who stayed behind and suffered and waited and prayed. Boys, if you've all got a taste of your toddies left, s'posen we drink to our women before Jeff brings you your fresh glasses."

They drank with those little clucking, smacking sounds that old men make when they drink, and for a bit there was a silence. The shuttle of the lightning made stage effects in yellow and black against the backdrop of the sky. From the shadows of the dishrag vine, where he sat in a home-made hickory armchair, with his pipe-bowl making a glowing red smudge in the darkness, old Cap'n Jasper Lawson spoke up. "Speaking of under dogs and things, I reckon none of you young fellows"—he chuckled a little down in his throat—"can remember when this wasn't a gun-toting country down here. But I do.

"It was before your day, but I remember it. First off, there was the time when my own daddy and the grandaddies of some of you gentlemen came out over the Wilderness trail with a squirrel rifle in one hand and an ax in the other, swapping shots with the Indians every step of the way. And that was the beginning of everything. Then, years later on, the feuds started up in the mountains, though I'm not denying but we had our share of them down here too; and some brokendown aristocrats moved out from Virginia and Maryland and brought the code and a few pairs of those old, long-barrel dueling pistols with them, which was really the only baggage some of them had. A while after that the big war came on; and so, what with one thing and another, men took to toting guns regularly—a mighty bad habit, too, and one which we've never been entirely cured of yet, as Billy's next court docket will show—eh, Billy?"

Judge Priest made an inarticulate sound of regretful assent down in his throat, and Squire Buckley spat out into the darkness with a long-drawn, sirupy swish.

"But in between, back in the twenties and thirties, there was a period when gun-toting wasn't so highly popular. Maybe it was because pistols hadn't got common yet and squirrel rifles were too heavy to tote round; and maybe it was because people were just tired of trouble. I won't pretend to say exactly what the cause of it was, myself, but so it was—men settled their differences with their fists and their feet; with their teeth, too, sometimes. And if there were more gouged eyes and more teeth knocked out there were fewer widows and not so many orphans either.

"I notice some of you younger fellows here lately have taken to calling this town a city; but when I first came here it wasn't even a town—just an overgrown wood landing in the river bottom, with the shacks and the houses stuck up on piles to keep 'em out of the mud. There were still Indians aplenty too—Chickasaws and Creeks and some Shawnees—and some white folks who were mighty nigh as ignorant and savage as the Indians. Why, it hadn't been but a few years—three or four at most, I reckon—since they'd tried to burn the widow woman Simmons as a witch. As boys, some of you must have heard tell of old Marm Simmons. Well, I can remember her. She lived alone, with an old black cat for company, and she was poor and friendless and sort of funny in her ways; and that started it. And then one spring, when the high-water went down, the children got sickly and begun dying off with this here spotted fever. And somebody started the tale that old Marm Simmons was witching 'em to make 'em die—that she'd look at a child and then the child would take down sick and die. It was Salem, Massachusetts, moved up a couple of hundred years; but they believed it—some of 'em did. One night a dozen men went to her cabin and dragged her out, along with her cat, both of 'em spitting and yowling and scratching like blood sisters, and had her flung up on to a burning brushpile; and her apron strings had burnt in two when three or four men, who were still sane, came running up and broke in and kicked the fire apart and saved her; but her old cat went tearing off through the woods like a Jack-mer-lantern, with his fur all afire."

He paused a moment to suck deliberately at his pipe, and I sat and thought about old Marm Simmons and her blazing tomcat; and I was glad clear down to my wriggling toes that my uncle was going to take me home. In a minute or so Cap'n Jasper was droning on again:

"So you can tell, by that, that this here city of yours was a pretty tolerable rough place in its infancy and full of rough people, as most all new settlements are. You've got to remember that this was the frontier in those days. And the roughest of them all, as I recollect—rougher than the keelboaters and the trappers, and even the Indian traders—was Harve Allen. He set himself up to be the bully of this whole river country.

"Well, he was. He was more than six feet tall and built like a catamount; and all the whisky he'd drunk—you could get a gallon then for what a dram'll cost you now—hadn't burnt him out yet. He fought seemingly just for the pure love of fighting. Come a muster or a barn-raising or an election or anything, Harve Allen fought somebody—and licked him. Before he had been here a year he had beat up half the men in this settlement, and the other half were pretty careful to leave him alone, even those that weren't afraid of him. He never used anything, though, except his fists and his feet and his teeth—he never needed anything else. So far as was known, he'd never been licked in his whole life.

"You see, there was nobody to stop him. The sheriff lived away down at the other end of the county, and the county was five times as big as it is now. There were some town trustees—three of 'em—and they'd appointed a long, gangling, jimpy-jawed fellow named Catlett to be the first town constable; but even half-grown boys laughed at Catlett, let alone Harve Allen. Harve would just look at Catlett sort of contemptuously and Catlett would sidle off backward, like a crawfish. And when Harve got a few drams aboard, and began churning up war medicine, Catlett would hurry right straight home and be taken down sick in bed, and he'd stay there until Harve had eased himself beating up people.

"So Harve Allen ran a woodyard for the river trade and had things pretty much his own way. Mainly people gave him both sides of the road and the middle. There was a story out that he'd belonged to the Ford's Ferry gang before they broke up the gang. That's a yarn I'll have to tell this boy here some of these days when I get the time—how they caught the gang hiding in Cave in Rock and shot some of them and drowned the rest, all but the two head devils, Big Harp and Little Harp, who were brothers; and how they got back across the river in a dugout and were run down with dogs and killed too. The men who killed them cut off their heads and salted them down and packed them both in a piggin of brine, and sent the piggin by a man on horseback up to Frankfort to collect the reward. That's what they did, and it makes a tale that ought to be written out sometime."

That was old Cap'n Jasper's way. His mind was laden, like Aladdin's sumpter-mule, with treasures uncountable; and often he would drop some such glittering jewel as this and just leave it and go on. I mind now how many times he started to tell me the full story of the two dissolute Virginians, nephews of one of our first presidents, who, in a fit of drunken temper, killed their slave boy George on the very night that the great earthquake of 1811 came—and, taking the tremors and the crackings of the earth for a judgment of God upon their heads, they went half mad with terror and ran to give themselves up; but I never did find out and I don't know yet what happened to them after that. Nor was I ever to hear from Cap'n Jasper the full and gory details of the timely taking-off of Big Harp and Little Harp. He just gave me that one taste of the delightful horror of it and went on:

"Some said that Harve Allen had belonged to the Ford's Ferry gang and that he'd got away when the others were trapped. It was true he did come down the river right after the massacre at the cave, and maybe that was how the story started; but, as for myself, I never believed that part of it. Spite of his meanness, Harve Allen wasn't the murdering kind and it must have taken a mighty seasoned murderer to keep company with Big Harp and Little Harp.

"But he looked mean enough for anything—just the way he could look at a man won half his fights for him. It must be going on sixty years since I saw him, but I can shut my eyes right now and the picture of him comes back to me plain as a painting on a wall. I can see him now, rising of six feet three, as I told you, and long-legged and rawboned. He didn't have any beard on his face—he'd pulled it out the same as the Indian bucks used to do, only they used mussel shells and he used tweezers; but there were a few hairs left in his chin and they were black and stiff and stood out like the bristles on a hog's jowl. His under-lip

"Bully Harve Allen Paddled Straight for the Other Shore"

lolled down as if it'd been pulled out of plumb by the weight of the cuss-words Harve had sworn, and his eyes were as cold and mean as a catfish's eyes. He used to wear an old deerskin hunting vest, and it was gormed and smeared with grease until it was slick as an otter-slide; half the time he went barefoot.

"That was the way he looked the day he licked Singin' Sandy the first time—and likewise the way he looked all the other times, too, for the matter of that. The first time was the day they hanged Tallow Dan, who was a halfbreed, for killing the little Cartright girl. It was the first hanging we ever had in this county—the first legal hanging, I mean—and from all over this country, up and down the river, and from away back in the oak barrens, the people came in to see it. They came afoot and on horseback, the men bringing their rifles, and even old swords and old war hatchets, with them, with women and children riding behind them. It made the biggest crowd that'd ever been here up to then. Away down by the willows stood the old white house that was washed away in the rise of '54, where old Madame La Farge, the old Frenchwoman, used to gamble with the steamboat captains; and up where the market square is now was the jail, which was built of logs; and along in between stretched a row of houses and cabins, mainly log, too, all facing the river. There was a road in front, running along the top of the bank, and in summer it was knee-deep in dust fit to choke a horse; in winter it was just one slough of mud that caked and balled on your feet until it would pull your boots off your feet. I've seen teams mired down there many a time—right where the Richland House is now; but on this day the mud was no more than shoe-throat deep, which nobody minded, and that whole riverfront was just crawling with people and horses.

"They brought Tallow Dan out of the jail with his arms tied back, and put him in a wagon, him sitting on his coffin, and drove him under a tree and noosed him round the neck; then the wagon pulled out and left him swinging there, with the crowd scrouging up so close to him they almost brushed his legs. I was right there where I could see it all, and that's another thing in my life I'm never going to forget!

"It was pretty soon after they'd cut him down that Harve Allen ran across Singin' Sandy. This Sandy Riggs was a little, stumpy man, with sandy hair and big gray eyes that would put you in mind of a couple of these mossy agates; and he was as freckled as a turkey egg in the face. He hadn't been here very long and people had just begun calling him Singin' Sandy, on account of him going along always humming a little tune, without any words to it and really not much tune—more like a big bluebottle fly droning than anything else. He lived in a little clearing that he'd made about three miles out, back of Grundy Hill, where that new summer park, as they call it, stands now; but then it was all deep timber—oak barrens on the high

"'You Shall Hereafter Desist From Maltreating a Man Half Your Size'"

ground and cypress slashes on the low—with a trail where the gravel road runs. The timber was full of razorback hogs stropping themselves against the treeboles, and up above there were squirrels as thick as these English sparrows are today. He had a cub of a boy that looked just like him—freckles, sandy head and all; and this boy—he was about fourteen, I reckon—had come in with him on this day of Tallow Dan's hanging.

"Well, some way or other, Singin' Sandy gave offense to Harve Allen—which, as I have told you, was no hard thing to do—bumped into him by accident, maybe, or didn't get out of the road brisk enough to suit Harve. And Harve, without a word, up and hauled off and smacked him down as flat as a flounder. He laid there on the ground a minute, sort of stunned; then up he got and surprised everybody by making a rush for Harve. And he lit into him; but it was too one-sided to be much fun, even for those who'd had the same dose themselves and so enjoyed seeing Harve taking it out of somebody else's hide. In a second Harve had him tripped and thrown and was down on him, bashing in his face for him. At that, Singin' Sandy's cub of a boy ran in and tried to pull Harve off his dad; and Harve stopped pounding Sandy just long enough to rear up and fetch the cub a backhanded lick with the broad of his hand that landed the chap ten feet away. The boy bounced right up and made as if to come back and try it again; but some men grabbed him and held him, not wanting to see such a little shaver hurt. The boy was sniveling, too, but I took notice it wasn't a scared snivel—it was a mad snivel, if you know what I mean. They held him, a couple of them, until it was over.

"That wasn't long either—it was all over in a minute or two. Harve Allen got up and stood off, grinning just as he always grinned when he'd mauled somebody to his own satisfaction; and two or three of us went to Singin' Sandy and up-ended him on his feet. Somebody fetched a gourd of water from the public well and sluiced it over his head and face. He was all blood where he wasn't mud—streaked and sopped with it—and the mud was caked thick in his hair like yellow mortar, with the water dripping down off of it. He didn't say a word at first. He got his breath back and wiped some of the blood out of his eyes and off his face on his sleeve, and I handed him his old skin cap from where it had fallen off his head. The cub broke loose and came running to him; and he shook himself together and looked round. He looked at Harve Allen standing there grinning at him, and he said to him, just as slow and quiet:

"'I'll be back again, mister, one month from today. Wait fur me.'

"That was all—just that: 'I'll be back in a month,' and 'Wait fur me.' And then, as he turned round and went away, staggering a little on his pins, with his boy trotting

(Continued on Page 40)

The New Community Skyscraper

Housekeeping by the Acre—By James H. Collins

THE manager of a big office skyscraper had been working for some time on a list of business men occupying quarters in various old-fashioned buildings round town. They were logical tenants for his own building. He had written to them and canvassed them. Rent, convenience, space, light, air, prestige and other arguments had been advanced; yet the response was not satisfactory. One day he wrote a letter to the wives of these men, asking them some questions about housekeeping matters. Which did they prefer—to have their husbands spend the day in an office where the janitor merely agitated the dust every night and let it settle again, or in a building where all the dust, dirt and germs were removed several times weekly, by a pneumatic cleaning system, to be destroyed in the basement?

Would it add to their peace of mind to know that their husbands worked in a fireproof structure, equipped with every modern safeguard, instead of a notorious firetrap?

Did it make any difference to them whether the breadwinner of the family rode many times a day in an antiquated elevator run by an inexperienced boy, or would they rather have him travel in a modern elevator, with safety devices, in charge of skillful attendants?

Were they at all particular about their husbands' business neighbors? Would they rather have them in a building where every tenant was carefully investigated before leases were signed, or in any old building?

The manager talked to the women as one expert to another. He assured them that his lavatories were kept as clean as they kept their own kitchens and bathrooms. His help was selected as carefully as theirs, and he had the advantage of employing a large staff at good wages. As one housekeeper speaking to another, he invited them down to see how he ran things. And the women came. When they saw the plant in operation they went to work upon their husbands. In a few months many of those prospective tenants signed leases.

Housekeeping for a skyscraper community is a big job and has brought into existence the skyscraper manager, an executive with many activities, many problems, and much responsibility and miscellaneous knowledge.

Twenty-five years ago the modest office building of the time was usually operated by a real-estate agent as a side issue of his business. The agent appointed a janitor, who ran the elevator, fired the boiler, made repairs, bossed the cleaning and the tenants, and pieced out his wages with tips, commissions and pickings from the waste paper. Cost of operation depended on such details as how close to the elevator shaft the architect had put the boiler. If the latter was convenient, so that a shovelful of coal could be thrown on the fire between trips, tenants were warm and fuel bills moderate; but if the elevator was at one end of the basement and the boiler at the other the janitor heaped on coal when he got a chance—in which case bills were high and tenants alternately roasted and frozen.

From these beginnings the skyscraper has developed until today there are communities like that in the twin building of the Hudson Terminal, in lower New York, which has more than one million square feet of rented floor space and something like five thousand rooms and a thousand leaseholders. Ten thousand persons do business under its roof—a city about equal to Mobile if the tenants were brought together with their families. Those that arrive in the morning by the New Jersey tunnels beneath the building need not go outdoors all day, for there are shops to supply any sort of merchandise, with a branch post-office and two clubs; and on the lower floors a train may be taken for any place in the United States.

The manager of such a building has a staff of more than three hundred employees. No technical school provides a course embracing the many things he must know and be.

In one phase of his activities he is like the mayor of a city, because he directs a street-cleaning department, a waterworks, a sewage system, a rubbish-disposal plant, a fire department, and a police force.

In another aspect he is a central-station man, furnishing electric light and power, with steam heat and perhaps filtered and chilled drinking water.

In still another he is director of a railroad. True, the tracks run up and down instead of horizontally; but his forty-odd elevators carry seventy thousand passengers daily and he is responsible for their safety and convenience.

Yet again, he is a hotel proprietor, attending to the comfort of his guests and their innumerable wants, and listening to the complaints of the impatient and aggrieved.

If an old tenant moves out he will become a stage manager, tearing down solid partitions as though they were cloth scenery, and putting in new ones to arrange a suitable business setting for the incoming concern.

The good building manager is said to be scarce—and well may be. Look into his past and he is usually found to have been a jack of all trades and master of each. Perhaps there was an engineering education to begin with; then experience in handling men on construction work; and after that a year or two of purchasing supplies, followed by a period in a real-estate office—and so on. The manager of one New York skyscraper was a central-station engineer in Boston originally. Today he operates, in his building, an electrical plant larger than was needed to supply all Boston when he came out of college. Another manager was in the army, but sought a more active field. He finds ample outlet for his energy in running a skyscraper. Every bit of technical and business training can be utilized in this new calling, and at the same time not all the technical knowledge in the world would make a successful skyscraper manager; for everything he knows must be pieced together to make an atmosphere for his building—a feeling of comfort and security that holds tenants and makes the place a living center.

The manager must be able to run a vast mechanical plant and keep the machinery out of sight; follow the curve of elevator traffic or coal consumption and modify it to effect an economy; settle a dispute between scrubwomen or coal-passers; figure with a mover on the best way to get a three-ton safe up to the twenty-second story—and turn from all this and go out to lunch with his best tenant.

Only a few years ago, when information was sought about the operating costs of these big communities, very few statistics were available; but now the average manager knows most items exactly, from the five cents a mile paid out for running elevators to the nine or ten cents a square foot a year for cleaning. Building managers have their national association and meet in yearly convention to discuss the many questions pertaining to their business.

Ten years ago the architect and engineer planned and built the skyscraper and turned it over to the manager to be operated. Very often the lighting arrangements were made with no reference to the preferences of tenants, and the elevator hoists were piled in tiers and stuck away in any dark, inaccessible hole to get them out of the way. Now the building manager is often on the job from the moment the first plans are sketched. He insists upon having windows and floors laid out to facilitate renting. He puts the elevator machinery where it can be repaired with the least trouble. He lays out his power plant as a show place and provides a gallery from which visitors may view it through plate glass.

Elevator service is one of the most interesting details in skyscraper management. As the successful skyscraper itself depends absolutely upon the elevator, so the character of elevator service determines the popularity of the building. Nothing so quickly brings complaints from tenants as do slow or irregular elevators.

If a typical curve of traffic for a big building is examined it will be found that the elevators begin business about six in the morning, when scrubwomen and cleaners go up to their work on the many floors. At eight o'clock tenants' employees begin to arrive; and at nine o'clock the highest upward peak of the day is reached, accompanied by a small downward travel of the departing cleaners, who leave at that hour. Between nine and ten there is still a large upward traffic. The employers are now coming in. Downward travel increases too. Between half past ten and half past eleven visitors to the tenants constitute the bulk of the traffic, which is pretty evenly balanced up and down. Between twelve and one all the employees go out to lunch, making a heavy downward peak; and between one and two most of them come back, making a heavy upward peak—while the employers are now going to lunch. Between two-thirty and four-thirty visitors cause other balanced peaks of up and down travel. Between five and quarter to six all the tenants and employees suddenly rush out of the building as though it were a sinking ship. This is the broadest and longest peak of the day. After that a few cars are busy carrying cleaners until seven o'clock.

Buildings That are Made to Pay

THIS elevator curve is studied day by day, week by week; and one year is compared with another. Slight irregularities may occur without worrying the manager. Between three and four some afternoon comes the highest peak of the year. "That was only a woman's suffrage convention in the tower," he comments. "It came in an off hour and won't happen again."

What he studies most carefully is the capacity of his elevators to carry the heaviest traffic that can possibly be put upon them in regular hours. Schedules are arranged; and the starter, who is a sort of train dispatcher in elevator service, holds the cars to schedule. All possible combinations of express and local elevator service are studied. The slightest change in a signal system will often speed up traffic by causing people to be ready for the next elevator when it arrives at their floor. The utmost promptness in loading and unloading is sought, consistent with absolute safety to passengers. One striking point about the vertical travel in New York, estimated at ten million passengers a day, is that nobody ever buys a ticket to ride in an elevator—it is all free. Another is the absence of accidents. Statistically, a skyscraper elevator is about the safest place in the world to be—far safer than one's own home!

In a certain big building where the manager encourages employees' suggestions for improvement of service, an elevator attendant timed passengers entering cars at different hours of the day. He found that people leaving the building at night got aboard in half the number of seconds required in the morning. This was found to be due to straggling—people came in together in the morning and some of them delayed the waiting cars by gossiping and bidding each other goodby. So an extra man was stationed on the ground floor during the rush hour each morning, and a marked acceleration of service was secured by separating the stragglers. Sadie paused a moment to say "Well, so long!" to Mamie. The extra man got between them and the departing car, turned them courteously to the next one, and they never suspected they had been separated.

Safety in case of fire is carefully provided for in elevator service. It is recognized that even a slight blaze in an office might bring about conditions in which the building would have to be emptied very quickly. In that emergency elevators would operate in combination with stairways. If the blaze were on the fifteenth floor, for example, elevators would be devoted to taking tenants down to the fourteenth and letting them go to the ground by the stairways.

In at least one New York skyscraper there is a fire marshal, whose whole duty is to drill employees in the use of fire apparatus and see that the latter is inspected and tested regularly. Porters on each floor are instructed in fighting a blaze, elevator men drilled in emergency service; and the fire marshal, a retired fireman, has authority to call even the officers of the building for fire instruction. This not only lowers the insurance rate, but is an important element in keeping the building clean, for fires have a close relationship to dirt and neglect; and the floor porter carefully drilled in prevention keeps his part of the building cleaner for such instruction and inspection.

Freight traffic on the elevator system of a skyscraper is heavier than is generally known, for furniture of incoming and outgoing tenants must be moved and great quantities of freight are delivered throughout the building daily. All this traffic is under the rigid supervision of the manager and is handled during two or three periods in the business day when passenger traffic slackens and elevators can be assigned to it. Skyscraper space is too costly to permit elevators for freight alone, except in the handling of coal, ashes and supplies that go into the cellars. As some subcellar systems extend fifty to ninety feet below the curb, however, the underground elevator equipment is often very comprehensive.

The cleaning force of a big office building is more or less in evidence to tenants. Scrubwomen work in two shifts, coming on about six in the morning and staying until tenants begin to arrive, reappearing late in the afternoon, when people are going home, to work until nine or ten at night. The tenant also sees the hall porters keeping corridors clean through the day. He thinks of his business home largely in connection with the elevator attendants, the scrubwomen, the hall porters and an occasional employee from the manager's office; but this is only the visible section of the operating staff. There is also an invisible section which the tenant seldom sees. Down in the basements and subcellars are engineers, firemen, electricians and laborers. They run boilers, engines, dynamos, pumps, condensers, filters, pneumatic cleaners, ventilating and refrigerating apparatus. The very air may be washed before it is blown through the building for ventilation, giving an atmosphere that is not merely agreeable to tenants, but economical in upkeep—for it is cheaper to wash dust and dirt out of this air by passing it through fine sprays of water than to pump them in and then pump them out again through the pneumatic cleaner. And the dirt thus forestalled is dirt of the most repulsive kind—particles of horse manure, for the most part, the staple dust of cities, exceeded in offensiveness only by the still more odorous dirt that comes down through the pneumatic pipes. Wagonloads of both are carted away from a big building every week.

The invisible staff may include four or five gangs of mechanics. There will be a force of carpenters, another of masons, another of electricians, another of plumbers, another of painters, and so on, with machinists and handy men for keeping the vast structure in good order. A skyscraper embodies miles upon miles of mains, pipes, wires and ducts for water, sewage, steam, fire protection, gas, suction, electricity and signals. Safety of tenants depends upon vigilant upkeep—the elevator that never goes wrong is one run by an attendant who gets a little premium for reporting every defect, even though it be but a loose nut or an unusual rattle. The building that is operated most profitably is the one where repairs are made promptly; for the many different devices and materials in a skyscraper have different periods of useful life ranging from forty to sixty years for the foundations and masonry down to ten years or less for much of the machinery and fittings.

The Duties of the Credit Man

THE skyscraper manager is a purchasing agent—he buys large quantities of fuel, lubricants and engine-room supplies, mops, brooms, swabs, cleaning compound, and so forth, by the bale and the ton. He is a salesman, marketing his space and his service to tenants. He is a conserver. Formerly waste paper from offices was burned. That proved to be hard on grates and boiler-lining; so it was sold loose in bags. This led the fire-insurance companies to increase rates to cover the risk incident to keeping loose rubbish. Then the manager began baling it. Now the contents of waste-baskets go into the press without sorting paper, cloth, cigar stubs, tobacco tins, typewriter ribbons and what-not. Pressed into a tight bale, the stuff is said to be practically unburnable. When a carload has accumulated, off it goes to the paper mill at good prices. The waste paper of an ordinary skyscraper will run into several tons weekly.

Finally the manager must be a credit man. Before the leases are signed he makes careful investigations of records and references of the would-be tenants. Even after a reputable tenant has been admitted, there must be care to see that no undesirable parasite gains a footing by renting deskroom. These great communities of reputable business concerns have an attraction for the get-rich-quick promoter. If he could but send his mail from there his letterhead would bear a picture of the building, inscribed in a way to suggest that he occupied the whole structure. So the manager is not only on the lookout for the rent-dodger and the lease-jumper, but for the shifty citizen who might some morning be put out of business by a post-office fraud order a catastrophe, indeed, reflecting on the good name of the building and all its tenants.

The Twin Buildings of the Hudson Terminal—View From Hudson River

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

MY LADY'S GARTER

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXIII

SUFFERING strikes from the spirit of youth that splendid assurance which makes of youth the charming thing it is. It was so in the case of Cicely Quain—or Helen Hamilton, as she became again, now that the avalanche of publicity had run its course and she was back in New York. The chastening rod of experience had brought a pathetic little droop to the rebellious mouth, had softened the defiant fire in the blue eyes; and the ruddy glow of her cheeks had paled. The shackles that had bound her to willfulness were severed; there had come even a trace of humility into her manner.

Mercifully the newspaper accounts of the destruction of the Pyramid had been brief and inaccurate and inadequate. They recited baldly that Bruce Colquhoun, who was wanted by the police for burglary, had been killed by an explosion aboard a motor boat, whither he had fled to escape arrest, and had gone down in the wreck of the boat. Either the explosion had been due to an accident, or he had purposely blown up the Pyramid with the gasoline aboard, to avoid a long term in prison. There had been no effort to raise the boat and would be none; therefore Colquhoun's body had not been recovered.

This was the outward aspect of the affair. Helen knew how false it was, knew it deep in her aching heart; but what was the truth? Bruce Colquhoun had feared some threatening unknown thing, she knew—he had told her so, but in riddles, and she had taunted him for his confidence. "I am under sentence of death," he had said in explanation of his spectacular escape from the watchful police. "My executioners were at hand!" And they had found him at last! But who were his executioners? Why had his death been necessary? Why had he been unable to explain?

The inadequate newspaper dispatches contained no reference to the curious mystery that had enveloped this masterful, compelling, arrogant young man—there had not been even a hint to the world that he was supposed to be The Hawk, and Helen was grateful for it. All at once she knew she never had believed that he was The Hawk! She had faith in him, now that he was dead; he had bought back her faith with his life! And more than her faith—her love! She didn't even deny it to herself!

Von Derp had quietly told Mrs. Hamilton what had happened—how Colquhoun, trapped in the cabin of the Pyramid, must have been instantly killed by the explosion that sent the boat to the bottom; and the mother had deemed it best to tell the story to Helen. The girl had shed no tears, in spite of the sudden agony that overwhelmed her; there had been little to show her emotion beyond the swift blanching of her cheeks. She had doubted him! And he had tried to make her understand! She did understand now.

Born of the dumb grief that threatened to crush her came the thought that she must make some reparation to his memory. Then there came to her the recollection of the ring he had given her—"Whosoever hath this ring shall love me forever!" She would find it and wear it again! That last day when she returned it to him he had tossed it into a little jungle of wild roses and elder bushes and tangled vines; and she searched there for hours. Success rewarded her efforts at last; and she appeared with hands torn and bleeding.

"Why, my dear!" Mrs. Hamilton had exclaimed, "whatever is the matter with your ——"

"He would have liked for me to wear his ring," Helen had said. "I shall wear it as a token of my faith in him."

That had been all; Mrs. Hamilton merely stared. And within the week, at Helen's insistence, Stepping Stones had been closed and the Hamiltons had returned to New York. There her father, harassed almost unto madness by his first losing fight in the great financial game, heaped reproach upon her. She bore it calmly.

"John Gaunt is ruining me," he stormed. "It was in your power to stop him, and you have refused. He is fond of that only son of his; and if there had been a marriage between you—if his son had become my son-in-law—family considerations would have made him let up on me." He was silent a moment. "It may not be too late now?"

"You mean if I should marry Skeets?"

"Yes," eagerly.

"But he won't marry me."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't love me."

"Bah!"

"And I don't love him."

"Love!" The railroad magnate was sneering. "Are we a lot of children, to be prating always of love when my future, your future, your mother's future, may depend absolutely upon you? What does it matter if he doesn't love you and you don't love him? Love! Is that all there is in the world?"

"Love!" Helen breathed the word softly. "Yes," she said, "that's all there is in the world!"

That ended the interview. Brokaw Hamilton went back to his fight, raging. He felt that he had been betrayed, and by his own daughter! Now, when there were millions at stake, was no time for her sentimental whims!

It may have been intuitive consideration or it may have been some hidden motive which had prevented Von Derp from mentioning, even indirectly, Bruce Colquhoun to Helen in those days of her tense grief. The change in her was obvious, and upon the return of the Hamiltons to New York he had gracefully withdrawn from the household and quartered himself at a downtown hotel. Two or three times she had seen him and vaguely she was grateful for his failure to hark back to the tragedy.

There came a day, however, when Von Derp, immaculate as ever, exquisitely precise in his courtesy, had called at the Hamilton mansion in the Bronx, and there in his odd, ultra-correct manner had poured out his heart to the girl. He loved her, he had said; he had loved her from the first time he had seen her. Helen felt, as her mother had once felt, the deep sincerity of his profession—for the first time she was conscious of the actual man behind the mask of convention and she was inclined to be gentle.

"I don't believe," she had said finally, "that I shall ever marry any one."

"In the beginning I understood that you were engaged to Mr. Gaunt," Von Derp explained, "therefore I could not speak. My understanding must have been correct, because when I telegraphed to your father for permission to pay my addresses he assured me that your hand was pledged. But now I know that Mr. Gaunt, whatever his interest in you may have been, is interested elsewhere, and I have hoped that ——"

"I don't believe," she repeated, "that I shall ever marry any one."

Von Derp seemed lost in meditation for a moment. Then:

"May I hope that if there comes a change in your—what shall I say?—your viewpoint, that I ——"

"Mr. von Derp," Helen interrupted, "how well did you know Mr. Colquhoun?"

The young man lifted his pale yellow brows and opened his brown eyes wide.

"How well did I know him?" he repeated. "As well as you did, perhaps, but ——"

"You, my mother, the police—all those who know most of this strange affair—have taken it for granted, since Mr. Colquhoun's death, that he was The Hawk. I am right in assuming that you believe it, am I not?"

"I can hardly believe otherwise," Von Derp confessed with a deprecatory gesture of his hands. "I doubt if you understand ——"

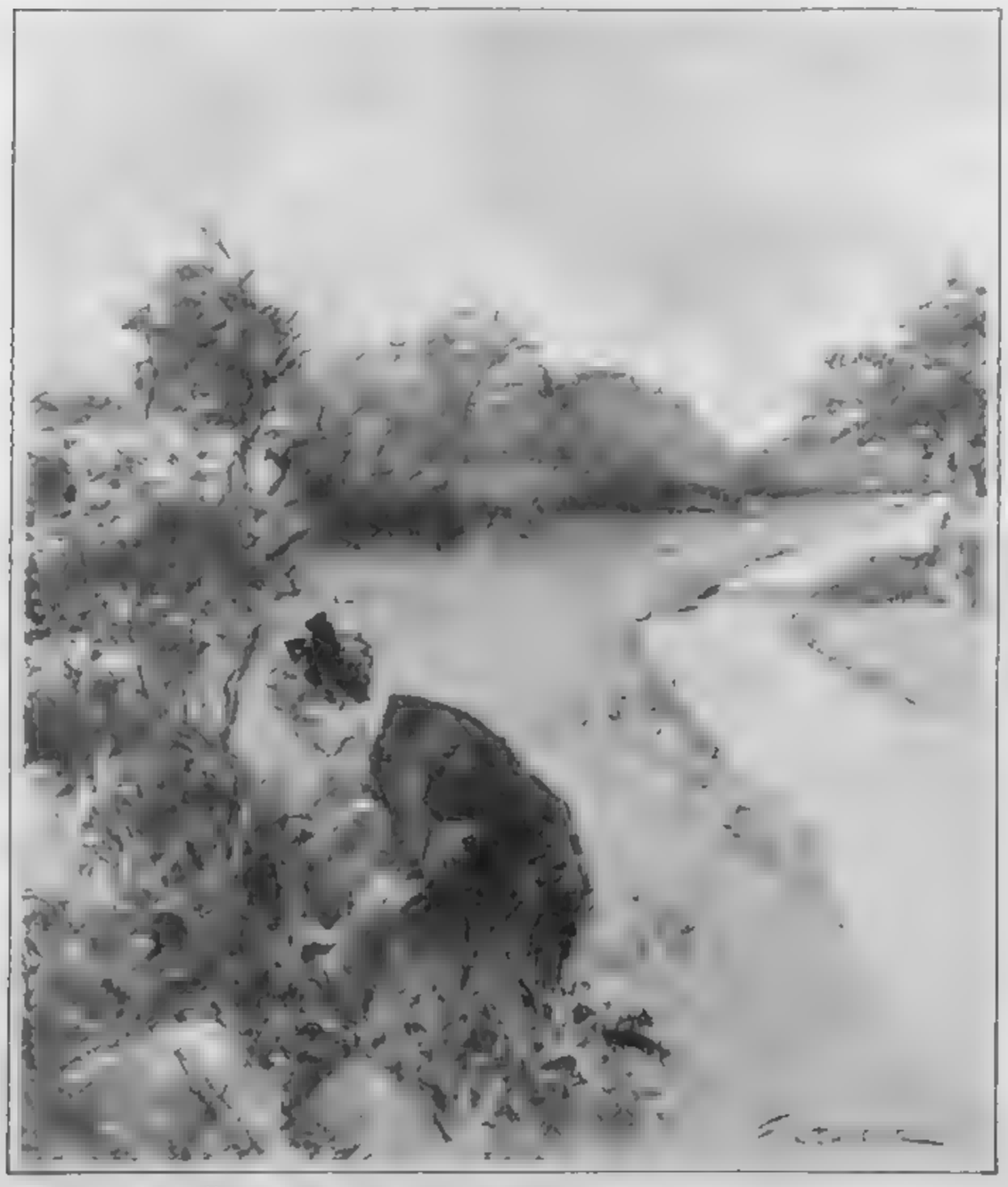
"After all," Helen ran on again, "I knew Mr. Colquhoun better than any one else, I think. I know, for instance, that he had never a fear for the police, as people seem to think he had. I know that his fear was of something mysterious, some menacing, threatening thing that had nothing to do with the police. It was fear of that thing that made it necessary for him to conceal his identity. But he only feared death! He is dead now, and in death forever identified with a notorious criminal. To an extent he confided in me, believed in me. To me it seems a duty to clear his name of the shame that rests upon it. That can be done only by establishing his true identity. A clever man can do that. Can you?"

For a minute, perhaps, Von Derp stared at her. She was sitting with her slim hands clasped tightly between her knees, gazing into nothingness.

"Nothing was farther from my intention than to precipitate a discussion of ——" Von Derp began apologetically.

"I know deep in my heart that Bruce Colquhoun and The Hawk were not the same," Helen continued slowly;

In Rio Janeiro an Englishman Put on False Whiskers



"Whosoever Hath This Ring Shall Love Me Forever!"

In Tokio an American Adopted Japanese Dress

"and a clever man can prove it. By proving it he can dissipate the ignominy that enshrouds Bruce Colquhoun. Can you do it? Will you do it—for me?" She waited. "You say you love me. Do you love me well enough to clear another man—a dead man—of the hideous charges that stand against him?"

Von Derp arose suddenly, the serenity of his face disturbed by some powerful emotion within.

"I do," he declared abruptly, violently. "I love you well enough to do anything in this world for you—anything!" Helen glanced up, a little astonished at his vehemence; his gaze was burning into her own. "And if I do clear Bruce Colquhoun's memory of the shame that rests upon it—if I do?"

"I shall be grateful," Helen said simply.

"I shall demand more than gratitude," Von Derp warned her. "If it is possible for the thing to be done I will do it. And then when I have done it?" He was questioning her with his eyes. "I could make you very happy. May I then ask you if—may I ask you the question I have just asked?"

There was almost a promise in Helen's clear blue eyes as she raised them to his.

"When the thing is done," she said slowly, "I shall not forget the debt I owe."

"But"—and Von Derp's shapely hands were writhing—"that is not sufficient. If I clear Bruce Colquhoun's name ——"

"Come back when you have done it."

Motionless Von Derp stood for a long time, with his gaze fixed upon her eagerly, tensely. There was something curiously diaphanous, effulgent even, in the way the light struck her hair. Bending, he pressed his lips to her cold hand, and an instant later he was gone.

XXIV

THERE was an inquiring uplift of Brokaw Hamilton's brows as the door of his study opened and August von Derp entered. The railroad magnate looked him over critically, curiously; he didn't recall that he had ever seen an individual more perfectly groomed. The lemon-colored hair had just enough wave in it, the yellow beard was of just the proper length and was pointed mathematically; even the dinner dress Von Derp wore looked as if it had been fitted to him by geometrical rules.

"May I have ten minutes—five minutes?" he asked.

"Certainly," the millionaire assented. "Sit down."

"Thanks. And you don't mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

Brokaw Hamilton settled back in his chair and watched Von Derp select and light a cigarette. At last:

"You will remember, Mr. Hamilton," the young man began without further preliminary, "that a short time since I telegraphed you from Satuit, asking your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter? You will also remember that you answered my telegram with the statement that your daughter's hand was pledged to another?"

"I remember, yes."

"That was true at that time, but it is not true today," Von Derp continued precisely. "Mr. Gaunt—I am speaking with his permission—is about to announce his engagement to a Miss Dale, of Satuit. I hope, this being the case, that I may repeat my request with the assurance that your answer this time will be more favorable?"

So there had been a rupture of some sort between Helen and Skeets! In this Brokaw Hamilton discovered the mystery behind Helen's refusal to marry Skeets even to stop John Gaunt's merciless warfare upon himself.

"I will say too," Von Derp added, "that your daughter has intimated that, under certain conditions, my attentions to her would not be distasteful."

"Those conditions being ——?"

"I am not at liberty to state them," Von Derp replied courteously. "She is not, of course, unaware of my devotion to her."

For a long time the railroad magnate pondered it with clouded brow, oblivious of the young man who was waiting patiently for his answer. The longer he considered the situation the less chance Von Derp had for the answer he wanted. After all, there had merely been some silly quarrel between Skeets and Helen, and lovers' quarrels are easily adjusted. Immediate adjustment of this particular quarrel might mean a match between Skeets and Helen after all; and that would mean —— Brokaw Hamilton smiled confidently.

"Even under the conditions you state," he said slowly, "I shall have to disappoint you." There came a sudden steely glitter into his eyes. "I hope you won't ask for my reasons, because I would be compelled to refuse them."

There was a shade of chagrin in Von Derp's hitherto placid face. He flipped the ashes from his cigarette, then arose abruptly. When he spoke, however, his voice was still, precise, unemotional.

"You won't mind if I lock the door?" he questioned as he turned the key.

The click of the lock startled Brokaw Hamilton; he couldn't have explained why. He straightened up in his chair, vaguely conscious of a menace in the other's calm.

"Why is it necessary to lock the door?" he demanded curtly.

"Because," Von Derp answered, "I may say some things that you would not like to have overheard."

"But there's nothing further to be said about ——"

"Pardon me, there is much to be said." Von Derp returned to his chair. "Your daughter has placed me under an obligation to do a certain thing. Before I proceed it is necessary that you and I have a complete understanding. You have played a prominent part in the — "

"The interview is ended." Brokaw Hamilton arose angrily. "There is nothing further to be said."

Von Derp leaned back in his chair, calmly insolent.

"I dare say, Mr. Hamilton," he remarked, "that you have never discovered that the letter of introduction I brought you from a business associate of yours in Amsterdam one Wilhelm von Derp—was a forgery?"

"A forgery?" It came explosively, incredulously.

"A forgery," Von Derp repeated. "I am not Wilhelm von Derp's son—as a matter of fact I don't know whether he has a son—and Von Derp is not my name."

After one inarticulate burst of astonishment the railroad magnate stood motionless, glaring down at his caller.

"I didn't imagine you would take the trouble to make inquiries about me," Von Derp went on evenly, "and I was correct in my surmise. It is a common American fault. It remains for me to confess that I am ——"

"An impostor!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton.

"That is the word, yes—an impostor," the young man agreed calmly. "If you'll sit down a moment ——"

"An impostor!" The millionaire repeated the phrase. "An impostor and a forger!"

"Right," said Von Derp. "If you'll sit down ——"

"If you're not Von Derp's son, then who are you?"

"We are coming to that. Please sit down."

Brokaw Hamilton strode the length of the study twice. Von Derp, still smoking, watched him imperturbably, with a little, cynical look.

"I'll expose you, of course," Mr. Hamilton declared hotly. "Impositions of that sort and forgery are crimes in ——"

"You will not expose me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, there are several reasons, the first being that you would bring another flood of obnoxious publicity about you and your family, and they would have to run away from it again and ——"

"Bah! That feature would have the least consideration of ——"

"Well, then, there are other reasons why you won't expose me, as you express it," Von Derp mocked. "For instance, I"—his whole manner changed; the polish sloughed off—"I am one of the two men living who know that you are the American millionaire now being sought by Scotland Yard in connection with the theft of the Countess of Salisbury's garter from the British Museum. And further, I am the only man living who knows that old Daddy Heinz was your agent in that theft, and therefore, since the police were hot after you, it was to your advantage to get rid of him. And I am the only man living who knows that you were the last person with him on the night he was murdered! Still further, I am the only man living who knows that you have in your possession at this moment a certain diamond which was taken out of the garter!" He stopped. "Now will you sit down?"

Stricken mute, with some hideous, growing terror deep in his eyes, the millionaire listened to the end, then went reeling away from Von Derp as if from a blow. The young man smiled unpleasantly as his host dropped back weakly into the desk chair.

"Not murder, no," Brokaw Hamilton denied hoarsely. "I didn't kill him!"

"I can prove that you did!"

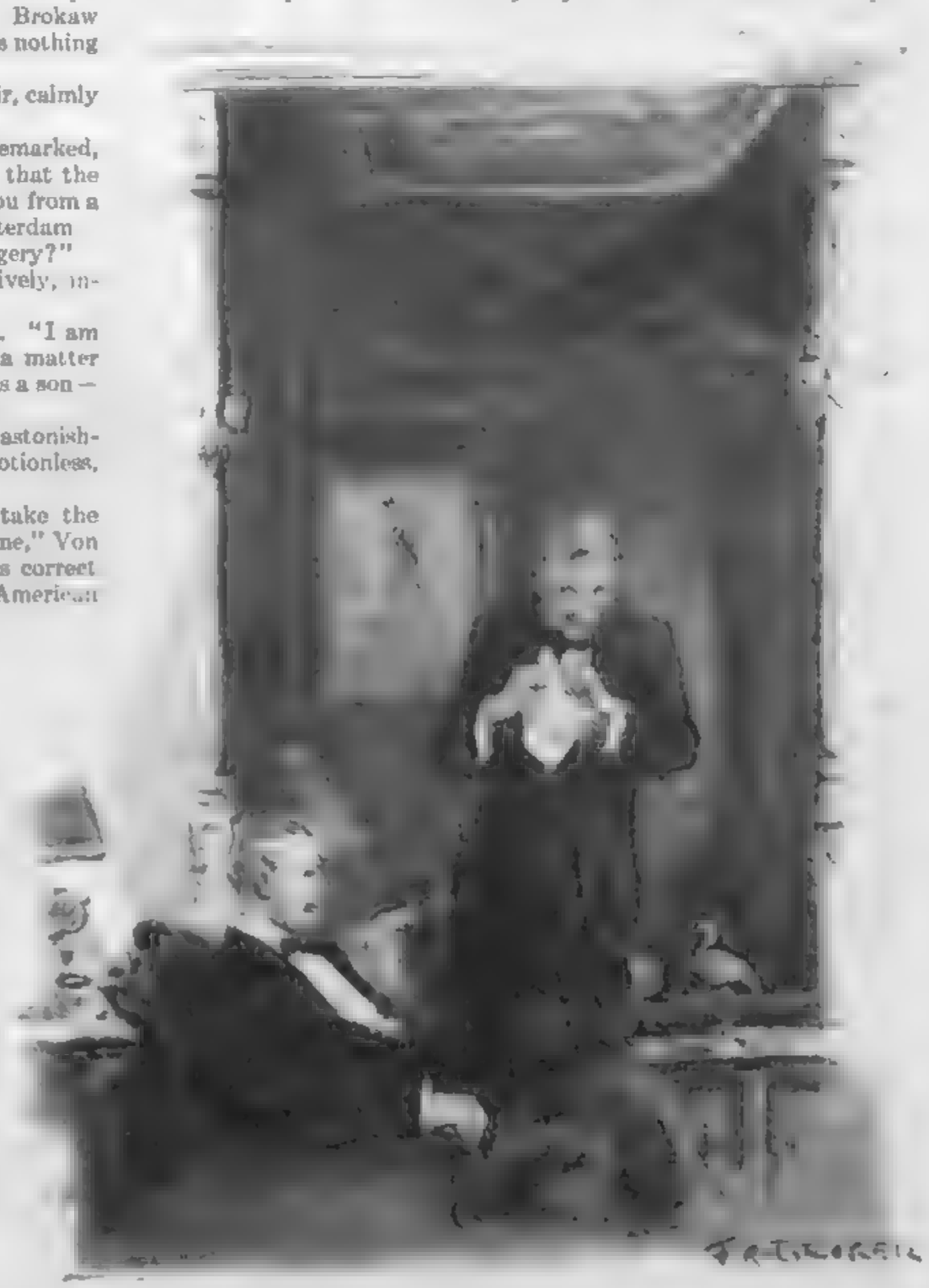
"'Twas some one else who shot him"—the words rushed out almost incoherently from pallid lips—"some one who came in unexpectedly. I was in a back room, waiting ——"

"So you were there that night!" There was triumphant emphasis in Von Derp's tone. "I thought I could not have been mistaken."

In the grip of a ghastly fear that left him dead-white, the railroad magnate staggered to his feet and leaned wearily against a window-sill, fighting for a self-possession that had never before deserted him. The young man, placidly smoking, waited for him to speak.

"I—I—if you accuse me"—the words came falteringly at last—"I shall tell the truth! I am innocent!"

"I have no intention of accusing you," Von Derp assured him with a languid gesture. "I am merely trying to make you understand why my claims to the hand of your



With Some Hideous, Growing Terror Deep in His Eyes, the Millionaire Listened to the End

daughter are not to be summarily dismissed. Also it will seem very curious for you to tell the truth, as you express it, at this late date."

For the first time in his life Brokaw Hamilton had come face to face with terror. He shook as with an ague; panic was upon him. The imperturbability of his accuser crushed the last ounce of resistance out of nerves already wrecked by the financial conflict with John Gaunt. There came now no denial; there remained only curiosity.

"In the name of Heaven who are you?" Brokaw Hamilton demanded hollowly. "What are you? How do you know these things? How did you learn them?"

"Who am I?" Von Derp mused. "The name you know me by is sufficient. What am I? I have the honor to be a special agent of the Imperial Secret Service of Germany. How have I learned all this? It is my business to know."

"Germany?" in bewilderment. "I thought England—Scotland Yard men ——"

"My knowledge of your affairs—of the affair of the Countess of Salisbury's garter—is purely accidental," Von Derp explained pleasantly. "Originally I came to this country to search for certain of the crown jewels of Germany that disappeared a few months ago. In my investigations I stumbled upon the fact that you were implicated in the garter affair—it was a treasure to add to your art collection. It occurred to me that a man who would be interested in that affair might be interested in other art treasures—specifically those jewels that belong to the German crown. So my interest in you was aroused. I found it necessary to reach you socially, to be close to you, so I forged the letter of introduction from a man who, I learned, was a business associate of yours in Amsterdam. You know the remainder of that."

"Then, as I understand it, you have no direct interest in ——" A gleam of hope lighted the millionaire's face.

"The garter?" Von Derp finished. "Not the slightest. It merely happens that I discovered your complicity in that affair, and now that Daddy Heinz is dead I am the only man living, except your attorney, who is aware of it. I may add that I know the jewels I seek are not in your possession and never have been."

"Nor is the garter in my possession now," the millionaire supplemented.

"I know that too."

"Perhaps you know who has it?"

"And I know that. The garter is now in the possession of a notorious criminal known as The Hawk."

There fell a long silence. Von Derp lighted another cigarette and amused himself by blowing precise little ringlets of smoke into the air. Slowly the color came again into Brokaw Hamilton's face, and with it some of that self-possession that had deserted him utterly at the first mention of those things he had imagined unknown to any man save himself.

"Knowing all that you do"—fear was still tugging at his heart—"what do you intend doing?"

"I?" Von Derp seemed a little surprised. "Nothing. These things are none of my affair. I mentioned them only to convince you that it would not be wise to expose me, as you express it, because my incognito is necessary; also to impress upon you the desirability of giving due consideration to my request for permission to pay my addresses to your daughter. I come of one of the best families of Germany, a family of position and wealth equal to your own. I am in the Secret Service because it amuses me."

"I am to understand, then, that you are threatening me? You demand my daughter as the price of your silence?"

"That is just as you look at it," was the reply. "I hope, before you give me a definite answer, that you will bear in mind that I can prove that you killed Daddy Heinz!"

"There you involve moral obligations. If you can prove that why don't you deliver me over to the police?" There was no answer. "What is the moral attitude of a man who knows that another is guilty of murder and refuses to surrender him, in consideration of a price—in this case my daughter's hand?"

"It is not unlike the moral attitude of a man who, possessed of enormous wealth, connives at the theft of an art treasure he is unable to buy—connives at the theft and conspires to conceal it."

Brokaw Hamilton had never thought of it in just that way; the freshness of the viewpoint startled him a little.

"I am innocent of the murder of Daddy Heinz; you should know I am incapable of it." There was a deadly calm in the magnate's manner now. "Just how would you proceed to convict an innocent man of such a crime?"

"Let's go back a bit," suggested Von Derp obligingly, and his shallow eyes narrowed slightly. "Let's go back to the night young Mr. Gaunt was arrested. Some hours preceding that you had been informed that Scotland Yard men were in America, looking for that garter; that they suspected it was in the possession of some rich American art collector who had actually participated in the theft or else had secretly bought it, knowing it to be stolen. Very well. You were either conscience-stricken or afraid, so after consultation with your lawyer, Winthrop Power, you planned to return the garter to the police. The scheme was to place the garter in a vacant house where the police would find it, with no clew as to how it got there. That was to end your connection with the affair. You would have made restitution. Am I right so far?"

The millionaire didn't answer. He was fascinated by this clear, concise recital of things that he had unfortunately imagined were locked away safely in his own brain.

(Continued on Page 31)

The Quest of the Golden Goat

Being the Exploits of Jason, Fitted to the Present Campaign

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I—JUPITER, ALARMED BY THE SILENCE OF THEODORUS, SENDETH A BEE

JOVE in Olympian winter quarters sat
And thus to Mercury: "The time is ripe.
Upon the Isle of Taftis sits the King
Engirt by fell enchantment as he guards
The Golden Goat; which Goat, the gods well know,
Hath magic power to give to him who holds it
Four years within the White House. Tell me now,
What Jason lives, except our Theodore,
Can snatch the Goat from out the wizard circle?
Yet Teddy's silence sits on Oyster Bay
Like a wet blanket—is there naught can sting him
Again to action? Ha! Let's send a Bee!
Mercury, speed thou quick to California,
Turn Hiram Johnson to a buzzing bumble
And bid him prod the Presidential juice
Again in Teddy's veins."
The fleet god heard
And out of California sent a Bee,
With what result we'll hereinafter show.

II—T. R. JASON HESITATETH, THE CAUSE CALLETH, THE BEE COMETH

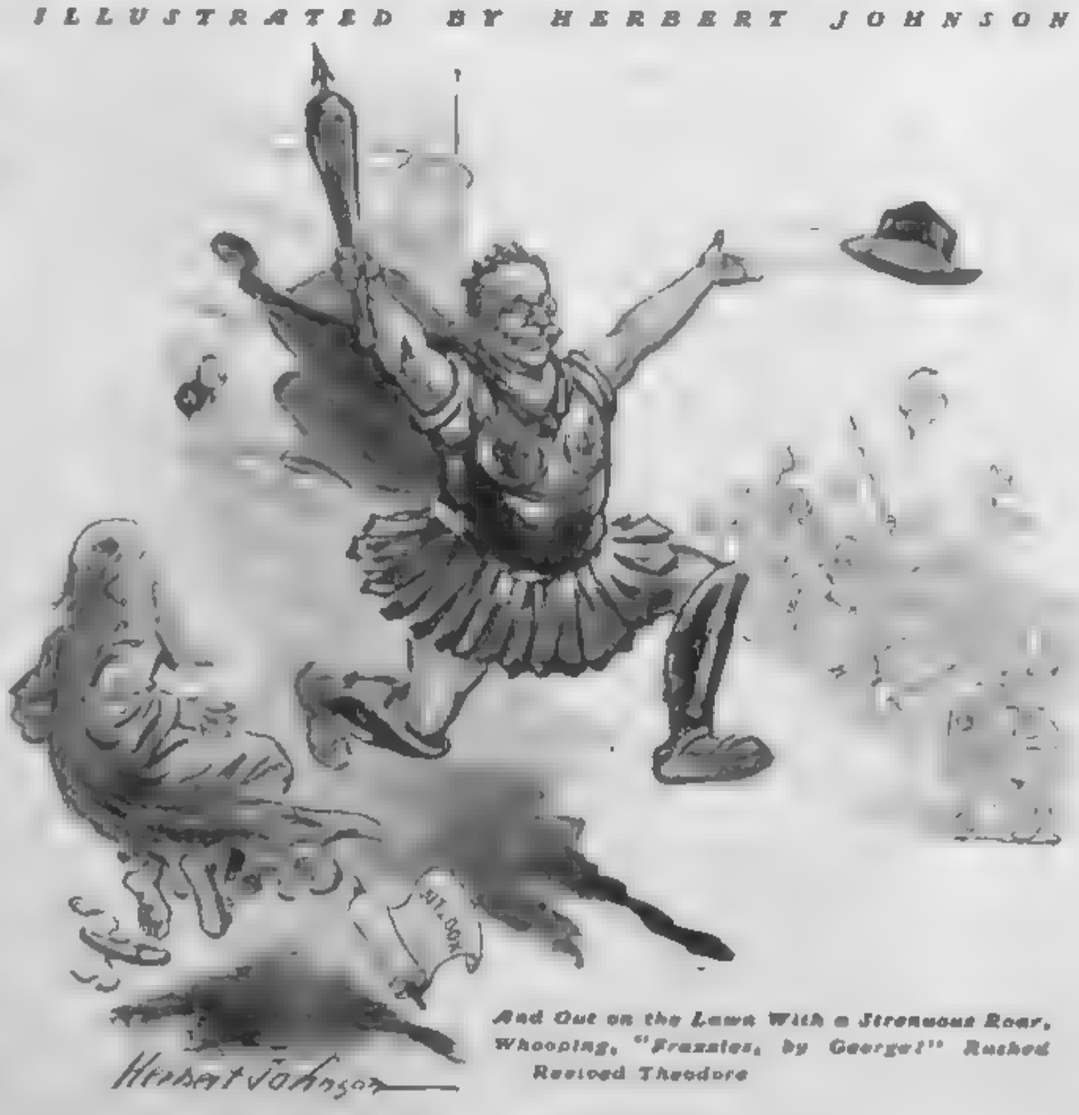
On Sagamore's house there was silence as deep
As falls from the stars when the sea is asleep,
Or blows from the Pole o'er a desolate land
Where rival explorers are frozen or canned.

On Sagamore's lawn stood reporters with tabs
And hosts of Progressives drove up in their cabs,
With Pinchot and Garfield—and riding between
Frank Munsey, proud bearing a marked magazine.

And now and anon galloped out of the West
Some envoy indignantly smiting his chest,
Crying: "Why art thou silent, O voice of our spiel,
While the Guggs and the Morgans are hogging the deal?

"The Ballingers plot and the Gallingers scheme,
The Coxes and Knoxes combine like a team,
The Lorimers loom and the Pen-roses bloom—
While Taft blesses all with his usual beam."

But silent the house upon Sagamore's hill,
Except now and then when the door opened still
And Governor Hadley and Bill Allen White
Went tiptoeing inward like thieves in the night.



And Out on the Lawn With a Strenuous Roar, Whooping, "Frazzles, by George!" Rushed Revived Theodore

More silence. Anon would those grave public men
Come tiptoeing out through the doorway again.
"What luck?" hissed the throng, breathing once to the minute.
"No luck!" sobbed the envoys; "his mind's set agin it!"

They called him by name as they stormed at the door;
They served him subpœnas, by San Juan they swore;
They teased him with megaphones glued to each mouth
By citing Taft jobs in the coon-haunted South.

But still in the depths of that mystic retreat
Sat Teddy the Silent, tight-set in his seat,
His teeth firmly clenched on the volumes unsaid,
The Hat of Insurgency over his head.

But ere to La Follette they turned with a moan
There whirred from the Westland a sweet-sounding tone
Like a musical cyclone encircled with fuzz,
Out-singing its slogan of "Buzzy-buzz, Buzz!"

And out of the West, swinging wildly and free,
Came a magical, mystical monoplane Bee;
And the hosts as they saw it went suddenly still—
For it flew down the chimney of Sagamore Hill!

Only silence first fell from the Ted-bearing couch,
Then suddenly, "Ouch!"
A syllable plain,
Quite excited,
Half pain,
Half dee-lighted:
Such note as a mule gives when, hunger intense,
He breaks into grass through a barbwire fence.

And out on the lawn with a strenuous roar,
Whooping, "Frazzles, by George!" rushed revived Theodore.
And that was the hour—so the chronicles sing—
When a Hat and an Issue jumped into the Ring.

III—FALSELY SECURE ON HIS MAGIC ISLE KING BILLYOS GUARDETH THE GOAT YET HEARETH DREADY PORTENTS

Enthroned midst political fatters
With G. O. P. wrought on his coat,
Sat Billyos, King o' the Patters,
Well guarding the Mystical Goat;

The Goat of the Administration
Whose butt-in the Congressman fears,
Whose horns turn the wheels of a nation
For four long, consecutive years.

Yet fat as a trust contribution
Sat the King, human passions apart,
One eye on his Own Constitution,
One eye on his Patronage Chart.

Yea, he sat like the Lama of Tibet,
Attractive alone to his cult;
For the crowd he would never exhibit,
High priests he would only consult.

Now and then came a sorcerer pixie
With charms cooked 'neath boss-ridden moons
For luring postmasters in Dixie
Or fixing Republican coons.

And the dragon Convential Controller
Laughed low when both Penrose and Crane
Blew in on the Sacred Steam Roller
Some unpopular move to explain.

And now, like a deft-handed Phyllis
Who for Corydon cooks, sweeps and darns,
Came the dapper and deferent Hilles
With a platform drawn up by Bill Barnes.

Cried the priests, in his kingly smile basking,
"The Goat, which you've guarded years four,
Again shall be yours for the asking
To cherish another term more.

"They are leal, clean from Maine to Ohio,
From Jersey to Lorimer's ranch;
And on Mississip's patronage bayou
They are somber-complected but sta'nch."

Then joy from Bill's forehead and neck spurts
As he cries: "I am filled with delight—
For it's known that political experts
In prophecy always are right.

'And isn't it grand that the nation
Has thronged to my flag in a lump,
Endorsing my Administration
Without one dissatisfied——"
BUMP!

An earth-quaking sound came cavorting that way
Like a million of oysters departing their bay;
And Ballinger, Gallinger, Mulvane and Smoot
Turned pallid and bloodless as Elihu Root
As they hushed to the noise and, contorted with pain,
Outwarbled this desperate party refrain:

"Goodness me!
What was that?
Silence be—
It was The Hat!"

IV—T. R. JASON DRAFTETH PROGRONAUTS TO BUILD AND LAUNCH THE GOOD SHIP PROGRESS

"Come hither, you, my merry, merry crew,
Come hither and we'll build a boat.
With the help of Mr. Dixon we'll construct the sassy vixen
With intention for to get Bill's Goat."

So thundered Jason—Teddy—with a saw and hammer ready
As he beckoned to his heroes true;
There were men of arts and letters and some Tennis Cabineters
And governors of states, some few.

Built of independent timber, she was stout as she was limber,
So the Progress she was christened quick;
Floating scourge of spoils divisions and ju-di-ci-al decisions,
On her bowsprit was a big Big Stick.

Georgie Perkins weighed the anchor, Hiram Johnson manned the spanker,
As they headed for the deep, deep blue.
Gov'nors Glasscock, Stubbs and Hadley reefed the mains'l not so badly
As the favoring gales from California blew.

But oh, look! On yon horizon, rowing deadly sure as pizen,
Other war-constructed vessels they could note.
Also beating up the water, also trimmed for strife and slaughter,
Also destined for to get Bill's Goat.

Came La Follette at a gallop in his little one-man shallop,
Paddling madly of his own canoe;
As the distance grew the greater now and then he warbled "Traitor!"
Unto Theodore's progressive crew.

Scorching down the watery valley came a Democratic galley
Full of bleeding, biting, bruising candidates;

But the Crafty Elihu
To the Goat Did Quick Attach Him,
Dragged Him to a Place He Knew
Where the Colonel Couldn't Catch Him

Bryan, spouting words of siller, pummeled Oscar at the tiller,
Champ and Woodrow squirted vitriol at their mates.

Like the toreador from Carmen roared heroic Judson Harmon;
Teddy seaward strained his gaze and stretched his muscle;
"By the prevalence of boating in the interest of goating,
Guess the man who traps the Beast 'll have to hustle!"

V—EX-FRIENDS SPEAK IN THE LANGUAGE OF EX-FRIENDSHIP

The Man of Straw from the platform spoke,
Concerning one Theodore:
"This ramping, neurotic, class-hating exotic,
Ungrateful and hateful and sore,
This mob-leading, slob-leading, after-my-job-leading—
Stay! I shall say no more;
For, deep though my pain, I am forced to explain
That he was my Friend of Yore."

The Man from Elb from the platform spoke
Concerning some thoughts he bore:
"This boss-ridden, trust-bidden, Lorimer-case-hidden
Slave of the plutocrat's lore,
This man who makes lawyers of square-deal destroyers,
Neglecting the people's score,
He calls me his Friend of Yore.
Well, I will not deny
We were friends, he and I—
But I wish to put stress on the Yore!"

VI—HE BUMPETH UPON THE ISLE OF TAFTIS AND IS TREATED TO AN ORDEAL

On the sacred Isle of Taftis
Stood the priests, appareled thinly;
There was Smoot and there was Root,
There was Wm. B. McKinley.
And they fed the Golden Goat
From a bale of tariff leaflets,
As they atomized the throat
Of this precious little chieflets—
As the sun rose o'er the rim,
Thus they sung their morning hymn:

"Hail, O Sun, for thou dost shine
By Our Party's will divine;
Hail, O Earth, for thou dost roll
By Republican control;
Hail, our jobs, which we revere;
Hail, O hail! the Gang's all here!"

As they gazed across the blue,
Fairly ecstasized with hailing,
Sudden loomed a ship they knew—
T. R. Jason's hero crew
Most distinctly thenceward sailing.

There was panic on the beach,
There was running forth and backward;
Crane and Scott intoned a screech,
Uncle Joe produced a black word;
But the crafty Elihu
To the Goat did quick attach him,
Dragged him to a place he knew
Where the Colonel couldn't catch him.
In the pallid palace white
Centaurs, rushing with affright,
Warned the buxom King: "He's came!"
Startled from his kingly drowsing,
Stately Billyos uprising
Wobbled forth with eyes of flame,
Saw the Progronauts approaching
In a manner far from lame,
Many a Teddywhoop out-broaching—
Teddy leading of the same.

"From what jail or leprous city,"
Raged the King, "have ye arriv?
Have ye seats in my committee?
And if not, why do ye live?
Oh, you law-offending smarty"—
This to Ted—"For your offense
I will read you from my party."
There was terrible suspense
As the Monarch called for book,
Called for candle and for bell,
Called for Wickersham, who took
On a look of fare-ye-well
As the King read: "Lawless Hat,
Since you never could stand pat,
May you fade away—like that!
Constitution, smite him flat!"

But, to every one's relief,
Ted was not at all disfigured;
Either Heaven loved the chief
Or the formula was juggered;
For he clinched those teeth of steel
And out-barked this harsh appeal:

"Friend of my youth,
Sadly outworn,
Mine every tooth
Shouts now the truth—
Truth touched with scorn.

"Phrases I'll stint,
Adjectives too:
Some now in print
Gently may hint
My comps to you.

"One thing we've sought
Here in our Boat;
Each Progronaut
Thrills with the thought—
Trot out your Goat!"

(Concluded on Page 38)

Enthroned Midst Political Fetters
With G. O. P. Wrought on His Coat,

Jat Billyos, King o' the Fetters,
Well Guarding the Mystical Goat

The Adventures of Anastasius

The Widow's Mite—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Moya, I Believe You are Actually Jealous!"

CALLERS were not encouraged at the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. When Anastasius talked to his clients he preferred to do so through the medium of a typewriter or a printed circular. This was not to say that clients did not patter up the marble steps of 199, Old Broad Street, and find their way to the suite of offices where the name of the firm inscribed in gold on the door gave comfortable promise of respectability and reliability. Though they might attain entrance to the office, to succeed in obtaining an interview with the principal of the firm was quite another matter.

Anastasius had devised a pleasant little scheme for wearing out the patience of callers whom he did not want to see which worked with considerable success. To carry it out, he had found it necessary to enlarge his premises; and, as one consequence, the offices were much more imposing than in the days when Mr. Solomon Isaacs fled from a fancied danger at the bidding of his clerk. For him two rooms had sufficed. His supplanter occupied five.

An entrance lobby opened into a central room where five junior typists worked. In this room were three doors. On one was painted the name of Mr. Wilberforce, on a second the name of Mr. Wilkes, and on the third the superscription indicated the private retreat of Mr. Washington. Anastasius occupied Mr. Washington's room, while, if the door was opened, it would have been seen that Miss Moya Marston occupied the apartment dedicated to Mr. Wilkes.

Mr. Wilberforce's room was reserved for visitors and those who were shown into it rarely failed to be impressed. It was not particularly ornate or overluxurious, but it was furnished with a nice eye to comfort. Every bit of furniture, from the leather-covered armchairs to the writing desk, was solid and none of it was new. The table was covered with a litter of papers and prospectuses; the writing desk always looked as if Mr. Wilberforce had just risen from it, leaving his correspondence half answered.

That unfinished correspondence was one of Anastasius' brightest ideas. By hook or by crook—mainly, it is to be regretted, by crook—the notepaper headings of many of the best-known firms in the City of London were represented there; and beneath those headings were epistles referring to financial transactions with Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington that would have amazed the firms in question if by any chance the letters had been brought to their notice. Usually, too, the flimsy sheet of a telegram lay open upon the desk; and if any of the waiting clients' eyes rested upon it they could draw what deductions they liked from the fact that it would be making an appointment for Mr. Wilberforce to meet some one bearing the name of Rothschild or that of some other magnate in the financial world.

Callers were all afforded ample opportunity to be impressed. Ushered into the room with a polite intimation that Mr. Wilberforce had been called away on an important engagement, they were left to cool their heels there until they grew tired. If they did not while away the time by glancing at the papers on the non-existent Mr. Wilberforce's desk they would, in the opinion of Anastasius, be remarkably incurious for the usual run of bucket-shop customers. And in nine cases out of ten, it is regrettable to relate, the poor opinion Anastasius had formed of the honor of his clients was justified.

Many an angry speculator, incensed at the loss of his money, who entered that room in the firm belief that he had been dealing with a firm of city sharks, after being left alone for an hour with the letters was quite prepared to believe that there was no firm in the world with more influential connections and higher credentials than Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington—and thus justified the annotation to be found at the top of page eleven of Anastasius' little red-covered book: "There is no need to practice deceit while self-deception is so prevalent a trait of mankind."

Whether this reflection was justifiable was one matter; but, at any rate, it consoled the young financier who sat in Mr. Washington's room and prided himself on keeping up the reputation attaching to the name on the door. However, the opportunity for self-deception was liberally accorded all visitors; and thus it happened that James Frinton-Potts one afternoon, when he found himself left alone in Mr. Wilberforce's room, succumbed to the temptation and without the slightest hesitation set about making himself acquainted with the contents of Mr. Wilberforce's correspondence.

To all appearances, he was hardly the type of man who would be suspected of a prying disposition. From the crown of his shining silk hat to the soles of his shining patent-leather shoes, surmounted with glossy spats, he appeared to be one of those immaculate figures more frequent in Bond Street than Old Broad Street, and the least likely looking person in the world to be interested in a city man's letters. Indeed, the girl typist who, according to the usual ritual, informed him that Mr. Wilberforce had just been called away on urgent business and ushered him into the room to await the return of the senior partner, was so impressed with his appearance that she did not wait more than two minutes, instead of five, before informing Anastasius.

"Quite the gentleman, sir," she added when she handed Anastasius his card.

"Name on the index?" queried the principal.

"No, sir—and I have looked under both Frinton and Potts."

"Bring him in to me in five minutes," said Anastasius. "Tell him that Mr. Washington has just returned."

It was only old clients who were left to cool their heels and their tempers in the Wilberforce room. New ones were accorded much prompter attention. Thus Mr. Frinton-Potts had no more than time to glance at the correspondence before he was requested to go to Mr. Washington's room; but he did not seem to be much impressed by the result of his examination, for he winked to himself and chuckled as he followed the girl into the presence of Anastasius.

The real head of the firm received him in the manner he reserved for customers. An upward glance, a swift "One moment, please!" a hurried scratching of a signature on a couple of checks, a ring of the bell and a direction to the attendant girl, "See that these are sent off at once!" and he turned with a smile to the visitor and the words: "In the absence of my partners is there anything I can do for you?"

Mr. Frinton-Potts gave every evidence of being suitably impressed. He began with an excuse. "The little matter of business I wish to lay before you is, ah, so small that I am almost afraid to bring it before, ah, a firm whose dealings are so extensive."

Anastasius pushed back the long black lock of hair from his brow.

"Small business sometimes leads to big deals," he remarked sagely.

"True," said Mr. Frinton-Potts; "and if it should do so in this case nobody would be better pleased than myself." He changed the subject abruptly. "Ever heard of Lonely Hopes?"

Anastasius wrinkled his brows thoughtfully and made a guess. "West Australian mine, isn't it?" he asked.

"No—Rhodesian," replied Mr. Frinton-Potts. "One of those mines into which you put a darned sight more gold than is ever taken out."

"One of the majority, I'm afraid," said Anastasius.

"It's evident you haven't any of the shares; but unfortunately I'm landed with some thousands of them," said Mr. Frinton-Potts.

"Very speculative," murmured Anastasius. "We never recommend them to our clients."

A shadow of disappointment passed across the face of the visitor.

"Sorry to hear that," he remarked; "for it occurred to me that you might manage to find a market for some of them for me."

"I'm afraid ——" began Anastasius.

Mr. Frinton-Potts allowed him to go no farther.

"It's like this, Mr. Washington," he said eagerly: "Here am I, landed with ten thousand of the beastly things.

Anastasius Found Himself on His Feet

They are not what you might call a free market, and the best quotation I can get for them on the Stock Exchange is two shillings. Now if I try to realize my ten thousand there they would drop to nothing; so it occurred to me that if you were to recommend them in one of your circulars I could let you have them at a price that would prove mutually advantageous."

"H'm!" said Anastasius. Then he looked his visitor squarely in the eyes. "Any chance of their ever going better?" he asked.

Mr. Frinton-Potts hesitated a moment; then, with a fine show of candor, he answered:

"To tell you the plain truth, though I must ask you to treat what I say in confidence, there's not the slightest possibility of their doing so. They might improve a few pence if there was any strong demand; but, as it is, they are so much waste paper; and if I could get five hundred pounds for the parcel I should be thankful. It would be very useful to me." Then he added eagerly, as Anastasius hesitated: "Shall we say it's a deal?"

Anastasius slowly shook his head.

"The best I can do for you is to see whether I can find a few customers for your shares," he replied. "I'll give you a tenner for an option to purchase any or all of your ten thousand shares within a fortnight at a shilling." And, despite much eloquence on the part of Mr. Frinton-Potts, Anastasius could not be persuaded to improve upon the offer.

Thus it happened that the next weekly circular issued by Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington contained an announcement to the effect that the firm was enabled to offer its clients an unexampled opportunity of making their fortunes by obtaining shares in one of the richest gold mines in South Africa, for the nominal price of two shillings and sixpence each. Anastasius took great credit to himself for the terms in which the offer was couched.

"We make no pretense," he said, "that these shares are offered as anything but a speculation; but, from the information placed at our disposal, it is a speculation that should have the happiest results for any one who risks the very trifling sum needed to take part in it. We might have reserved for ourselves the whole block of shares that we have acquired; but, as is always our custom, we prefer to share with our clients the good things which come our way and consequently we are willing to dispose of a limited number to those who make early application."

The information that had come to Anastasius in regard to the Lonely Hope gold mine was, however, hardly of the nature to justify the roseate prospect he had penned; and for some reason or other—perhaps because the recipients of the circular thought fit to make independent inquiries—the circular failed to draw. Indeed, when Mr. Frinton-Potts, a fortnight after his interview, rang up on the telephone to know how many shares would be required, Anastasius told him very bluntly that, so far as he was concerned, Lonely Hopes were likely to remain lonely, since none of his clients had exhibited the faintest desire to acquire an interest in the company; and when he rang off he consoled himself with the reflection that ten pounds was not too much to pay for the information that a business man may be tailored in Savile Row and a business brain be found beneath a hat purchased in Piccadilly.

He was in this frame of mind when a card was brought to his room with a name on it which he recognized as that of a client who had recently had one or two small transactions with the firm—transactions which, as usual in small and early dealings with Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington, had shown a paper profit. Contrary to custom, Moya herself had brought the card to her chief.

"Well?" queried Anastasius when he had assimilated the fact that Mrs. L'Estrange, of Prince's Gate, was awaiting him.

"It is not well!" said Moya as she plumped herself down in the visitor's chair. "This is the third this week."

Anastasius' eyebrows went up. They were mobile eyebrows and expressed astonishment.

"Yes; the third," repeated Moya in a still more aggrieved tone. "A pretty reputation Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington will get with an officeful of girls, and women"—she emphasized the word "women" as if it were a synonym for scorpions or earwigs, or any other crawling creature abhorred by femininity—"women from the West End calling at all times of the day."

"The third this week, I think you said, Moya," remarked Anastasius sweetly.

"Three is as good as a thousand when they are got up like this creature," said Moya; and she set her little white teeth together, tilted her nose still higher in the air and looked as vicious as eighteen years of maidenhood could.

Anastasius brushed back the long lock from his forehead. "You look awfully like a kitten pretending that a dead leaf is a polar bear, Moya. What's the matter with the dead leaf this time?"

"It's all very well for you to joke ——" began Moya.

Anastasius did not allow her to go any farther. There were five female typists in the next room; and though two doors intervened, he was aware that the feminine voice pitched in a high tone has great penetrating qualities.

"There, there!" he said soothingly. "You don't think it likely that I'm going to put a pretty doll from the Mayfair Market into Miss Moya Marston's place?"

"How do you know she's pretty?" said Moya.

"The intuition of the male when at a loss to explain an otherwise inexplicable feminine antipathy to some one she has never met before," replied Anastasius promptly; and while Moya was puzzling out the meaning of the remark he continued: "Give her ten minutes of Mr. Wilberforce's society and then bring her in. I fancy, from her address, she ought to be able to contribute to the profits of the half year."

James Frinton-Potts Set About Making Himself Acquainted With the Contents of Mr. Wilberforce's Correspondence

"She'll do nothing of the kind!" replied the girl. "If there's any contributing to be done it's you who will do it, not her!" and with this ungrammatical expression of her opinion she vanished through the party door that communicated with her own room.

Anastasius smiled to himself. He awaited with interest the interview with the lady whose appearance had so roused Moya's antagonism, but none the less he did not curtail the waiting interval by so much as a second. When, however, Mrs. L'Estrange was ushered into his presence he at once understood why Moya should have been roused to antagonism. There was about her the indefinable air of breeding and position which made the pretty typist both look and feel cheap. The simple costume she wore had the unmistakable stamp of the tailor. Her hat probably, for all its simplicity of trimming, cost more guineas than Moya's did shillings; her gloves were evidently worn for the first time; but beyond all this she contrasted unmistakable beauty with Moya's mere prettiness.

She entered with the air of one so accustomed to receive immediate consideration that Anastasius found himself on his feet bowing her to the visitor's chair instead of going through the usual formula of finishing off some pressing business matter. He even apologized for having kept her waiting.

"Oh, please do not mention it. I am quite sure my time is not so valuable as yours, Mr.—Mr. Washington, I think they said?"

Anastasius accepted the identification and seated himself in an attitude of attention. His visitor's voice was pleasantly low. The approving glance she gave him was in the nature of flattery. So, too, was her next remark: "Really, I had expected to see some one so much older! It never occurred to me to meet any one quite so young in the City." Her eyes added good looks to the charge of youth. "And I wanted some advice in regard to a little investment I proposed to make, so badly."

"I am sorry that Mr. Wilberforce should have been called away on urgent business," said Anastasius, "but in his absence I trust you will allow me to do the best I can for you. I think I may say I can give you the full advantage of Mr. Wilberforce's experience."

"Oh, of course. It was so silly of me, Mr. Washington, to think that I was bound to see somebody old and stodgy like my trustees, who never give me any advice that is worth anything at all, and, when I ask them how I can make money by a little speculation, tell me that women have no heads for business, and that, unless I want to lose my money, I would better have nothing at all to do with stocks and shares."

Anastasius smiled one of his sweetest smiles. He thought he could divine the position of his visitor to a nicety. He had the names of many such on his books—ladies of small means and large who thought they could make a regular addition to their pocket money by intrusting Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington with five or ten pounds as a cover for an operation in some stock of which they knew nothing. His method was simple: They always won on the first occasion; they usually won on the second deal; but on the third, when they had swallowed the bait and risked a substantial amount in the hope of making a little fortune, Anastasius arranged his deal so that the proceeds swelled his banking account.

Hitherto he had always found it worth while to ignore the sparrow in his hand for the goose in the bush; and, in spite of the attractive guise in which the present goose presented herself to him, he had no intention of altering his usual procedure. Before Mrs. L'Estrange had been shown into his room he had been furnished with the particulars of her account. On the first occasion she had sent him five pounds and received it back with three pounds, six shillings, eightpence profit. She had next sent him ten pounds and a week later had written a grateful note of thanks for a check for seventeen pounds, ten shillings. Naturally Anastasius expected a substantial return for the ten pounds, sixteen shillings, eightpence with which he had baited his hook. His visitor's next words pointed to the realization of his expectations.

"You gave me such excellent advice in regard to those two little speculations I had with you that I thought I could not do better than consult you now that I have a larger sum to spare."

"Most happy, I am sure," declared Anastasius. "I can only hope that all transactions will be as mutually advantageous."

"No doubt the sum I have at my disposal will seem small to you; but really two hundred pounds is the utmost I can spare out of my income this quarter. I tried to persuade my trustees to let me have five hundred pounds extra—but they are so stupid!"

Anastasius agreed.

"You see, Mr. Washington, I am a widow; and everything was left in the hands of my executors, so that I have to make shift with two thousand pounds a year when I am quite sure, with your advice, I could become a really rich woman."

The goose in the bush began to present a more attractive appearance than ever.

"However," she continued, with a sigh, "there's no persuading them and I must be content to do my best with what I can spare from my quarterly dividends; and after looking at your last circular I thought I should like to invest in some Lonely Hopes." Anastasius opened his mouth to speak, but Mrs. L'Estrange forestalled him: "No—please don't say I am too late. It was not until this morning that I had the money, and I came to see you immediately after lunch. Of course I know you must have had heaps of inquiries, but I fancied you would have some left; and ever since your circular came I have dreamed of Lonely Hopes at night and thought of them by day, until I know they are going to make my fortune."

Anastasius assumed his most judicial pose. He was not quite certain that the widow's two hundred pounds could

(Continued on Page 37)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 3, 1912

The Old-Party Platforms

AN AGREEABLE feature of this campaign is that both Republicans and Democrats are absolved from paying the least attention to the labors of their respective resolutions committees. For the purpose of showing where the Republican party now stands, the circumstances under which Mr. Taft secured his renomination are all-sufficient, and nobody need bother about going behind them. Likewise, on the Democratic side, Woodrow Wilson and the circumstances under which he was nominated constitute the actual platform. The formal document put forth at Baltimore as the party's standing-ground proposes to deal with the trusts, as Mrs. Partington would, by "shooing" them away. One paragraph lauds the present House, which passed a seventy-five-million-dollar pension bill; the next denounces "profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses." It opposes any centralization of the banking system, but proposes, in some excessively mysterious manner, to "render temporary relief in localities where such relief is necessary." Probably it was not intended that anybody should take it seriously. The real platform is Mr. Wilson—and a good one. The Republican platform is Mr. Taft, which also is a good one for people of that way of thinking. The formal pronouncements are waste effort.

Children's Humor

WE FEAR the Federation of Women's Clubs will get no farther than anybody else in banishing the Sunday "comics." Generally speaking, the only funny thing about the comics is the seriousness with which many good people take them. They appeal to children because a child's sense of humor is primitive; and because a child's sense of humor is primitive the refined and artistic substitutes proposed by the clubs would mostly miss fire. No doubt humor has a deep root in human nature, but it flowers late. Probably no cannibal could really see a joke; but we see a joke in cannibalism. Boiled missionary has long been a staple dish for humorists. The Fuegians were low in the human scale. One of them, whom a scandalized white explorer asked why the Fuegians did not eat dogs, which were plentiful, instead of superannuated females, replied with perfect gravity: "Dogs catch otter; old women no!". He had no sense of humor; but the sense that provokes us to laugh at his answer has something savage in it. Most children will outgrow the comics. As to adults who find entertainment in them, there is no danger of injuring their taste. Nothing could do that.

Borrowing on Land

THE proposed governmental investigation will probably discover that, though a Crédit Foncier works very well indeed in France, it is questionable whether a like institution in this country would be of any particular benefit to farmers. The famous French concern was founded sixty years ago and now has outstanding loans to the amount of four billion francs. On improved real estate it lends one-half the market value, many of the loans running for seventy-five years. The interest rate at present is four and three-tenths per cent, and the amortization, or sinking fund—through which the principal of the loan is extinguished at maturity—brings the total charge to the borrower up to four and a half per cent on a seventy-five-year loan. Against loans so made the Crédit Foncier issues its own bonds, which are sold to investors. The bonds run indefinitely, but a certain proportion is retired yearly by lot, with a small premium or prize, the total annual charge being equal to about four per cent on the amount of bonds outstanding.

Thus the society mobilizes land credits for the whole of France. A landowner can always borrow at a low rate, which is the same wherever the property is situated or whether the loan is large or small. On the other hand, an investor can always buy bonds based on land mortgages; and as there is a ready market for the bonds he can dispose of them at any time. But American farmers have little difficulty now in borrowing at least half the market value of their land on long time at relatively low interest, and probably a uniform interest rate on land loans for the whole United States would be impracticable. In the rural coöperative credit associations of Germany our farmers will probably find a more helpful suggestion.

Still Trustbusting

A RECENT Wall Street item says: "Directors of the Standard Oil Company of New York have decided to postpone action on the proposed increase of capital stock from fifteen million dollars to fifty or sixty millions. They desire to see the effect of independent action for a year, in order to demonstrate earning capacity, before any change is made in capitalization." Meanwhile the bid price for stock in this subsidiary of the old trust is four hundred and eighty dollars a share. Among other parcels of the old trust we note Continental Oil at eight hundred and fifty a share; South Penn Oil at six hundred and thirty; Solar Refining at five hundred and twenty-five; while at this writing nine hundred and eighty dollars has been bid for the equivalent of one share in the old "dissolved" trust; on which basis the dismembered organization—whose former component parts, in legal theory, are now fiercely competing with one another—is worth about a thousand million dollars. Probably you have noticed that gasoline is three or more cents a gallon higher than it was a year ago—a rare effect of competition! Since last winter, the new dismembered Tobacco stock has advanced seventy dollars a share. Busting is what the trusts thrive on!

Shall We Sigh for Aldrich?

THE time consumed by the case of William Lorimer illustrates the scandalous state of the Senate. That honorable body has been a great stickler for constitutional government, with carefully prescribed checks and balances to limit wayward impulse; but its own government has degenerated into anarchy. Practically any member can talk at any time on any subject to any extent, and enough members so indulge to make the Senate appear absurd.

In the palmy days of Aldrich business was dispatched because there were an unofficial machine and a boss that insisted upon it. To take up the Congressional Record for almost any week since the first Monday in last December and run through the proceedings of the upper branch fairly raises a question as to whether the Senate is capable of acquitting itself tolerably without either a boss or a gag. When our most powerful legislative body for days on end drones through pages of such discursive conversation as serves to while away the time in the buffet car of an overland train, the country ought to interpose a few remarks. In a buffet car it might pass for debate; in a great deliberative body it is mere gabble.

If the Upper House is to answer the country's needs something besides direct election of senators is necessary. It must reform itself within, adopt a constitutional government and set up a time clock.

The Land of Capital

THE ÉCONOMISTE EUROPÉEN has reported approximately the amount of stocks and bonds that was issued for public subscription in the whole world last year. The total is four billion dollars; and this is so close to the average of the six preceding years that we may fairly take it as the quantity of capital that governmental and big-business institutions absorb annually at the present time. More than one-fifth of the total is credited to the United States—our requirements in this respect exceeding those of the British Empire—including colonies—and France and her colonies combined. Our total is ten times that of all Asia, and considerably more than one-third that of all Europe, including British, French, German and Dutch colonies.

To get the significance of the sums one should remember that, outside the United States, issues of national bonds cut a large figure in the total absorption of capital, though in this country they cut a very small one. Our takings of capital are mostly by great privately owned corporations. At least since Karl Marx's time England has been called the "classic land of capital"; but England is only an "also-ran" in comparison with the United States. Nowhere else, probably, is so great a part of total national activities in the hands of big privately owned corporations. Nowhere else—not even in Congo—could politics occupy a more stupid attitude toward the fact.

A Gentle British Rebellion

PREMIER ASQUITH and Chancellor Lloyd-George triumphantly carried their revolutionary budget, their old-age pensions, their parliamentary bill degrading the House of Lords; but their compulsory insurance act provokes rebellion. The act requires that clerks and domestic servants—along with other employees—shall be registered, their employers contributing to a national fund for insuring them against disability and death. A self-respecting employer regards his clerk as a sort of personal appendage, and what self-respecting lady will tolerate interference between herself and her household servants? In our own favored land such an act would be challenged as unconstitutional and taken to the Supreme Court; but in Great Britain, where no court can question the validity of an act of Parliament, no such convenient vent for an employer's outraged feelings exists. Consequently we find a respectable firm of solicitors formally notifying the chancellor that it will not comply with the act, and inviting him to visit such destruction as he sees fit upon its devoted but rebellious head; while the Duchess of Somerset requests oppressed British ladies to join her in forming a league whose members shall pledge themselves not to register a solitary scullery maid, even though the government call out the reserves. Lady Desart's passionate declaration that "in spite of all the Welsh attorneys in the world, Britons never will be slaves!" was vehemently applauded by an audience that filled the largest hall in London.

That particular Welsh attorney named Lloyd-George is a very able man; but if we were to choose between laying hands on the relationship between ladies and their servants and Pitt's struggle with Napoleon we should take the latter.

Trials of the Tory

FAR too many ill-natured and unseemly things have been uttered about the proceedings at Chicago last June. Every gallant Tory deserves sympathetic respect, for he is in the position of a man who fights bravely on after the enemy has breached his walls, blown up his magazine and hamstrung his cavalry. The citadel of his politics was overthrown long ago. Reporting to the Lords Commissioners of Plantations upon the flourishing state of Virginia in 1671, Governor Berkeley wrote:

"I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

In declining to heed that supplication Providence put Toryism at an enormous and progressive disadvantage. We should deal with it gently.

The Uncrowded Profession

IN 1900, we believe, the supply of lawyers and doctors was quite equal to the demand, as there were at that time a hundred and fourteen thousand of the former and a hundred and thirty-two thousand of the latter. An actuarial genius has figured out that to maintain the two professions in the same state relative to population that they occupied in that census year we should have seventeen hundred new lawyers and two thousand new doctors a year. The schools today are turning out a far greater number; in fact, there were more than four thousand law graduates last year, and a good many men enter the profession otherwise than through a law-school course. At great expense, that is, we are qualifying much more than twice as many young men to practice law as would be required to give us as many lawyers a head as we had twelve years ago. Of course many of them never will practice law, and a legal education may be very useful to men engaged in other callings. Yet there seems to be a considerable surplus product; and the same may be said of medicine.

There is another profession, however, in which the demand exceeds the supply—namely, farming. No doubt not every graduate of an agricultural school can fall into a fifteen-hundred-dollar job the day after commencement; but a capable young man who is scientifically trained to farming can make his own job. Access to the soil is not monopolized. Even in the Northern Mississippi Valley a man who can make the land yield more than its old tillers will find a way to, if only under lease; while farther east and farther west land is really waiting for him. With but little over half the farmlands under cultivation, and the cultivated land yielding only twenty-six bushels of corn and fifteen of wheat to the acre, there is no danger that this profession will be overcrowded for a long while to come.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A True Detective Story

IT IS a fact, beyond cavil or contradiction—as Senator Heyburn would say, only he would take an hour in the saying—nevertheless it is a fact of the sort mentioned that the population of this country is about equally divided between persons who write detective stories and persons who read them. At the present moment the writers have a slight bulge, as to numbers, on the readers, but the enterprising publishers hope to restore the equilibrium by fall. Indeed it is confidently asserted that the readers will fully equal the writers in numbers by Christmas, inasmuch as every publisher has in process of manufacture "the greatest detective story ever written."

As for detectives themselves, they are of a negligible quantity. Quickly now! Do you know a detective? Nope! Oh, yes, there is Mike Morrissey, who used to have the beat on Main Street, and who became a plain-clothes man and then a detective by sheer force of merit. He spends his days in sleuthing from one pawnshop to another, in harrying his stool pigeons and formulating theories for the benefit of the reporters, or in having theories formulated for him by the reporters for the benefit of themselves, which amounts to the same thing. The three assets of flesh-and-blood detectives are pawnshops, stool pigeons—or associates with crooks who betray their fellows to the law—and the formulation of theories. When there is a mysterious murder, the rattle of the theories formed by the detectives sounds like the clatter of a pneumatic riveter.

I remember once when I was a police reporter a young woman, who lived in the town where I was solemnly writing the theories of the detectives for the regalement of my readers, cut her throat, drank a large quantity of carbolic acid, stuck the scissors into the arteries of her wrists, and jumped out of a seventh-story window, leaving behind a note that said she was tired of life. The detectives "investigated" the case thoroughly, and formulated the theory that the young woman intended to commit suicide. There were clews, they said, that led to that belief on their part, and in the mean time they were "working on the case." It seemed to me a very intelligent conclusion, and far superior for acumen to the usual results in similar investigations.

A Man Who Tells No Tales

ON THE fascinating other hand, the story-book detectives, from the days of Poe and Gaboriau to the much-detected present, detect marvelously in full view of the audience, using chemistry, electricity, telephony, machinery, psychology, chiropody, deductology, microscopy, phlebotomy and facial massage in their wonderful operations. Also they keep the racked reader in full possession of the progress of the case as the investigations proceed, only reserving the right to fasten the guilt on the apparently uninterested bystander at the climax, after having led everybody to suppose the really innocent young lady with the liquid eyes had done the horrid deed.

Hence when we come to a detective who isn't in fiction and who keeps himself well out of the fact, so far as narrative goes, what shall we say? We shall say, Hooray! Also we shall mention him by name at this precise moment, viz.: John Elbert Wilkie, chief of the United States Secret Service, chief of the special agents of the customs service—who are detectives—and soon to be made chief of all the other investigators in the employ of the Government.

A police detective is always to be recognized by his shoes, if by no other mark, and a fiction detective, being facile of disguises, is never to be recognized unless you can penetrate his wig. A private detective has his distinguishing marks, and a public detective is known by the sound of his voice. But when we examine the few real detectives we have, we find they look just like other men. There's Wilkie. He is a spruce, erect, ruddy-cheeked, quiet, unobtrusive, well-dressed young man. You might pick him to be a cashier in a bank, or to be a broker, or any other non-mysterious person, but you scarcely ever would choose him for the head of the United States Secret Service, and he never would do the choosing for you. Our ideas about detectives are all based on fiction anyhow. Real detectives look less like detectives are supposed to look than almost any other class of men. And John E. Wilkie looks less like a detective than any other real detective we have.

At that, detective is too broad a term, as we hold it, for it includes the phenomena who pull up a blade of grass and describe the color of the eyes of the man who owned the foot that stepped on it, down through all other grades

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Chief of the Secret Service

to the detective who can unerringly tell robbery has been committed after the burglar has pawned the silver and the pawnbroker has called him on the 'phone and informed him what he has—provided, of course, the owner of the loot has supplied the detective bureau with a detailed description of everything that is missing.

Mayhap I err in classing Wilkie as a detective, although that is what he is. His job is chief of the Secret Service. Here, too, we have to thank the fiction writers for a shivery atmosphere of mystery that goes with the title. The Secret Service! That means anything, everything, or nothing. It suggests intrigue, diplomacy, capture of spies, carrying out of delicate missions for the powers, and all that sort of thing. In reality, it means that body of men in the employ of the Treasury Department who are used to prevent frauds in our money and against our revenue laws. The principal function of the Secret Service is to prevent counterfeiting of money, stamps and bonds, and to catch the counterfeiters.

Of course there are other functions not so apparent or so closely described by the law, but that is the official function. As a matter of fact, Wilkie is the head of the Secret Service that detects bogus moneymakers; but he is also a very important person to this Government in a great many other ways. He has done a vast work in preventing counterfeiting since he went to the head of the Secret Service in 1898, but his services to the Government in many other directions have been of tremendous value. As an instance, he had charge of the special emergency force organized to discover and drive out of the country the Spanish spies who were so numerous before the Spanish War, and he got a lot of them. There has been less smuggling, too, since Wilkie was put in charge of the special agents of the Treasury Department.

Wilkie was a reporter in Chicago. He began on the old Chicago Times in 1877 and went to the Tribune in 1881. He covered assignments both in this country and abroad, and held various editorial desks. Then he went to England for a time, and when he came back he made a specialty of criminal investigation for Chicago papers. He was put at the head of the Secret Service in 1898. He is a keen, alert, skillful and efficient man, who understands his business and does it without any grandstanding or limelight effects.

Take the work he has directed against the makers and passers of bogus money. If you examine the reports he writes annually to the Secretary of the Treasury you will read brief, statistical records of detections and convictions, and no more; but if you go into the subject, thrilling tales of as lively adventure as you find in fiction can be unearthed. However, not from Wilkie. His work—arresting criminals against the currency—has led him and his men to all parts of the country and through many experiences. There is more counterfeiting, especially of the coinage, than you think.

He has had a lot to do with a lot of affairs. And he is as discreet and as silent as a stone man, except on the apparent phases of what he does. He is a golfer, a good story teller, and writes and talks entertainingly.

Proceeding on the assumption that the province of a detective is detection, not declamation, he has made a remarkable record for himself. Hence these cheers.

A Willing Panhandler

THE late Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was accosted one day by a drunken panhandler, who asked for a dime. The Archbishop gave him the dime and said: "My friend, don't you think it would be possible for you to walk in the straight and narrow path?"

The panhandler straightened up. "Who? Me?" he asked. "Show it to me. I used to be a tight-rope walker."

That Sporting Instinct

"DOWN in Tucson," said Captain Burton Mossman, who is a rancher in South Dakota and a miner in Old Mexico, "there is a German who loves to play poker. He comes in once a week and plays the game like an artist, not caring whether he wins or loses, but for the sheer joy of it.

"Two weeks ago two young chaps from the East sat in the game in which the German was playing. They were rank amateurs at it. They had money and they bet liberally. Each time they hooked up with the German they lost. At ten o'clock the old man could not see over his chips. He had won a good many hundred dollars.

"On the next deal he got a pat king full. He passed and the amateur next to him opened the pot. The other amateur raised. The German did not raise back. He contented himself with staying. Then these two new players thought they would whipsaw the German. They bet and bet and bet.

"The German stayed each time, and the two amateurs raised back and forth until they had put about all the money they had carried in the middle of the table.

"'How many?' asked the dealer.

"'Three cards,' said one of the amateurs.

"'I wouldn't wish for any,' said the German, who looked at his opponents in blank amazement.

"'Three for me,' said the second tourist.

"The German glared at his opponents. He was purple in the face and gasping for breath. Then he threw his cards on the table.

"'I can't shtand it!' he yelled. 'I quits! I come here Muntay nights to play poker, not to waste my time mit two—two—two—two dam' shtudents!'

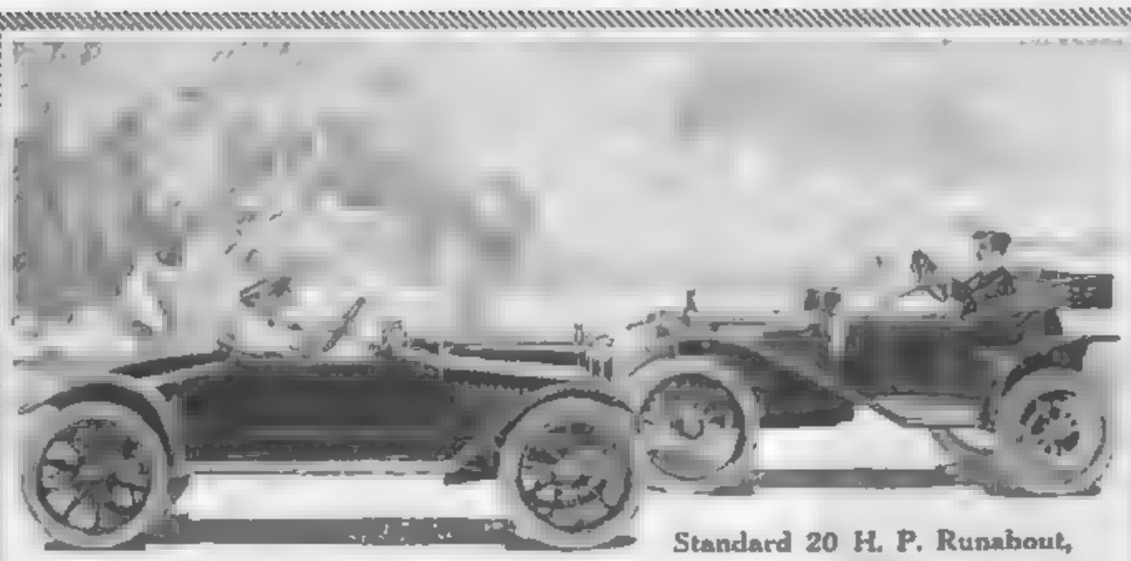
"And he fled, leaving all his money on the table."

Frank If Not Honest

SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, had occasion to hire a colored man to work round his house. There were several applicants, but the waiting list had finally been reduced to one man.

The Senator cross-questioned the man carefully. After he had gone into his antecedents and all that, he asked: "Are you honest?"

"Hones'? Sho' I is. I's bin arrested foh stealin' three times an' let off ebery time."



Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. [illegible] Standard Hupmobile Touring Car $900

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit [illegible] power plant [illegible] gears, Bosch [illegible] generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster 110-inch wheelbase $650

Hupmobile

$750 — $900

The man, the machine and the material—this new plant gets the best out of each

The same machinery that is used in the fine new Hupmobile plant is also used in those plants producing cars of the highest prices.

The skilled mechanics engaged in the construction of the Hupmobile are paid the same high rate prevailing in plants producing the costliest cars.

The splendid shop organization has been developed to the same high state of efficiency and held practically intact from the inception of the company—under the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson, the same man who has been responsible for the success of every previous model.

The materials which enter into every essential Hupmobile operation are precisely as fine—precisely the same, in fact—as those used in cars of the largest and most expensive build.

Differences in size and differences in excess luxury, of course; differences in engineering ideals, in scrupulous workmanship, in trustworthy materials—emphatically no.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupmobile crankshafts must prove themselves perfect and true not once, but twice before they are passed to the motor assembly

The photographic reproduction shows the first and most important of the two tests.

The operator is testing the alignment of the main crankshaft bearings with an infallible little piece of mechanism.

This is a Brown & Sharp dial indicator. It registers variations so minute and invisible to the naked eye as *one half* of *one thousandth* of *one inch*.

If the indicator shows even the slightest deflection from the correct size, the shaft is not acceptable

After this the crankshaft is tested on "V" blocks, which hold it in exactly the same position as in actual running in the motor. Here the shaft must run absolutely true to center on all bearings to pass final inspection

These tests—part of the every-day work in the production of the $900 Hupmobile—are precisely as accurate, precisely as rigid, the same all through as those applied to cars of three, four and five times the Hupmobile price.

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Motor Car—Its Human Likenesses

THERE is something so curiously human about the automobile itself that there may be profit in carrying out a study along the lines of the physical analogies in which one's car resembles oneself. Supposing, for instance, we have learned something of the heart, lungs and stomach of our car—the ignition, vaporizing and power-generating phases of its mechanism—we might go on with the question of how this power, once generated, is applied.

Besides heart, lungs and stomach, your car has a circulation of its own, just as you have. You know very well that your blood becomes heated when you exercise, and perhaps you know that it is most readily cooled by putting your wrists—where the venous circulation is close to the surface—under a cool stream of water from the pump. It is the same with your car. It takes only half an eye to see or half a finger to feel that the burning of this gas in such instantaneous succession means the development of a great deal of heat. The engine gets hot. All the blood of the mechanism is overheated. It must be cooled or it must perish.

There are two ways of cooling the engine of an automobile—air cooling and water cooling. In the case of the water-cooled car we have the radiator, that portion of the car carried in front where the air can strike it. It looks like a honeycomb or a system of very fine tubes. It makes no difference what is the arrangement of these tubes, fins or honeycombs in the radiator in any make of car—the principle is the same. Your radiator is your venous system and it is there that the blood must be cooled. The theory of the radiator is that the engine is carried in a jacket of water, and as this water becomes heated it is pumped out through the radiator tubes and exposed to the cool air, thence being returned for later use in the series of operations.

Supposing your car to be using a water-cooling device, it is easy to be seen there is more air suction through the radiator when the car is in motion. The car gets hotter when it is standing still or when it is going up a hard hill-climb, say, at low speed. This natural suction of the air back through the radiator is increased by the use of the fan. Of course you must not let your car get overheated—any more than you would your horse or yourself.

When you get to the top of the hill you will find your engine will cool much more quickly if you turn round and face the breeze. The basic idea of all radiators is to keep the engine cool. You yourself instinctively turn round to face the breeze when you are warm.

In the case of the air-cooled car, there is no circulation of water. Instead of a radiator, with pipes and a pump to circulate the cooling water, there is a series of fins, or thin projections of metal upon the outside surfaces of the cylinders. These fins tend to dissipate the heat rapidly and are assisted in their work by the cooling draught of air that is poured over them by a fan at the front and conducted away at the rear.

What Makes the Wheels Go Round

Suppose now we have studied the anatomy of our car until we know something of the way in which its power is provided, maintained and conserved—how, then, is our power to be applied so that the car itself will run? There must, of course, be some bony or muscular system to put this power into use. This is what we call the transmission of the car, by which the rear wheels are made to revolve. The main transmission shaft may represent the chief bony structure of the human frame; the gears, the muscles by which the bones are controlled. We all know the theory of the quadruple multiplying reel which bait-casters use—one turn of the handle will make the spool revolve four times; but every one knows you cannot pull so hard with a quadruple reel as with a double-action or a single-action reel. The more speed gained, the more power lost. If we could carry along a heavy engine we could get up a great deal of power on our car without much engine speed, but we carry a very light engine and we develop a very high speed in that engine to make up for what it lacks in size. We can never, however, evade the fact of strain on the gears of the transmission. Here we certainly must have good material—strong bones!

We reduce the speed by gearings as we pass it back to the hind wheels of the car. We must remember that these wheels alone furnish the traction power of the car. The front wheels are not geared at all and are used only for steering purposes; but whereas the front axle is fixed and usually solid, and has pointed knuckles or ends, the hind axle of the automobile is open amidships, so to speak, and is really two short "live" or revolving axles—one for each wheel—the power being transmitted to a point midway between these two wheels. The reason for this is that when you are turning a curve—especially a sharp curve—one of these wheels is bound to run faster than the other. If it did not there would be a dangerous side slip, which means accident in automobiling. You will understand that the hind wheels are fast to the axles, and that the axles themselves revolve in a sort of sleeve or box which supports the weight of the car. Your car does not work quite like a farm-wagon!

Now the most curious and ingenious part of the carmaker's work—and the most needful is what is known as the differential gearing, by which power is applied through the shaft to the rear wheels. By this means each wheel, when making a turn, runs just as fast as it needs to and no faster; and its speed may be anything needful in relation to the speed of the other hind wheel. This differential gear is plenty scientific. If the driver of a car had any more things to think of than he has already he would go crazy; so the maker of the car does this thinking about the relative speed of the hind wheels. The differential gearing of your car is something you ought to study personally in the shop; then—maybe—you will know more about the bony and muscular framework of the almost human creature that you are handling.

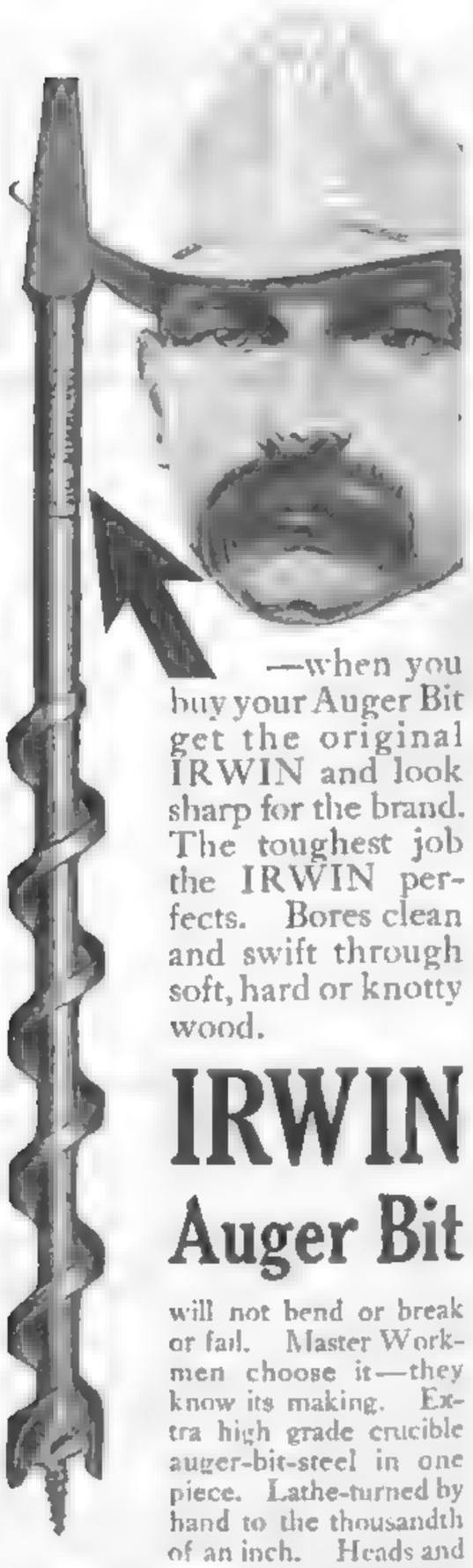
How to Prevent Accidents

You have now nearly completed the anatomy of your car. Still, it stands there dead. It lacks impulse, though it has the means of impulse. The nervous system of a car you may say to be all that mechanism which operates in getting the power back from the engine to the traction wheels. There are different forms of clutch devices by which you connect the power, through the transmission, with the wheels; and the transmission gear may be frictional, planetary or sliding. The cogs of the shaft and of the axle gear must engage in order that there may be motion communicated from the engine to the traction wheels. This, too, you should study in the shops before your car is assembled, or should have it explained to you in the salesroom thoroughly.

Your car now should have some sort of moral restraint, just as you yourself should have. Behold, then, the brakes, which are affixed in such a way that they may be instantly applied—usually in twofold form. The service brake you operate by your foot. The emergency brake is simply an additional drum brake by which the car can be brought to a still quicker stop, and it lies ready for your hand. If the brake is gone an accident is likely. Be sure you understand the brake in theory and that the execution of the theory has been correctly done by the maker. You not only should understand the system of brakes on your car perfectly, but you should know when to use them to the right extent and not in excess. It takes a little practice, with the engine in and out of gear, in applying the brakes just gently enough before you learn to start and stop the car smoothly and without jar to its mechanism or passengers.

The controlling brain of your car you may say lies in the steering wheel. You must understand the mechanism of this also—be sure that it is working perfectly and promptly, that it has no lost motion and that it is rigid and strong. You discover now that the front axle of your car is not like the front axle of the side-bar buggy in which you used to go out riding years ago. There are two little subaxles,

You men who use tools



—when you buy your Auger Bit get the original IRWIN and look sharp for the brand. The toughest job the IRWIN perfects. Bores clean and swift through soft, hard or knotty wood.

IRWIN Auger Bit

will not bend or break or fail. Master Workmen choose it—they know its making. Extra high grade crucible auger-bit-steel in one piece. Lathe-turned by hand to the thousandth of an inch. Heads and cutters sharpened by *hand-filing*. Tempered by secret process unknown to imitators.

You get your money back on an IRWIN if it fails to suit you

The only solid-center-stem bit made in all styles and sizes for every use. Sold by dealers everywhere. If you fail to find the *Genuine, Guaranteed* IRWIN write us.

IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.

Largest in the World

Station H-1, WILMINGTON, OHIO

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Be sure this identical Brand is on the Bit you buy

so to speak—knuckles or pivoted wheel-hangers—one at each end of the rigid front axle. This allows the wheels to play backward and forward over a part of the arc of the circle. The front wheels move just alike because they are connected by a bar which runs from two projecting shoulders fixed to the movable axles of the wheels. You will find that a very gentle turn of the wrist will change the course of the front wheels when in motion.

The temptation at first is to steer "too wide," as the sailor calls it. The right motion is simply a continuous feeling out of the car. As soon as she starts to change her direction you "meet her," as the sailors say again, always feeling each impulse with the slightest and soon almost with an unconscious action of the hand and wrist. In this way, indeed, you hardly feel that you are steering at all. The brain of the car is your brain. It almost becomes, indeed, a part of you, so quickly and so without conscious plan do you alter the direction of the car.

Most beginning drivers of automobiles think they have learned all that is necessary when they are able to get on the front seat with a good driver and, carefully watched by the expert, who tends to all the rest of the car, find themselves able to steer more or less widely down the approximate center of a straight and level road. Really, the steering of a car is only one of the important things that are absolutely necessary in its management. Of course—for a busy man in the city who is able to hire an expert and who has a car doctor ready at hand in any of the scores of garages—a personal knowledge of the anatomy of his automobile is not so important; but suppose you are in the country, where car doctors are few and far between, and where you have little opportunity to secure any operator except yourself. Obviously it is advisable to know something about doctoring at first hand; and it is not unlikely that you will have need for first aid to the injured before you have gone far into the personal relations between yourself and your automobile.

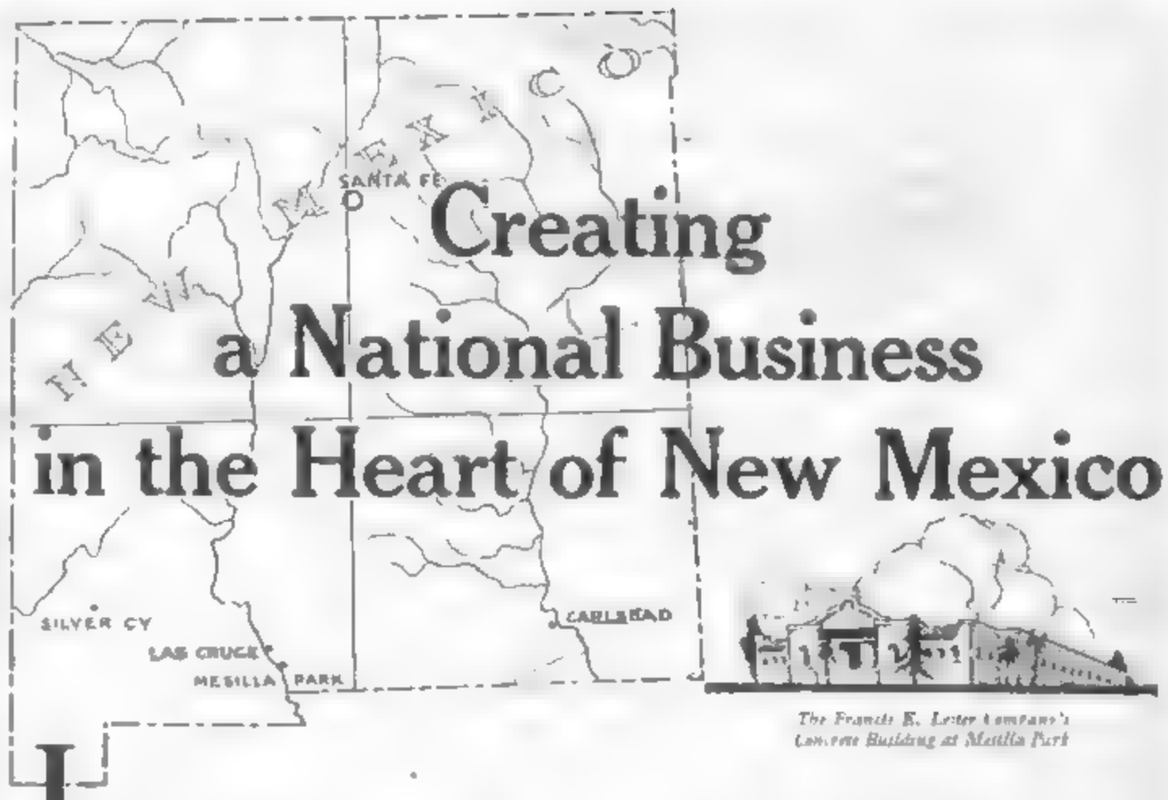
Still more obvious is it that a little prevention is better than a lot of cure. Do not think, therefore, that your first day on the road leaves you the absolute master of all the intricacies of a machine which, perhaps, in description have sounded somewhat simple.

The Mad Craze for Power

You should remember, above all things, that engine power is of itself an enormous thing, even in a small car; and, of course, we can get more power and more speed by using more cylinders. As many as eight cylinders have been employed and six are not uncommon, though four will very likely give you all the power you really need for ordinary touring work. The additional cylinders make for smoothness in running and for pulling strength on hills.

In due time the mad craze for power and speed will have run its more or less vulgar course. If it does not we may look for legislation almost as drastic as that which put steam locomotives off the public highways of England one hundred years ago. It is easy to be seen there is almost no limit to the possible development of speed in the automobile; but if this powerful and subtile machine under you be like yourself—if it be curiously human—it should, like you yourself, consider as well the humanities and amenities in life.

There are other persons on the road besides yourself. Their comfort is also yours, and the great development of the gas motor must be a general and an industrial development. It is not rich men, but men of moderate means, who will make the future of the motor car. At present the question, in its practical, legal and social bearings, is very much mixed. In time we shall adjust ourselves to the general use of autolocomotion on highways used by other vehicles and by foot passengers; but that adjustment will never go beyond a certain point. In other words, the doctrine of special privilege eventually runs up against the great question of average human rights. When it comes to the real issue the people win. Since you are spending some time in studying the theory of your car, carry that study a little farther and let your research go into the theory, also, of human rights and human government. Perhaps then you will not feel so much annoyed the next time you are fined for overspeeding, or feel that your special privileges were special rights.



Creating a National Business in the Heart of New Mexico

The Francis E. Lester Company's Concrete Building at Mesilla Park

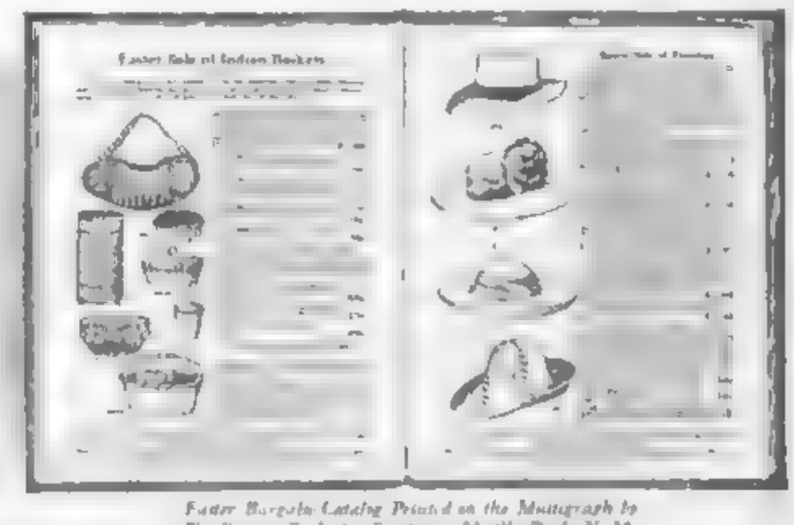
IN a New Mexican hamlet of some fifty souls, a great business has been built up in eleven years, from a standing start with almost no capital.

Through personal letters written to Eastern acquaintances in 1901, Francis E. Lester of Mesilla Park began to sell Navajo blankets.

His success was so marked that he added Mexican drawn-work, native gems and the like, and started a campaign of form-letters. Using one of the earlier Multigraphs, his business grew until he now has an active mailing-list of nearly half a million actual customers.

When the Multigraph was perfected for real printing—printer's printing—Mr. Lester was quick to see the advantages. And they meant so much to him that he installed *three miles of poles and wires* to secure the electric current necessary to operate the motor.

Multigraph Department and Operator



Faster Bargain Catalog Printed on the Multigraph by The Francis E. Lester Company, Mesilla Park, N. M.

MR. LESTER now uses the Multigraph for printing as well as for form-typewriting. His satisfaction is shown by the following quotations from a long letter of commendation:

"We have met with the greatest success in the use of the American Multigraph; first the old style, and later the new model with printing-ink attachment.

"We have never used any but unskilled labor on our Multigraph. A girl who had never previously seen one was placed in charge of our first machine, and has had entire charge both of that and of the later model with printing-ink attachment. Therefore, we could not use any [illegible] to get out of repair or requiring [illegible] purchasing our first Multigraph [illegible] any skilled attention, either for operation or repairs.

"Our first No. 2 Multigraph, by actual record, saved us the [illegible] cost within eight months. Six months [illegible] new model No. 4, with printing ink attachment, [illegible] apparently pay for itself within a year from the [illegible] installation. We have found it eminently successful to print a small editions of office forms; editions of form-letters [illegible] 5,000, using either ink or ribbon; small folders and [illegible] monthly illustrated bargain-days slips of eight pages [illegible]

THE economy, convenience and simplicity of the Multigraph are revolutionizing printing-details in many a business just as they have for the Francis E. Lester Company. Chances are they would work to great advantage in your business.

In considering the question, remember that Multigraph printing is real printing—the kind for which you pay your printer 25% to 75% more. It is done without interfering in any way with the original form-typewriting function of the machine.

Remember also that you can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it—but one of our representatives will gladly, with your permission, compile the information that will determine the question. Meantime, we shall be glad to send literature, samples and data. Write today. Use the coupon.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct London, England; Berlin, W. 8 Krausenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, written on your business stationery. We'll show you what others are doing

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO
1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

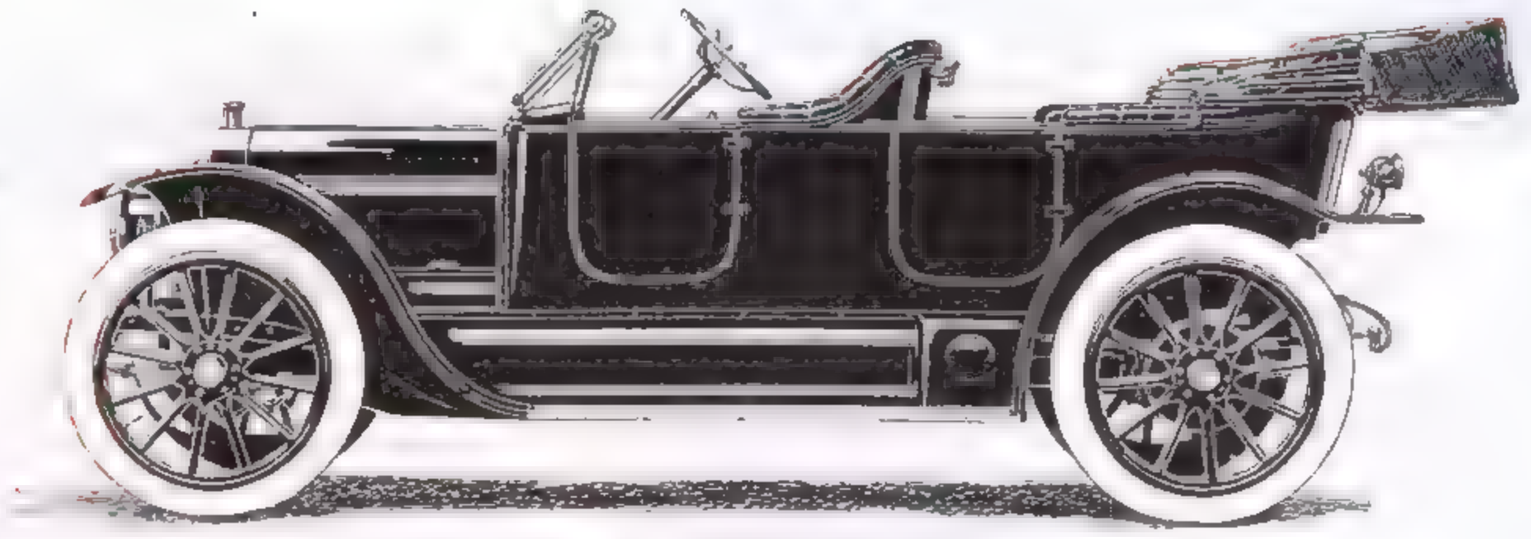
Printing
[illegible]
[illegible] Statements

Typewriting
Circular Letters
[illegible]
[illegible] Stuffers
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] Employees
[illegible] System Forms

Rambler

1913 Cross C

With UNIT GASOLINE



2. Starting button
motor starts the gas

3. Switch. With
and the starting but
matically changes th
generator for chargi

5. Regulator. A
ing storage batter

HERE is a car destined for leadership in 1913. The new unit gasoline and electric motor is bound to give it first place.

The 1912 Cross Country was a popular success. Big sales prove that. One hundred and five per cent—our increase for the year—is a record.

Gasoline and Electric Motor

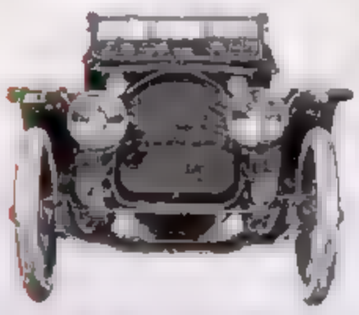
Think what this new motor means. It combines two widely used and thoroughly known power principles; one, in the perfected Cross Country gasoline engine; the other, in the commonly used electric motor generator.

Now you don't have to get out of your car to start or to light the lamps.

Press a button—you start.

Press another—you light the lamps.

Read the explanation on the following page. Then see this new motor. The idea is so simple—the results so pleasing—you will wonder why it has not been done before.



The Cross Country radiator has individuality. It's aristocratic in appearance. 12,000 square inches of cooling surface. Electric head and flush side lamps, finished in black and nickel.

The Cross Country in appearance has no equal.

Ten Inch Upholstery

In comfort we thought we had reached the limit—but now we have added ten inch upholstery. Of power it has sufficient for every emergency.

It's so flexible you can travel on high gear no faster than a man usually walks, or fifty miles an hour.

To steer is but to touch the wheel. It guides so easily, you are conscious of no effort. The experienced motorist instantly appreciates this advantage.

Of its reliability there can be no question, vouched for by our ten thousand mile guarantee.

10,000 Mile Guarantee

Jeffery service is a reality. It has been gradually perfected by twelve years of actual field work and is now backed by an organization of more than four hundred dealers and branches. One of them is probably near to you.

We make ninety-six per cent of our parts and now have one-half million dollars invested in duplicate parts for the benefit of owners.

Ask your banker or consult Dun and Bradstreet as to the responsibility of this company.

Four Big Features

Here is what you get in the Cross Country:

Appearance that makes you proud of your purchase.

Comfort rare and pleasing.

A gasoline and electric motor in advance of the day.

A guarantee backed by the Jeffery Company.

Could you ask for more in a motor car?

Tear off, fill in and mail the coupon on the next page if you want a copy of the booklet describing the new unit gasoline and electric motor and the Announcement Number of the Rambler Magazine.

The Dem
carried u
worry abo
demounta
changed
base and

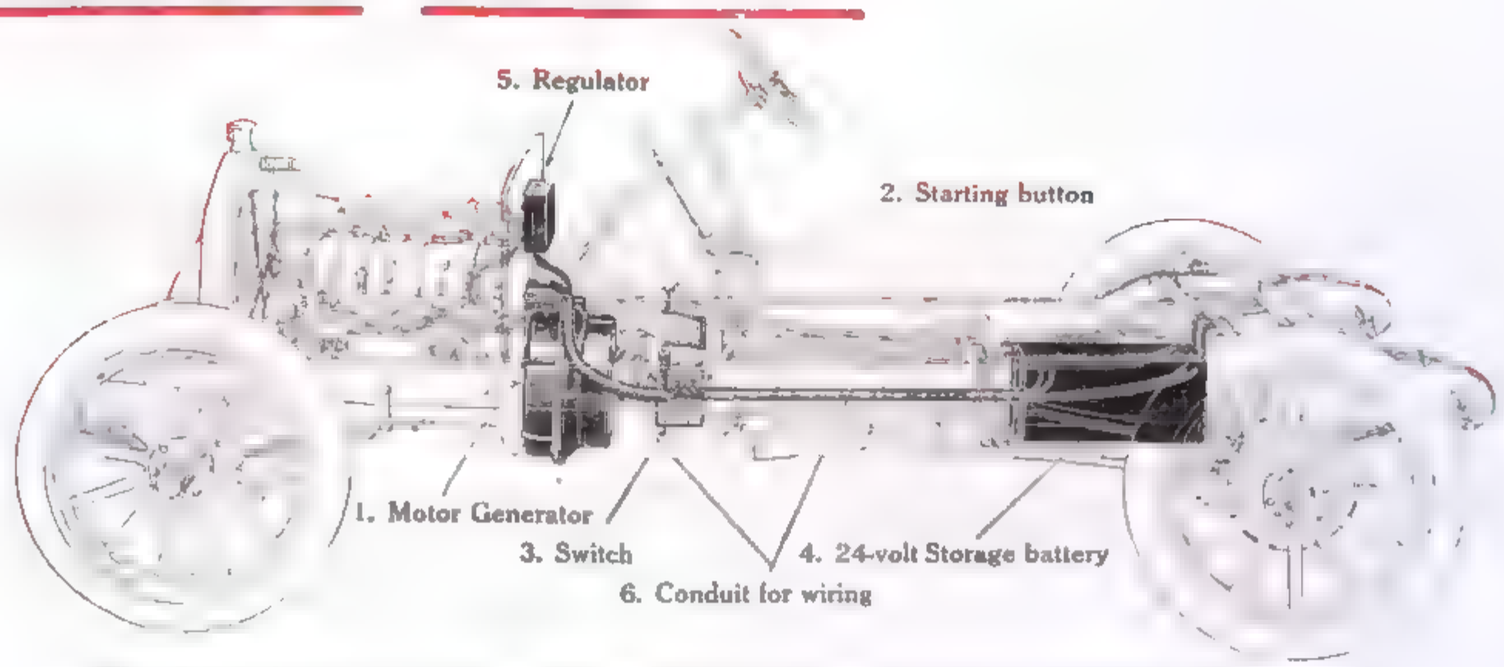
We Guarantee Every Cross Country for 10,000 Miles

Subject to the conditions of the signed guarantee which we will give with each car.

Country $1700

AND ELECTRIC MOTOR

Rambler



The Cross Country unit gasoline and electric motor showing location of all parts

. When pressed the electric oline engine.

the gasoline engine running, ton released, this switch auto- e electric motor into an electric ng the storage battery.

matically makes rate of charg- same at any engine speed.

This is a gasoline electric motor consisting of a single unit, combining a 38 horse power, four-cylinder gasoline engine with an electric motor generator.

There is no need for a separate starting device.

Press a button—you start.

Press another—you light the lamps.

From the instant you press the starting button this electric motor generator is creating and storing electric energy for future use.

The usual cast iron fly wheel of an ordinary engine is left off.

Noiseless and Simple

The parts forming the electric motor generator take the place of the fly wheel.

It saves weight, bearings, chains, gears, complicated wiring, and operates as silently as any electric motor.

The only wearing parts, other than those of all gasoline engines, are the motor generator brushes which are six times the necessary size—ample for many times the life of the car.

Except to put water in the batteries it requires no attention.

Send For The Booklet

The Cross Country with the new unit gasoline and electric motor is now being demonstrated at all branches. Dealers are being rapidly supplied. You will want the booklet describing this remarkable motor. The coupon will bring it to you at once.

Specifications

38 horse power; ignition, self-generated. Transmission, selective; three forward speeds and reverse. Adjustable taper roller bearings. Front axle I beam; rear axle Rambler type. Springs: front, semi-elliptic; rear, three-quarter elliptic. Wheel base 120 inches; tread 56 inches, option 60 inches. Wheels 36 x 4 demountable. Tires, U. S. or Goodyear, 36 x 4.

Body styles: Five-passenger, $1700; four-passenger, $1700; Roadster, $1650; Special touring body, five adults and two children, 36 x 4½ inch tires, $1900; Sedan, four-passenger, all enclosed, $2500; Gotham, five-passenger limousine with two extra cab seats, 36 x 4½ inch tires, $2750.

Beauty of Finish

Finished in light Brewster Green with black beads and hair line gold stripe, with wheels to match. Trimmed in nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel.

Equipment: Two 9¼ inch electric head lamps, flush electric dash lamps and electric tail lamp, tonneau hinged robe rail, adjustable foot rest, complete tool equipment; top and envelope, $70; windshield, $30.

ountable Wheel
rear eliminates
t tire trouble. This
ble wheel can be
five minutes with
freedom from dirt.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company,
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Send me a copy of the booklet describing your new gasoline and electric motor and the Announcement Number of the Rambler Magazine giving full details of the 1913 Cross Country.

Name

Address

It's but seventy-two years since the first photographic portrait was made in America—a picture of Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper, made by her brother Professor John William Draper of the University of the City of New York. It took an exposure of five minutes in the full glare of the noon-day sun.

To-day it takes but a fraction of a second, even in the softly modulated light of a studio. Clever photographers and fast plates and lenses have made having your picture taken a rather pleasant experience these days.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

We Back Up The Big Taste

WHEN the Big Hunger gets you—*the big hunger of outdoors*—here's what to do:

Open a can of Underwood Deviled Ham. Scoop out the Big Taste. Spread it thin on *slices of fresh white bread*. Put them together and *taste the taste*.

Then forever after you'll back up the Big Taste. It will head the ticket for picnics, motoring, boating, hunting trips—*all outdooring*.

Also for luncheons, teas, parties, spreads—anywhere where you'll relish good smoked ham with every atom of the ham taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke kept in by careful *casserole* cooking. Ground fine and mixed with the piquant—not hot—Underwood Deviled Dressing.

Home-made in a sunny, white New England kitchen, where no other product but Underwood Deviled Ham is ever made.

The following recipe is *delicious*. And we've a whole bookful more just as good. Write for these famous Little Red Devil Recipes. We'll send a copy *free* if you mention your dealer's name and say whether he keeps Underwood Deviled Ham. Or send 15c for small can to try. Very inexpensive. Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

Every day is the day to taste the Big Taste, so order some Underwood Deviled Ham from your grocer today.

Made by Wm. Underwood Co., 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Taste The Taste

Try Recipe No. 35—A Great Appetizer

Spread some thin crackers with Underwood Deviled Ham, not too thick. Press the crackers together in pairs, and roast to a delicate brown, in a hot oven or over a hot stove lid.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods"

ON BEING LOST OUT OF SEASON

(Concluded from Page 6)

The little boat rose up and fell down. Seas broke over them and under them, with John thanking the Lord for one thing—being already bottom up, she sert'nly couldn't capsize any more.

But it was wearying work. Eph raised a forlorn head and spoke: "I'm gettin' terr'ble tired, John."

"Course you be. So be I. But get y'r mind off it—think o' home."

"Home? If ever I see home again you'll never see me out o' sight o' it. If ever again I lay up agin Thacher's Lights in my little lobster boat —— But I'll never see home again," said Eph firmly.

"Well, don't go to bettin' on it, or mebbe you'll be wantin' t' win y'r bet. You'll live to haul a million lobster pots in Rockport Harbor yet."

"'Twas you got me t' go fishin' here."

"It was. An' 'tis me will get you back home again."

"How?"

"Oh, jest soon's it moderates a bit you'll see."

"It ain't goin' to moderate—not soon; 'n' I can't hang on no longer."

"Oh, yes, you can. You've no notion how long you c'n hang on till you try."

Eph lay inert beside his plug strap. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked up. "John, you allus thought a heap o' my sister Hannah, didn't you?"

"Enough to ask her to marry me 'f I thought I had a chance."

"Well, you oughter ast her. You had a chance."

"How 'bout Abe Jelly?"

"Abe? That long-legged Abe Jelly? 'He warn't fit to grease John Hawley's redjacks,' she said one time to Mother."

"I wisht I'd 'a' heard her. But why didn't you tell me that afore, Eph? You never had nothing agin me, did you?"

"Why, no, I allus liked you, John—better'n ever I liked Abe, I think. But Abe says: 'There's the money for that motor boat to go lobsterin' in whenever you want it, Eph.' An' I never let on, me 'n' Abe thinkin' maybe you'd get discouraged."

"I wouldn't been easy discouraged, Eph, if I thought Hannah cared a mite f'r me."

"Abe said that, too, John."

"He did? If ever I get ashore I'll 'tend to Abe."

They both stayed silent. Again it was Eph who spoke. "It'll soon be night and I'm tired—terr'ble tired, John, an' I don't want to hang on no longer. I'm going."

"Goin' nothin'. You jest hang on a bit longer."

"I can't. I'm goin', John. Goodby."

"No, no; no goodby yet. Hang on—not long afore somebody's sure to come along and pick us off."

"How long, John?"

"Oh, 'bout fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes, John? That's a long time."

"It's dern short, I think, Eph."

The dory rose and fell. The red sun was all but gone. Eph looked across at John. "Ain't them fifteen minutes up yet, John?"

"Hush, Eph, hush! Jest another little while."

"How long?"

"Oh, ten minutes."

Eph lay flat again. John crawled close to see him. The face had gone gray and the eyes were dull. John removed the boy's sou'wester and patted his head.

"What's it, John?"

"Oh, nothin'—only you want to get the notion out o' y'r head you ain't goin' to live long, 'cause you are, Eph."

"An' I know who you're doin' it for. I wisht I'd told you afore about Hannah. An' now goodby, John; I'm goin' for sure this time."

The gray color had given way to a touch of black and the eyes were hardly to be seen; and he was sliding off the dory's bottom.

"God 'lmighty, help me!" prayed John, and dropped over the side and pushed him back. "Now you listen to me, Eph! Listen!"

"Wh-hat?"

"You hang on—hang on only five minutes longer, Eph, an' be derned but I'll go with yer!"

. . . . . .

With their flag at half-mast and thinking they had seen the last of John Hawley and his mate, the crew of the Mary Patton came sailing up Boston Harbor; but the first man they saw on the string-piece of T Wharf as they shot into the slip was John Hawley, and he smiling there like a monk-fish.

And it was "Glory be!" and "Well, what d'y'know—look!" and "John Hawley, you old son of a gun!" And after a while they asked how he came to be picked up.

"Oh, comin' on dark and the pair 'f us 'bout ready to quit, a coastin' steamer comes wallerin' along, an' I hollers f'r Jungment Day when I spied her lights, an' they hears me an' takes us off. But they wouldn't stop to save the dory. No, sir. Warn't goin' t' risk no couple o' men to up-end any dory, an' 'God sakes alive, man, ain't you glad to be alive?' says her captain to me. So I had to let the dory go."

"And where'd you leave your chum, John?"

"Oh, him he took the fust train f'r home. Said he was goin' to stick to lobsterin'. An', boys, he's all right. A good lad, on'y he jest didn't enjoy channel-fishin'. An' I'm takin' a train f'r Rockport myself t'night, an' mebbe I'll stay ashore a trip."

"You lose a trip! What's wrong with you anyway?"

"Oh, nothin' wrong. On'y I've been telephonin' to somebody since I got in, an' I don't know but mebbe I'll stay ashore a trip 'n' get married."

"Well, you old Cupid! No wonder you hung on."

"Yes, I did kind o' want t' hang on, though I did think for a while I'd hauled my last trawl. But so-long, boys, I'm off f'r Rockport."

"But wait a bit, John. What were you thinkin' of, John?"

"Thinkin' of when?"

"Why, about the time you thought you'd hauled your last trawl."

John, who was balanced on the rail of the vessel and was about to leap on to the dock, paused, took off his hat, scratched his head and half turned to say: "Why, d'y'know—d'y'know, boys, I thought 'twas dern tough t' go fishin' all winter 'n' be lost in the spring."

Too Great a Blow

TOM McNEAL says he was talking on the general subject of wind when a certain man from Eastern Colorado happened along.

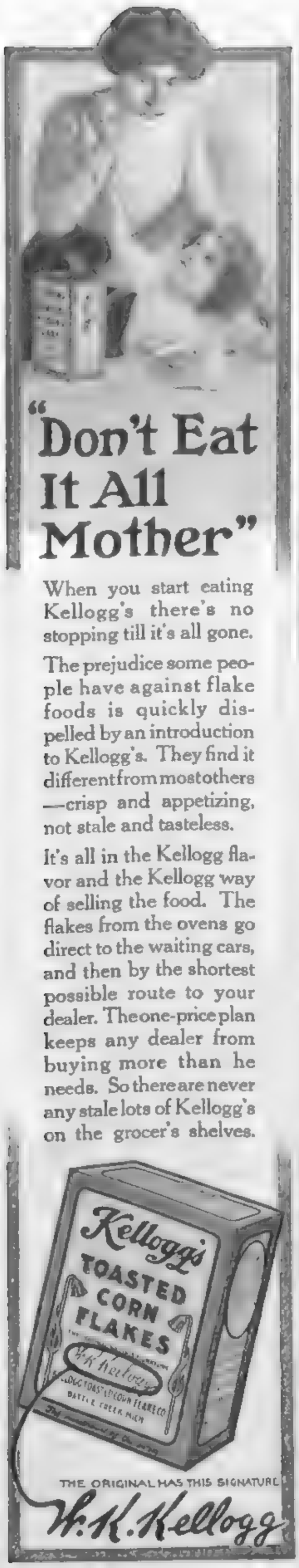
"I don't mind a reasonable amount of wind," said the man from Colorado, "but that country I came from suits me too well. I took up a claim out there and began to break up some sod. It was tough sod and I was plowing furrows about a mile long.

"Well, sir, as fast as I plowed the wind took after me along those furrows and rolled that sod up into a wheel; and when I was at the end of a furrow I had rolling along just behind me a sod wheel one hundred and seventy-five feet in diameter.

"It was so all the way. Half an hour after I had finished breaking up eight acres there wasn't a bit of sod left on the place. The wind had rolled the sod up and blown it away, and the country all round was full of sod wheels from my place. Caused quite a bit of damage, too, running along and knocking down cabins and filling railroad cuts!

"One day when we were going to church the wind blew off my wife's false hair—nice hair too. I got up one morning and put in my false teeth. When I went out to do the chores I opened my mouth to yawn—and the wind took them teeth and sailed them away like a bird, with the upper and lower jaws opening and shutting like wings! Had a glass eye blown out too. A trout got that.

"I could have stood all this, but my mother-in-law, who had been living with us, happened to die. We buried her seven feet deep—and I'll be switched if the wind didn't scoop the earth out of that grave two days later and blow that coffin plumb back to the house! When we got up in the morning we found it sitting there against the wall. That was even too much for me! I quit the country after that."



"Don't Eat It All Mother"

When you start eating Kellogg's there's no stopping till it's all gone.

The prejudice some people have against flake foods is quickly dispelled by an introduction to Kellogg's. They find it different from most others—crisp and appetizing, not stale and tasteless.

It's all in the Kellogg flavor and the Kellogg way of selling the food. The flakes from the ovens go direct to the waiting cars, and then by the shortest possible route to your dealer. The one-price plan keeps any dealer from buying more than he needs. So there are never any stale lots of Kellogg's on the grocer's shelves.

PINCHED!

(Continued from Page 9)

In Rooker, Burke & Company's office, as was the case in every other brokerage shop, the throng of customers still sat gaping at the board. Overhead, the hands of the wall clock pointed to half past two; and again climbing on the high stool beside the ticker Mr. Pincus began crying off the prices from the tape.

"Crystal, a quowter! Two hunnerd, the same! One t'ouzand Crystal at three-eight's! Another t'ouzand, a half! Five-eight's for Crystal! *Nicht war!*—make it three-quowters! Two t'ouzand at seven-eight's! . . . Vell! Vell! Vell!" ejaculated Mr. Pincus. "Vat do you know about it now?"

With his mouth open, his head thrown back exactly as if he meant to raise a cheer, Mr. Pincus suddenly exploded:

"Two t'ouzand Crystal at eighty and one-eight!"

Then slouching down from his seat, Mr. Pincus yawned widely and, winking at the quotation clerk, idly stretched himself.

"Vell, I guess I go 'phone the old woman to buy herself a skirt. Maybe, for the summer, me and her go to Long Branch by the ocean!"

There was little echo to his jubilation. As always happens in Wall Street when the gods above get to warring on one another, the dabblers had heavily suffered; in fact all had been hard hit. Not a few, besides, had been cleaned out of every stiver they possessed. Next month a new set of rubes would fill the chairs at Rooker, Burke & Company's.

But it was not only the dabblers, the dubs, the dupes, that had hurt themselves. At three o'clock, when the gong announced the end of business for the day, a wild flurry of buying orders drove Crystal up to 84½. And at what price it would open in the morning few seemed willing to guess. The fact is, there was but one person who could tell this with authority. It was Old Man Abner Coggins.

The old gentleman, however, had not seen fit to disclose himself. Immured in his office for three hours now, he had denied himself to the procession of callers that crowded the anteroom. At three o'clock the old gentleman opened his office door to Mr. Meyer.

"Well, Henry," he blandly remarked, "I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

The president of the Crystal Company wasted little time in civilities.

"Now what's the meaning of this?" he savagely demanded, his voice breaking as he said it.

Mr. Coggins stared briefly, his eyes widening with mild astonishment.

"The meaning of what, Henry?" he inquired quietly.

Mr. Meyer, after an effort, restrained himself sufficiently to speak.

"You know perfectly! Yes! Don't you attempt to deny it!" cried Mr. Meyer, outraged justifiably. "So far from giving me control, as you promised, you have done your best to squirm out of it instead. Now matters are worse than they ever were."

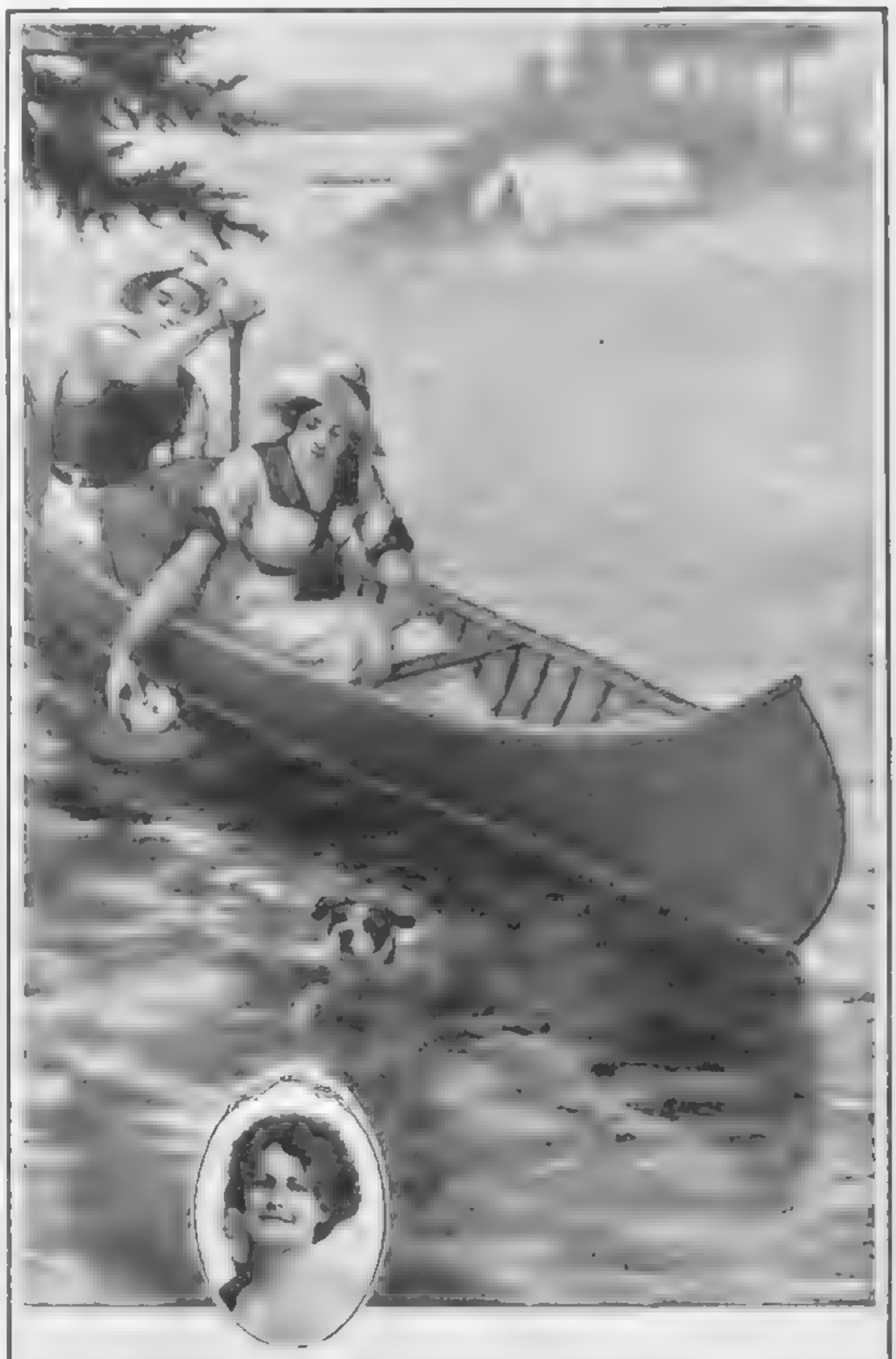
"Worse?" inquired Mr. Coggins with a start.

Mr. Meyer nodded bluntly.

"Say, Henry," drawled the old man curiously, "whatever are you driving at?"

"Just this!" answered Mr. Meyer, and thereupon he sprung a sensation. "It was I who drove up the price this afternoon—I and Mr. Cousins! Believing you were acting honestly—that you meant to turn over the pool to me—I at once took steps to check the tide of selling orders. Yes, Abner; and I did it too! As the result of my efforts—the tape will show you—Crystal common closed at 84¼. . . . No, don't speak. I haven't finished yet!" Mr. Meyer protested, his hand raised imperiously. "Now listen, Abner. Unless you at once accede to my demands, tomorrow, at the opening, I will abandon the effort to save you and at the same time dump overboard every share of Crystal I possess!" Pausing momentarily, Mr. Meyer caught his breath, then added with a wheeze: "It's a hundred thousand shares!"

For the second time that day Old Man Coggins seemed crushed. With his mouth open, his breath coming thickly, he stood staring at his visitor. Presently a little tide of color crept into his face, after which he let fall something that sounded like a snort. Then abruptly, as if his feelings had



Sunburn Cream

Save your complexion by using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Prevent the annoyance and suffering caused by the burning sun and parching wind of summer.

Even though you have a delicate, sensitive skin you can enjoy outdoor life without disagreeable after-effects if you apply

Hinds *Honey and Almond* Cream

It is delightfully cooling and refreshing to the tender, inflamed skin and soon heals it without peeling or blemish. If you use it before exposure and again on returning indoors there will be only slight indication of redness. It is absolutely harmless and cannot grow hair.

An ideal cream for the baby, and for men who shave.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Do not accept substitutes.

Liquid Cream 50c

Write now for FREE SAMPLES

A. S. HINDS

89 West Street, Portland, Maine

Cold Cream 25c

Remington-UMC Triumphant in Olympic Games

American Shooting Experts Win Against All Nations With Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells and Metallic Cartridges

Individual Clay Bird Championship—Won by J. R. Graham, using a Remington-UMC Pump Gun and Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells, score 96 out of 100. Team Championship—Five high men shot Remington-UMC Arrow Steel Lined Shells.

Revolver and Pistol Championship—A. P. Lane, shooting Remington-UMC Metallic Cartridges, made the best individual score and a world's record in the team competition, score 509 out of 600; won the individual competition at 30 metres, score 287 out of 300, and won first in the team competition at 30 metres, score 292 out of 300.

Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells were chosen on this remarkable record 15 out of 17 big national handicaps—including the Grand American Handicap, held at Springfield, Ill., June 20, 1912.

Remington-UMC Metallic Cartridges are world's record holders. The scores hung up by Mr. Lane are additional shooting testimony to their accuracy and sure fire.

Write Department 3 for complete catalogue

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

299-301 Broadway New York City

To protect the skin when traveling

When traveling the dry heat and dust wither the skin. The soot and grime sink into every pore, making the skin excessively tender and sensitive.

Read the Woodbury treatment for protecting your skin when traveling.

Use this Treatment

Bathe your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap several times during a day's journey. Rub its lather gently over and over your face so that it reaches every pore. Rinse and repeat with a fresh lather. Then bathe with clear water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is made from a formula worked out by an authority on the skin. Its refreshing, stimulating lather counteracts the irritation of the smoke and dust; relieves the "drying" effect of the heat. The antiseptic it contains (the strongest known to medical science) is just the protection your skin needs when traveling. Make it a habit to use Woodbury's regularly, *wherever you are*. It keeps your skin active, so that it can withstand the drafts, dust and dirt of rooms, *keeps* it in *perfect health*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day to the Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O

overcome him, Mr. Coggins threw back his head and freed himself of a burst of loud and startling laughter.

"Say, Henry," he gasped, once he had caught his breath—"Say, now, I might get mad at you if you wasn't so many different kinds of an ass!"

It was now Mr. Meyer's turn to start up in amazement. With his cheeks puffed, his eyes darting angrily, he struck the table with his fist.

"Sir!" he thundered.

Then, even with less civility than his visitor had shown, Mr. Coggins turned on him.

"Why, you crook!" he grunted. "For twenty years I've been after you and now I've got you where I want you!" Having said which, Mr. Coggins grinned cheerfully, then unbosomed himself.

That day, weeks before, when Meyer had come to him with the plan to sell out Crystal's small investors, the old man had seen his chance. The reason he had hemmed and hawed was because the scheme involved trimming these unprotected stockholders. However, as Meyer had threatened to go elsewhere with his scheme—he meant to trim them anyway—Mr. Coggins, after a moment's thought, had seen a way to balk him. Small investors seldom sell out quickly; they hang on until the last. Consequently by briskly driving down the price, then by shooting it up as briskly, he had kept them hanging on. Afterward he had trapped Meyer by working on his cupidity. It was very simple. A man who could not play fair with his own stockholders could not be expected to play fair with any one—his own confederate not excepted. Mr. Coggins, in short, had pulled the strings so Meyer would sell out on the pool.

The trap was sprung in the vow to push up the price to par. Thus, when the stock at 97 had begun to totter, Meyer had been unable to withstand the strong temptation. He had not only hedged and dumped his holdings overboard, but had gone short into the bargain on a huge amount of stock.

It was exactly what Mr. Coggins had hoped. Therefore, when Meyer had begun to sell, the old man had nursed him gently along by letting the price slip bit by bit. What is more, each time Meyer had sold it was Mr. Coggins himself who had taken all Meyer had to offer.

"Henry," said the old gentleman, favoring him with a grin, "you don't often tell the truth. This morning you did though. You gave out the report there's to be a reorganization in your company." Twinkling cheerfully, Mr. Coggins briskly bobbed his head. "You're right, Henry. There is! There is!"

Mr. Meyer, with still another start, turned up to him a white and sweating face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

A droll expression came into Mr. Coggins' face. Whimsically he drew down the corners of his mouth; and, with his shoulders sagging, his eyes dull, his tall, gaunt figure once more bent with apparent weariness, he sighed as he had sighed that morning.

"I'm getting old, Henry—you said so yourself. I've got to retire pretty soon. Before I do, though, I want to see Crystal on a sound financial basis. . . . Yes," added Mr. Coggins plaintively, "and so, after all the worry you've cost me, Henry, it seems only right that you should help."

"Help?" echoed Mr. Meyer, feverishly wetting his lips.

"Yes—help, Henry," the old man blandly answered. "You're short ninety thousand shares—to be exact, it's 89,533—and I've got the market cornered. So, unless you do what I ask now," Mr. Coggins remarked, "I'll just run up the price on you and Cousins till I've trimmed you of every cent you've got!"

The portly president of the Crystal Company gave vent to a painful wheeze. With his eyes for once held fixedly on Mr. Coggins' face he faltered:

"Yes—well? What is it I must do?"

Before replying Mr. Coggins picked up a pen, then dipped it in the inkwell.

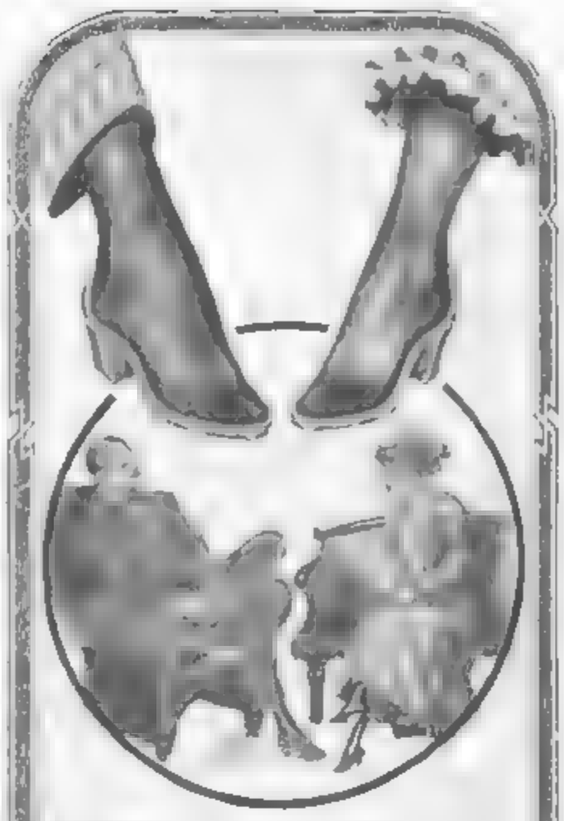
"It ain't much, Henry. It's what you'd oughter have done long ago."

Then he handed Mr. Meyer the pen.

"Henry, I just want you to resign!"

With a hand that trembled slightly Mr. Meyer took the pen. Then he wrote.

"Thank you!" said Old Man Coggins, and waved him to the door.



TREAT your feet right.

Madame, have you ever become stocking-lame?

A good many people do—women, men and children—who wear ordinary hose.

They do not—who wear

Wayne Knit **HOSIERY**

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Because the special Sole of Comfort—soft and cool—in Wayne-Knit—makes uncomfortable feet impossible

That's one of the qualities of Wayne-Knit that should insure your consideration.

Other qualities are included in our "Comprehensive Guarantee."

We've been making Wayne-Knit Hose for Children for a good many years now. They are the standard for soft, comfortable hosiery for children.

All wearing points are made wear-resisting by interwoven Sea Island cotton. Four threads on heels and toes—knees and soles double strength.

Wayne-Knit Hose cling to foot and limb without wrinkles—keep feet cool and comfortable.

For Men, Women and Children. Pure Silk Lisle, Soft Cotton, Silk and Lisle. Priced from 25c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for Wayne-Knit Hose

Wayne Knitting Mills
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Wayne Knit HOSIERY

INVESTORS

SHOULD WRITE FOR OUR LATEST BOOKLET DESCRIBING

HIGH GRADE SOUTHERN BONDS

STATE MUNICIPAL LEVEE DRAINAGE AND CORPORATION NETTING 4% TO 6%

HIBERNIA BANK & TRUST CO.

Capital and Surplus Three Million Dollars

P. O. BOX 691 NEW ORLEANS

Waxit

Automobile Polisher

A remarkable polish and cleaner for automobiles, furniture and all kinds of polished and varnished surfaces. A new discovery. Send your dealer's name and **$2.00 for Gallon Jug** (prepaid).

VAN THEURS OIL COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS

Salesmen and Special Agents Wanted

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brand. 6 Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati.** We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

SALESMEN WANTED

New office specialty. Sells for cash. As indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

You can travel with the baby without the bother and risk of carrying bottles and obtaining raw milk at different places.

Babies thrive on

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

Carnation Milk is always sweet, pure and fresh. It is the milk of the healthiest [illegible] cows in America. [illegible] and contains all the strength-giving solids. Nothing has been added, nothing taken away. Wherever you go, you can get Carnation Milk from the grocer. No fear of changing baby's diet, for there is no change. Carnation Milk is always the same, any time, any place. Use it in place of ordinary milk for the family. Just try it in coffee and in cooking. It makes everything extra delicious and the cost is less than for ordinary milk. It is worth the trial.

FREE BOOK

We have prepared an unusual booklet containing recipes, suggestions for economical cooking, and the story of Carnation Milk

Drop us a postal, today, for your copy

Telephone or tell your grocer to send you a can

Tall Can 10c—Baby Can 5c—At your Grocer's

CARNATION MILK

—the Modern Milkman

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.

General Offices, SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Fourteen Condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 18)

"I am right." Von Derp answered his own question. "You and Mr. Power went to that vacant house in his automobile—Number 1234—and placed the garter on the mantel in a ground-floor room. This done, Mr. Power telephoned to the nearest police station to say where the garter would be found. Already Mr. Dexter, of Scotland Yard, had sent out broadcast to the police a description of the garter, so they made a rush for it. Somehow, ridiculously enough, young Mr. Gaunt was entangled, but what I have said covers your actual participation in the garter affair. And now we come to the murder of old Daddy Heinz.

"How I learned all this is immaterial," he continued after a moment. "I did learn it. So when you called at the house in West Thirtieth Street to see Daddy Heinz I was in reach—always, you will bear in mind, with an eye to locating the jewels I am seeking.. I was within hearing distance when the three shots that killed the old man were fired. You were the only other person in that house. You ——"

"There was another man there," Hamilton broke in quickly. "I have explained ——"

"Who was he?" Von Derp flashed. "Where is he? Can you say even what he looked like?"

"I—I didn't see him. I was—was in another room."

"I can swear that only one person left that house after the shots were fired," Von Derp said slowly, "and that you were that person! I can swear to that because I saw you! So, you see, we have a motive for murder, exclusive opportunity, and now—if further proof is needed—you have in your possession at this moment one of the diamonds out of the garter—a single stone that had found its way back to Daddy Heinz. That's all." He stopped abruptly and arose. Instantly he became again the courteous, mathematically precise individual who had entered the room half an hour before. "I have the honor," he said, "to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"No! That is final."

For half a minute Von Derp remained standing, searching the other's face for a sign of weakness.

"Very well," he said at last. He dropped down into his chair and drew the desk telephone toward him. "Give me the nearest police station—quick!

"Hello!" Von Derp was talking. "Who is this? The police station? Just a moment, please!" He glanced up at Brokaw Hamilton.

"I—I think I will take time to—to think it over," the millionaire was saying. His face was haggard. "A week perhaps? I—I don't know ——"

Von Derp nodded, then spoke into the transmitter:

"I beg your pardon," he apologized "There's a mistake in the number. I'm sorry."

xxv

CAUSE and effect are as widely separated as the poles. Toss a stone into a millpond, and the ripples arising therefrom go scudding away to its remotest corners. Tossed into the New York police department, the mystery of my lady's garter sent ripples to the uttermost ends of the earth. The effect as a whole was as incongruous as it was widespread, and as widespread as it was apparently disassociated in its several units from a series of inexplicable incidents that occurred categorically in New York, the center of agitation. Yet each effect could be traced to a common cause.

For instance, in St. Petersburg the effect was a hurried meeting of the Russian cabinet; in Rio Janeiro an Englishman put on false whiskers; in Tokio an American adopted Japanese dress; in Washington the British Ambassador lost a rubber at bridge; in Berlin Mynherr, the superintendent of the Imperial Secret Service, received an odd cable dispatch; in Paterson, New Jersey, a jail was filled with Nihilists; in Boston a detective's beans grew cold because he was late for dinner; in London three Scotland Yard men developed nervous headaches; in Satuit Steve Ricketts, town constable, cherished grave doubts as to whether or not he would

(Continued on Page 34)

Soup "Italienne"

HERE is a favorite Italian dish Americanized and improved most delightfully. And nowhere in any country can you enjoy a more pleasing dinner-course than

Campbell's

VERMICELLI-TOMATO SOUP

To a purée of fresh whole tomatoes finely strained, we add the best French vermicelli which we import direct, for this soup, choice Virginia bacon, Philadelphia cream cheese, celery, parsley, butter, onions—browned, and fine spices.

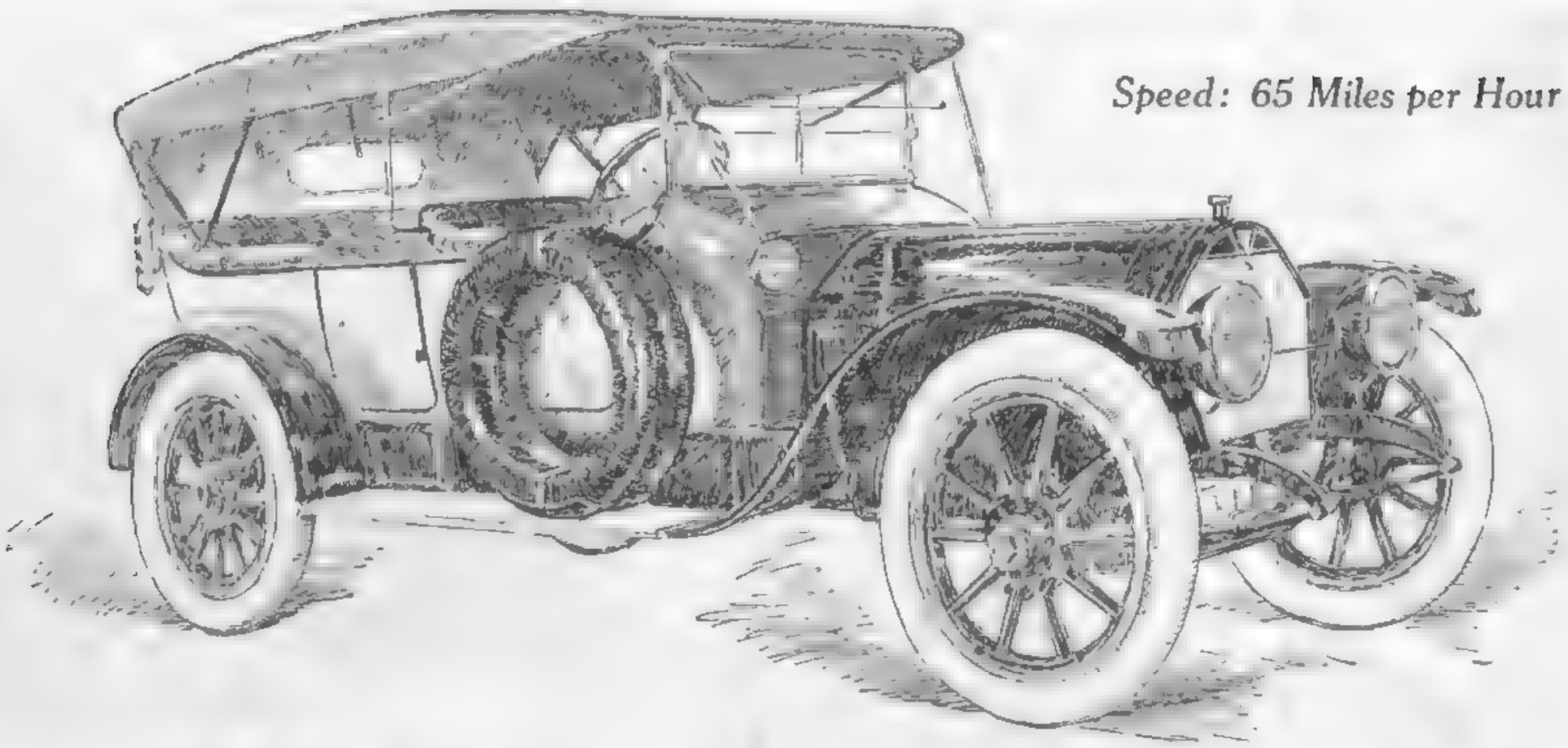
This soup is one more good example of the wide choice offered you among the various Campbell "kinds." Why not order them by the dozen—assorted—and get the full benefit of their tempting variety?

"O'er Klondike snow
I swiftly go
Warmed by *Campbell's*
Inward glow

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label



Here is the Answer

to that oft asked question: "What will Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a 'Six?'"

The "54" HUDSON is Mr. Coffin's reply to the most frequently asked question heard since the beginning of six-cylinder talk.

Experts who have driven the "54" through mountains, over long tours, in both winter and summer, and who have observed its ideal smoothness and flexibility, claim it to have no superior in any automobile, regardless of make or cost.

The surprise to all motordom is that Mr. Coffin developed the "54" HUDSON along entirely different lines from those he had followed in designing his four-cylinder cars.

He is too shrewd a designer to attempt such a departure unaided. Before starting his "Six" he built up his Board of 48 Expert Engineers. Then they all worked together for two years—until every man agreed that this was the best he knew.

Came From Everywhere

Gathered from everywhere, possessing the training and experience acquired in 97 factories, some of them in Europe, these men have helped to build more than 200,000 automobiles.

Mr. Coffin wanted his six-cylinder to be a wonderful car. He knows, as well as any one knows, the limit of any one man's ability. He knows there is much in six-cylinder cars that four-cylinder experience has not taught. So he went after the men who had done the most as six-cylinder designers.

Where One-Man Cars Fall Short

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No other designer has built as many successful automobiles. But the mastery of cars of the four-cylinder type is no indication that the man is master of the six.

Many a designer has learned that to his sorrow. Six-cylinder cars have wrecked splendid reputations built up by years of four-cylinder accomplishment.

Adding Two Cylinders Won't Make a Good Six

Very few designers have been able to get in excess of 30 per cent increased power from their six-cylinder motors of the same bore and stroke as used in their "four." Although they have added 50 per cent to the piston displacement, have practically doubled the gasoline and oil consumption, have increased the weight and have made the car more costly to operate, many sixes have failed entirely to develop that flexible smoothness for which sixes are really built.

Thus are shown the shortcomings of the one-man idea of designing. When one man dominates in the designing of an automobile, it expresses his ability and his limitations. Every man is over-developed in one way or another. Every man is good at one thing and not so good at other things. No man is perfectly balanced and no machine designed by any one man can be more rounded toward perfection than can be the ability and experience of the man who designed it.

This Not a One-Man Nor a One-Idea Car

But with 48 men, all concentrating on one car, not much is apt to be overlooked. No one man dominates. Each individual is a specialist in some branch of the work at which no one of his associates is quite his equal.

Consequently the "54" HUDSON is thoroughly proportioned.

It is not merely a "Six" which is made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car.

It has power. But its power is not abnormal in proportion to its other parts. It has beauty. But no detail of its mechanical design is overlooked.

It is completely equipped. Every detail that adds to comfort and luxury is included, but this is not done with the idea of attracting sales or through skimping in any other direction.

Each Supreme at His Work

Each expert is supreme in the work at which he leads. A badly proportioned car would be impossible under such methods of designing. Imagine the completeness of a car designed under such conditions. There are specialists among these 48 men, some of whom know nothing of motor designing. Their forte is in other directions. They have been gathered from everywhere.

The one-man car, no matter who built it—even though it were Howard E. Coffin himself—cannot be its equal, for no one man can ever possess the skill and experience these men combined possess.

But just as trained soldiers under proper generalship become a fighting machine of greater efficiency than are those same men without direction, so Howard E. Coffin by his inspiration and guidance brought out of his 47 associates work of which they are incapable under other conditions.

All that years of experience has taught in all the leading factories in all types of motor car construction, is represented by these 48 men.

This you can recognize when you examine the car even though you know nothing of automobile designing. You can sense the distinction, for it is expressed in every line, in the ease of the seats, in the purr of the motor, in its instant and powerful responsiveness, in the smoothness of its riding.

It gives an entirely different sensation from that experienced in other cars. Nothing short of an actual demonstration is sufficient to convey an impression of the smooth, gliding sensation of comfort and safety you feel in riding in the "54" HUDSON.

148

Electric Self-Cranking—Electrically Lighted

The "54" HUDSON—a "SIX"

Offered as the Master of any Automobile regardless of Price, Make or Power, in Beauty, Completeness, Easy Riding Quality, Safety, Responsiveness, Simplicity and Sturdiness.

This is the strongest statement we have ever made. Our own reputation and that of each of our forty-eight engineers is pledged on its correctness.

Comfort

Modern automobile designing is tending toward comfort and convenience. The time was when people were willing to put up with a great deal of inconvenience in their automobiling. They realized that a 150 mile drive in a day was fatiguing. Unless he was particularly robust the driver hardly felt like covering a similar distance the next day. His passengers usually were tired and cross at the end of the day's journey.

But in the HUDSON every known development looking toward easy riding qualities is incorporated.

The upholstering is 12 inches deep—Turkish type. You sink down into it and lounge restfully in its softness as you rest in a favorite chair. The springs are flexible, bodies rigid and well proportioned. There is roominess in the tonneau and in front.

The entire construction is the simplest yet used on motor cars. The car is so substantially built that mechanical cares are practically eliminated.

Completeness

The regular equipment includes an electric self-starter which, by the touching of a button and the pressure of a pedal, starts the engine without cranking it, and electric motor turning it over as many times as is needed. The electric motor is powerful enough to propel the car half a mile.

Electric lights are operated from a generator, also a part of the self-cranking arrangement. They project a brilliant light for a much greater distance than gas, and are controlled from the driver's seat.

The windshield has a rain vision arrangement which permits driving in a blinding rain with clear vision for the driver and with full protection to the occupants of the front seat. The windshield is made integral with the body.

The very appearance and feel of the "54" express its quality. A gauge indicates the flow of oil through the crank case. The oil itself is not seen. A hand records that proper lubrication is being given to all parts, and another gauge indicates the supply of gasoline. There is a speedometer and clock. All these are illuminated. The condition of the car and its supplies, both day and night, are at the immediate observation of the driver.

Demountable rims and big tires—36" x 4½"—minimize all tire cares. Tire holder, tools and every item of convenience are also included.

Getaway—Speed—Power

From a standing start, the "54" HUDSON will attain in 30 seconds a speed of 58 miles an hour. That indicates its getaway. What other car do you know will do as well?

On the Speedway at Indianapolis, a stock car, fully equipped, having two extra tires and hauling four passengers, top down and glass windshield folded, traveled ten miles at the rate of 62½ miles an hour. This is marvelous when you consider that only twelve months ago a $500 prize was offered to the stock touring car similarly equipped that would do one mile in one minute flying start on that track. Several well-known cars attempted the test but failed to make good. Well-known racing drivers pronounce the "54" HUDSON the fastest stock touring car built. It was not planned as a speed car, but as an ideal automobile for every requirement. It will go as slowly as 2½ miles an hour on high and fire evenly on all six cylinders. There is more speed in the "54" HUDSON than any driver, except an expert, traveling over a protected and absolutely cleared course, should ever demand of it.

The Chassis is Simple

There are but two grease cups on the motor. Other lubricating points throughout the chassis are just as accessible. They require comparatively little attention.

Consider the importance of choosing a car complete in every detail In your selection of an automobile it is important that not one item of its design and construction has been overlooked.

It is equally apparent that no one man is so infallible that he is not apt to make mistakes. The safeguard against error is in having many experts design the car. What one overlooks or is unable to accomplish, an associate corrects or is able to do. These 48 men, each a specialist in his line, have put into the car all that they have learned elsewhere. Can you imagine their leaving anything undone in a car they combined in building?

And can you think it possible that any one is likely to soon produce anything that these men have not already anticipated and that is not already on the "54" HUDSON?

If you do not know the name of the HUDSON dealer nearest you, write us. We will arrange a demonstration that will give you a new meaning of automobile service.

If you are interested in automobiles it will pay you to have your name on our mailing list. You will be kept constantly informed of the advances made in the most active, creative organization of designers in the industry. Send us your address.

Electric Self-Cranking [illegible] Positively effective.

Electric Lights. Brilliant head lights. Side lights Tail lamp. Illuminated dash. Extension lamp for night work about car. All operated by handy switch on dash

Ignition. Integral with electric cranking and electric lighting equipment. Gives magneto spark Known as Delco Patented System, the most effectively efficient yet produced

Power. Six-cylinders—In blocks of three. Long stroke. New type, self-adjusting multiple jet carburetor. High efficiency, great economy. 57.8 horsepower, brake test. 54 horsepower at 1500 revolutions per minute

Speedometer and Clock. Illuminated face. Magnetic construction. Jeweled bearings. Eight-day keyless clock

Windshield. Rain vision and ventilating. Not a makeshift. Not an attachment. A part of the body.

Upholstering. 12 inches deep. Highest development of automobile upholstering. Turkish type. Soft, flexible, resilient. Comfortable positions. Hand-buffed leather.

Horn—Bulb type Concealed tubing.

Demountable Rims. Latest type. Light. Easily removed. Carry 36" x 4½" Fisk tires **heavy car type.** Extra rim.

Top. Genuine mohair [illegible] graceful lines. Well fitted. Storm curtains. Dust envelope.

Bodies. [illegible] Deep, low, wide and [illegible] You sit in the car—not on it. High [illegible] graceful lines. All finished according to best coach practice [illegible] varnish and color

Nickel trimmings throughout.

Gasoline Tank. Gasoline is carried in tank at rear of car. Simple, effective, with two-pound pump pressure. Keeps constant supply in carburetor either going up or down hill. Magnetic gasoline gauge continually indicates gasoline level

Wheels. Extra strong. Artillery type. Ten spokes in front wheel. Ten hub flange bolts. Twelve spokes in rear wheel. Eight hub flange bolts. Six spoke bolts.

Bearings. All Roller bearings, thoroughly tested [illegible]

Wheel Base. 127 inches

Rear Axle. Pressed steel Full adjustable full floating. Large bearings. Heat treated nickel steel shafts. Easily disassembled, an item which indicates the simplicity and get-at-ableness of the entire car.

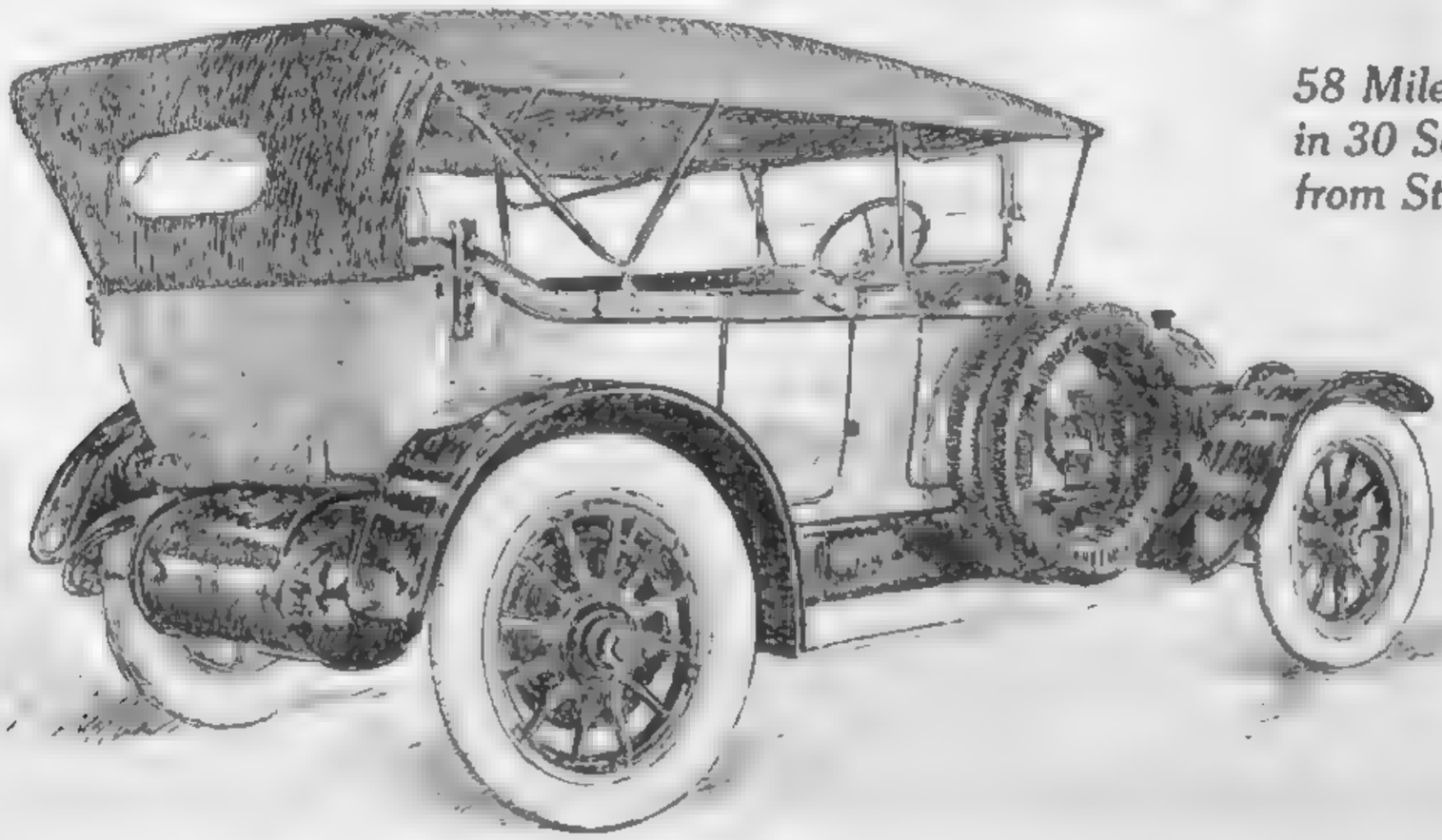
Simplicity. The HUDSON standard of simplicity is maintained. Every detail is accessible. There is no unnecessary weight. All oiling places are convenient. Every unit is so designed that it can be quickly and easily disassembled. Think what an advance this is over even the previous HUDSON—the "33"—the "Car with 1000 less parts"

Models and Prices. Five-Passenger Touring, Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster—$2450, f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price, duty paid, $3200, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, 7-passenger, $3750; Coupé, 3-passenger, $2950. Extra open bodies furnished with either Limousine or Coupé. Price quoted on request. One price to all—everywhere

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.

7361 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



58 Miles Per Hour in 30 Seconds from Standing Start

Power Comes From Knowledge

An individual who does not care to know never rises in the world.

Power comes from ideas set in motion.

If you have lost all desire to learn, you are on the down-grade.

It is only a question of time before an energetic knowledge-seeker will step ahead of you.

Dr. Eliot's Famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Harvard Classics

This collection of books contains, within the limits of an ordinary bookshelf, all the essentials of a liberal university education.

You know the story of the Five-Foot Shelf—how Dr. Eliot, President of Harvard University, rounded out a long career as America's foremost educator by producing this great work. Its publication was historic; it is a work without parallel in literature.

Dr. Eliot intended the Five-Foot Shelf for busy men and women who lack the time to read a roomful of books to gain a clear perspective of the world's thought and achievement.

64-Page Book Free

We have just issued a Popular Edition of the Five-Foot Shelf at a price that puts it within everybody's reach.

Send the coupon cut from this advertisement, and we will forward to you, immediately, full particulars of the Popular Edition, together with an attractive 64-page book which will tell you all about the Five-Foot Shelf

The Popular Edition is sold on easy terms that give you the benefit of the books while you are paying for them.

We want a few experienced special representatives in good localities to represent us in the distribution of the Popular Edition. Write direct to our main office in New York or apply personally to any branch office.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc.

Publishers of Good Books

416 West 13th Street

New York City

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.
416 W. 13th Street, New York

Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page book describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 31)

ever get back eighty-five cents he had spent for a telegram. In New York all sorts of things happened.

As I have said, all these things were tangibly, albeit tenuously, connected. The Englishman in Rio Janeiro who put on false whiskers was the individual who had originally stolen the garter from the British Museum, selling it later to Daddy Heinz. The American in Tokio had been his accomplice in that theft, and he adopted native dress as a disguise. In Washington the British Ambassador had been directed by his Government to request this Government to check newspaper discussion of the garter affair until the millionaire malefactor had been brought to justice, and this unusual request upset him so that he lost his rubber. The cable dispatch to Berlin had asked for a minute description of the missing crown jewels and was signed Meredith. The detective's beans grew cold in Boston because he was comparing two thumbprints. The Scotland Yard men in London developed headaches because of a stern rebuke from the Foreign Office for their failure to recover the garter.

There were important consequences as a result of the hurried cabinet meeting in St. Petersburg: first, a wholesale arrest of Nihilists—some twoscore men and half a dozen women gathered in from all parts of the Russian empire; and as an echo of that fourteen Nihilists were captured in Paterson, New Jersey, by special agen a. So the Czar slept in peace because the backbone of the greatest Nihilistic machine in the world was broken.

Now we come to the things that were happening in New York. Chronologically they came after this fashion:

Detective Meredith received a telephone message from a private suite in one of the large hotels. He was informed that the Russian Ambassador was desirous of seeing him immediately, so Meredith hurried there. The ambassador in person received him.

"Some few days since, Mr. Meredith," the diplomatist began, "while you were in Satuit, you received anonymously by mail from Boston a roughly drawn floor-plan of a house, with the words"—he consulted his notebook—"or, I should say, some figures and one word: '21 Willow—7/3.' That is correct?"

"Yes," Meredith assented in wonder.

"You made some investigation as a result of that, I suppose?"

"I did."

"May I inquire the result of that investigation?" the ambassador pursued. "I will pledge myself to secrecy if you wish."

"It isn't necessary," and the detective shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing worth while happened. There had been several jewel robberies in Boston, all presumably the work of one man—a notorious criminal known as The Hawk. There are several Willow Streets in the suburbs of Boston. Number 21 of one of these I found to be the home of a wealthy family; and the 7/3 was obviously a date of some sort. Therefore on the night of July third, the family having been called away, I took possession of the house and waited."

"And what ——"

"Nothing. At least there was no sign of The Hawk. My men stationed outside must have frightened him away, if indeed he had contemplated a robbery there. Incidentally I made the acquaintance that night of another man who was after The Hawk—this being Mr. August Von Derp, of the Imperial Secret Service of Germany. He waited with us until dawn. It seems that some of the crown jewels of Germany have disappeared, and he had reason to believe they were in The Hawk's possession."

The ambassador smoked a vile Russian cigarette down to the very dregs; Meredith lighted a cigar in self-defense.

"You never knew who sent you the plan of the house?" asked the diplomatist.

"Oh, yes. Von Derp sent it."

"Indeed!" in surprise.

"He had no authority to make an arrest and wanted me on hand if The Hawk should appear."

"I see," and the diplomatist smiled suavely. "That is all, I think. I thank you."

The next thing to happen in New York, bearing on the mystery in hand, was the sudden and complete collapse of Brokaw Hamilton. Old John Gaunt, en route for his office picked up a morning paper to find that his arch-enemy had gone down under the strain of the great financial fight and had taken to his bed, desperately ill.

He came into his office like a thundercloud. The first thing he did was to call up Brokaw Hamilton's home on the telephone.

"How is Mr. Hamilton?" he demanded.

"Very ill," came the reply.

"What's the matter with him?"

"A nervous breakdown, sir. Two physicians remained with him all night."

"Unable to attend to business, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir. The physicians say it may be months before ——"

"All right; thanks. Tell him Mr. John Gaunt inquired about his condition." He hung up the receiver and turned to his subordinates. "The fight's all off," he declared. "There's no glory in licking a dead man. I got about six millions out of him anyway. That'll hold me for a spell." He scribbled some orders on a sheet of paper. "Get in the market and stop it," he ordered. "Believe me, when Hamilton gets well again I'll take his watch!"

The third thing to happen was some strange metamorphosis in Helen. One afternoon she dropped in to tea at one of the fashionable hotels alone. There was a drooping sadness about the rosebud mouth, mute anguish in the blue eyes, a settled melancholy in her manner, a pensive note in her voice. She remained there until the limousine came up from downtown with her mother—and here was a new Helen; the Helen of old, rosy cheeked, sparkling, buoyant. There was a spring in her walk, and a laugh on her lips, and a flash of that old defiant fire in the depths of the blue eyes.

Mrs. Hamilton stared at her, amazed. Miracles of this sort were wrought only by that greatest necromancer of them all, Dan Cupid.

"Good gracious!" she soliloquized, "the child falls in and out of love like a duck goes in and out of water." Then aloud: "What is it, my dear?"

In the seclusion of the limousine Helen threw her vigorous young arms round her mother and squeezed her until she grunted.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Hamilton was alarmed.

"What do you think?" Helen demanded. "Mr. Von Derp asked me to marry him!"

"And"—there was resignation in Mrs. Hamilton's manner—"and are you so happy because of that?"

"No," said Helen enigmatically; "I'm happy in spite of it!"

Von Derp was at great concern as a result of the next happening in the series. Ostensibly he called at the Hamilton home to inquire after Mr. Hamilton; and once there he took advantage of the situation to remain to dinner. Helen fairly bubbled; he was charmed. Keen delight alternated swiftly in his face with some subtle thing that seemed to be bewilderment.

"What's the matter?" Helen asked curiously at last. "You look as if you had been sent for and couldn't go?"

"Nothing of consequence," he replied in that odd little way of his. "I had a sort of a shock this afternoon. I was in the grill of a hotel when I chanced to look out into the lobby and saw a man who"—he was leaning forward with his eyes fixed tensely on hers—"who I would have sworn was Bruce Colquhoun!"

"Bruce Colquhoun!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton.

"You didn't see his face?" Helen asked quickly.

"No," was the reply. "'Twas only a glimpse. He was hurrying through. By the time I reached the door he was gone. But the impression was so strong that ——"

"Nonsense!" Helen reproved him flippantly. "Bruce Colquhoun is dead!" She speared an olive with her fork. "You're seeing things."

The heartlessness of the remark was transparent. Mrs. Hamilton opened her beautiful eyes to their widest; Von Derp seemed more puzzled than ever. And this was the girl who had pledged him to clear Colquhoun's name of ignominy! A strange chain of thought ran through his mind.

"If I may judge from your tone," he began courteously, and again his shallow eyes were fixed upon her—"the obligation you placed upon me then is of no—no consequence?"

"Not the slightest," Helen assured him with a dazzling smile. "I wouldn't worry about it. I dare say Bruce Colquhoun was The Hawk after all!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GOAT

(Concluded from Page 19)

Buxom Billyos shook like jelly
As he turned to Prophet Smoot;
But it was the crafty Elly—
Deep one, whom the gods call Root—
Who this tricklet did devise
That T. R. might lose his prize:

"In Smithsonia's Institution," said he, "salted well away,
Lies a Populistic Dragon slain in Chester Arthur's day.
From those bones the teeth are dropping: now 'tis written by a seer
That the man who sows these molars in a Presidential Year
Shall, unless the gods o'ercome him, be so favored by the vote
That he'll gain the proper backing for to seize the Golden Goat.
In the field of nomination on the map of U. S. A.
Must these dragon's teeth be planted in the wholesome light of day—
Dare ye sow these dental seedlets?" snickered Elihu malign.
Answered dauntless Theodorus: "Never tooth hath frightened mine!
I will do it,
Lead me to it!"
Quoth the man of Sagamore.
Slyly winking,
Flyly blinking,
Soft the deep committee swore:
"William Jennings tried to sow those cussed dragon's teeth of yore;
Magic warriors from the soil sprang and the reckless Bill downbore.
Come, let's try the stunt on Teddy—and farewell to Theodore!"

VII—HE SOWETH THE DRAGON'S TEETH WITH UNEXPECTED RESULTS

'Twas on a broad-spread map marked U. S. A.
That Ted the magic dragon's teeth must sow.
Full forty buckets of these teeth they brought,
Boss chucking Boss in ribs as if to say:
"This deed will bring the issue to our states;
Armies of warriors will rise up against him.
The gang will swat him in the state conventions.
And as to preferential primaries—
Well, let us see!" Forth stepped stout Theodore,
His spectacles out-flashing in the sun.
Full double handful of the dragon's chawers
He carried to the section marked "New York."
Bill Barnes, thrice-dyed magician, hovered o'er
And to the darker genii of the game
Muttered: "The time has come; stand fast, my slaves!"
And ere our Hero moved to sow the seed
Dank Albany on the primaries did cast
The Boss's Blight.
So Teddy sowed the teeth.
And horrors! From each little inch of soil
A voter grew—but those Bill Barnes had blighted
Withered away. And only here and there
A Black Horse Trooper, panoplied for fight,
Leaped upon Teddy, snarling: "At you, knave!"
Deftly the Hero jabbed the Big Stick down
While forty journalists stood in a row
Warbling: "We saw this finish long ago!"
Yea, ill the day had gone for Theodore
Had he not staggered to the magic field
Marked Pennsylvania. There he cast more seed,
And, spite of Penrose and his frightful rage,
The field 'gan blossom with a mighty host
Of seven-foot Progressives who, upleaping,
Winnowed the foemen with their snickersnees
And whooped: "Hooray for Teddy!"
"Say, how's this?"
Gasped Billyos the Fat. "Isn't Boies Penrose
World-famous as the Boss Unbustible?"
"He was," wept Smoot, "but now and then the people
Get wise, and the unbustible is busted."

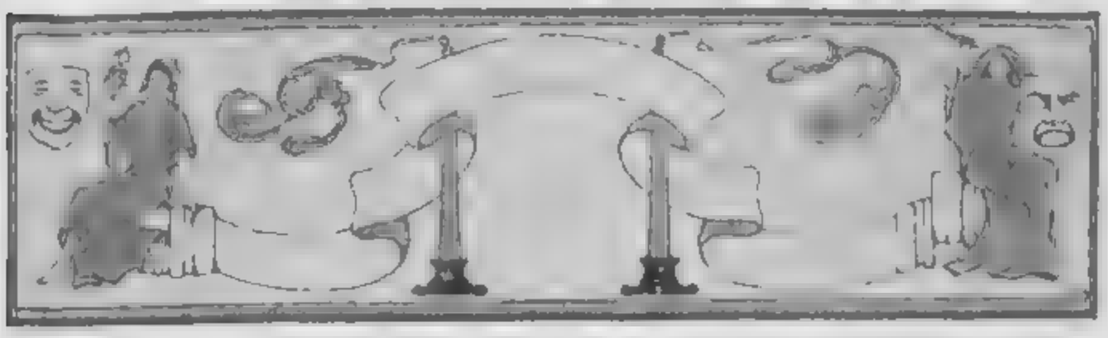
So went the sowing. Where a primary
Enriched the soil, there real Progressives sprang.
But where the state convention ruled the furrow,
There standpat warriors raged upon the field.
From Maine to California bloomed the crop,
A human harvest. The Houn' Dawg of War
Barked havoc, and the priests of Billyos—
They who had thought themselves so deep and 'cute
By bidding Teddy sow the teeth—now stood
A pallid troupe; for plainly they could see
How the vote crop arose in Illinois
And went to Teddy, as did California
And fat Ohio and a score of states.
"My suds, they seem to want him!" muttered Billyos;
But the big joker of the priesthood, Burton,
Replied: "It's what we want that wins the day.
Come—bring the Sacred Roller into play!"
Then forth the roller rolled with puffing hoarse
And through the states betook its stately course,
Squashing full many a delegate from view,
Creating out of nothing quite a few.
And as it went galumphing o'er the plain,
It cally-oped this strenuous refrain:
"Theodore, Theodore, votes you have plenty,
More than were looked for, perhaps:
Primaries called you in states fully twenty,
Others held doubtfuller scraps.
Don't hope too much, Ted—for let us supposen
There are some races where lame horses nose in.
Many are called—but how many are chosen?"

CHORUS:

"Jam in the delegates,
Scared-to-a-jelly-gates,
Black ones and white ones by hook, crook and bluff;
Drugged and arrested ones,
Slugged and protested ones.
All that we ask for is more than enough."

VIII—SONG OF A BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN CHEERING A BREAD-AND-BUTTER DELEGATE TO CHICAGO

"Dey's a bran' new niggah on dis promenade,
He's a coon an' jes' as black as he kin be.
He jes' big's a Pullman carman—he has been a county chairman,
Jes' lak white folks in Kentuck an' Tennessee.
He been promised fo' his vote, sah, job ob S'veyor ob de Po't, sah,
Fo' Abe Mosely make dat promise very free.
Sho' no wondah dat Ah holla as de local boss Ah folla—
Fo' dat bran' new coon am me!"



From Any Point of View

most collars are not altogether satisfactory, especially in the warm weather—you cannot feel right, or look right, with a wet crumpled down collar around your neck. **Litholin Collars and Cuffs** stand up under all conditions—won't wilt or fray. When soiled, can be made as white as new in a minute with a damp cloth—*save all laundry bills.*

Collars 25c—Cuffs 50c

When at your desk, on the train, at the dance or in the field, you will *always* find **Litholin Collars** comfortable, clean and in style. Have the dull linen finish—all popular shapes. Turndowns have a "slip-easy" space for the tie.

TO THE TRADE Litholin is now packed two dozen collars to the box each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. Our selling and distributing plan explains the great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer. Write for it today. The old style Litholin packing is continued as before

We also sell a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.

If your dealer is not selling LITHOLIN, write, giving size, style, number of collars desired, and we will mail postpaid direct. Styles booklet on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO., 7 & 9 Waverly Place, New York

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

The factory puts it there with matchless mechanical construction—the 5-year guarantee proves we know it's there—service records of machines in use 5, 6, and even 7 years are conclusive proof that WALES construction gives the user unusual value without costing him one cent extra.

Only Adding Machine Guaranteed 5 Years

Some of the largest and most careful buyers in the country—International Harvester Co., Public Service Gas Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co., Pennsylvania Railroad, National City Bank of New York, U. S. Government (user of 264 WALES) and 1500 and more banks, all carefully considered the question of "Service" before they finally bought the WALES Visible.

They accepted the WALES features of visible printing, visible total, flexible keyboard, easy handle pull, etc., as valuable and necessary for best service. You, too, will think so when you investigate the WALES

All the facts if you mail the coupon. Free trial—easy payments if you wish.

The Adder Machine Company
259 Walnut St., Kingston Station, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Agents in All Leading Cities.

Pin Coupon to your Letter head

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALES Visible.

Name
Address
Business

BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER

NEVER refuse a child Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. The child's nature longs for it, and the child naturally demands it.

Peanut Butter flavor has an affinity for air but Beech-Nut Airtight Sealing claps a lid on the glass jar quick and tight, and holds the flavor till you spring the lid off.

You'll like it like the "kids" do, on bread or crackers, etc. Nourishing, too. Nothing in it but peanuts and salt, ground to a creamy golden brown butter. Try a 15c jar from your grocer *today*. But *insist* on Beech-Nut brand.

For Children After School, Fine.

Made by the makers of famous Beech-Nut Bacon. Visit the clean, sunny Beech-Nut plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional
But They Are
MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

D&M Baseballs
Our sailors at home and on foreign stations win their ball games with the D & M Baseball. The U. S. Navy selected the D & M Ball after the most critical tests for superiority. Every ball, bat, mitt, glove or uniform which bears the D & M trade mark is guaranteed to
Ask your dealer for our 1912 catalog of Athletic
The Draper-Maynard Co.
Dept. P
Plymouth, N. H.
D&M

TYPEWRITERS
Visible
sold or rented anywhere
Typewriter Emporium, 34 36W Lake St Chicago Ill

KY. BLUE GRASS
Fancy Recleaned Seed. Lowest Prices.
WOOD, STUBBS & CO., Louisville, Ky.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED.
RICHARD B OWEN 31 Owen Building Washington D C

PATENTS
MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, Attys.,
Estab. 50 Years. Information and Booklet FREE.
615 F Street, Washington, D.C., and New York City.

Make your lemonade different
and better by adding to each quart
one glass of
Welch's
Grape Juice
The National Drink
It is a fitting refreshment
for a large or small occasion.

OLD DOCTOR BRYAN

(Concluded from Page 11)

is, before the first ballot—and their one great play had been to gather in enough thick-and-thin votes to control two-fifths of the convention and prevent, for the time being, the gaining of two-thirds by Clark. They had fair success and Bryan helped a lot.

Then Bryan came to the bat again. He proposed his resolution declaring it the sense of the convention that the Democratic party had no use for the Ryans, Belmonts, Murphys and others, and moved that these men, or some of them, be expelled from the convention. Of course that raised a row. Bryan expected it would. Finally he compromised by cutting off that part of the resolution demanding the expulsion of Ryan and his like, and the convention adopted the perfectly virtuous resolution that the Democracy be in no wise controlled by the predaceous plutocrats. They thought they had beaten Bryan again, but Bryan knew far more than they did. His object was to identify the opposition to his candidate with these men and to get the news officially out to the country. The news got out, and in a short time the delegates began hearing from the folks back home, and hearing from them in a direct and emphatic manner. After a while it seeped into the minds of the bosses that Bryan had whipsawed them again. They are slow of understanding, these bosses, but they comprehended after a time.

Clark led for a good many ballots. Murphy had voted his ninety New York votes for Harmon for ten ballots. Then came the time for the grand, spectacular Clark coup. Murphy dramatically cast his ninety votes for Clark. There was cheering; Clark's vote went up, but it didn't go up enough, for by this time the Wilson-Bryan combination had gained strength, the folks back home were sending in wires and letters, the fatal straddling of the Clark people had had its effect, and it was then apparent Clark could not win.

There was enormous outcry against Bryan, but he was unmindful. He demanded that the successful candidate of the convention should not be nominated by the aid of the ninety Murphyized votes of New York, and intimated he would bolt if that came about. He was flushed with victory and he had the swing with him.

The Bosses' Waterloo

There was a time when the nomination of Clark seemed certain, but that certainty was based on information that lacked the essential knowledge of what Bryan intended to do and what he could do. It seemed as if the Clark managers had set up all the requisite pins, had made all the powerful combinations necessary, had pursued a masterly middle-of-the-road course, and that it was all over but the cheering for Clark. It seemed that way, for Wall Street, as typed by Ryan, was bitterly against Wilson, and so were Hearst and Murphy and Sullivan and Taggart and many of the minor bosses. But Bryan was not against Wilson. Whether or not he was for him at the start, or whether or not he wanted the nomination himself, he was for Wilson at the finish, and he outmaneuvered and outplayed and overmatched all the Clark people. Moreover, he did a good deal for the Democratic party by virtually dissociating it from the men who have been handicaps to it for a long time.

The success of Wilson at Baltimore is merely another proof of the contention that the day of the political boss is over. The bosses made their last stand in the Republican party at Chicago, and won by a narrow margin. They made their last stand at Baltimore, and lost. There never will be another Democratic national convention like that one. Wilson won because the bosses were against him. The logic of politics was with him. The state of public feeling assisted, and in addition he had the mighty influence of Bryan to aid him. The minute the delegates and the people, complaisant enough at the start, found out definitely that the bosses were out to defeat Wilson, the nomination of Wilson became certain, not only because he was the strongest candidate the Democrats could name but because the opposition of the bosses made his nomination quite certain.

Wilson's nomination is but the reflection of the state of public feeling. His party is largely radical or progressive. So is this country, whether the radicals at present call themselves Republicans or Democrats. And with a shrewdness that shows their keen appreciation of the state of public feeling, Wilson's managers fought their fight on their own lines, and won.

Three years ago Wilson was the president of a university and was known as a writer on historical and economic topics. Today he is the candidate of the Democratic party for president, with more than an even chance of being the next president of the United States. The fight made for him was vigorous, at times spectacular and always intelligent. It was not complicated with affiliations with bosses. It kept clear of factionalism. It met with reverses and discouragements, but it won, as it had to win, because of all the candidates presented to the convention and to the people Wilson more nearly than any of the other aspirants typed what the people want in a candidate.

Bryan's Good Generalship

There were times in the Wilson campaign when there was not enough money to pay running expenses. There were times when the current seemed to run so strongly to Clark that the overwhelming defeat of Wilson seemed a certainty. It was an uphill fight, and the success is largely due to a young New York lawyer, W. F. McCombs, who handled the campaign, and to his chief assistant, Thomas J. Pence, a Washington newspaper man, who did prodigies of publicity and supplied not a little good political judgment.

When you run over the names of the men most active in promoting the fortunes of Wilson you do not find the name of a boss in the list. In addition to McCombs and Pence, the principal and most active proponents of Wilson were Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, who is the political foe of Guffey and who was very active for Wilson; Senator O'Gorman, of New York; Senator Culberson and Representatives Burleson and Henry, of Texas; Senator Gore, of Oklahoma; Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi; Representative William Hughes, of New Jersey; F. B. Lynch, Democratic national committeeman from Minnesota; and Joseph E. Davies, Democratic national committeeman from Wisconsin. Of course there were many others, but these men were the leaders and they made the fight.

As for Bryan, he not only settled several old scores—notably by his denunciation of Murphy and Tammany Hall and his assault on Parker, Ryan and Belmont, which was the personal end of it—but he left Baltimore still the biggest individual force in the Democratic party, having named the candidate, made the platform and routed his foes, all in one week. More than that, he named a candidate they are all forced to accept, notwithstanding the grumbling of Champ Clark and his managers, who shout treachery. Bryan was playing for bigger stakes than the man for candidate. He was playing for Bryan and Bryan's supremacy. It is not necessary to go into Bryan's motives; but the fact is, at this convention he early saw there had been a combination of the bosses to control the convention and nominate the man the bosses wanted, and he saw the strategy of the situation and grasped it. He attacked them at their weakest point, so far as the people are concerned—boss rule.

He may or may not have been for Wilson as against all others. That is a matter of small moment, and is made improbable by his suggestion of compromise on Culberson, Rayner, James or Kern. The eventual fact is that he finally was for Wilson, brought about Wilson's nomination, and that he prepared a platform that brings to the front the live issues of the day according to his viewpoint and to the viewpoint of many another. He was the commanding general, understood the necessity for a progressive candidate, and got one by resourcefulness, courage and a keen sense of the politics of the situation. As for the bosses, the combiners, the traders and the manipulators, they had their final lesson, for the next time it is necessary to nominate presidential candidates the people will do the nominating and the bosses will merely be the registering machines, the rubber stamps.

The most appreciated contribution you can make to the picnic basket is a box of JOHNSTON'S —"The Appreciated Candy."

Chocolates

"To Suit Every Taste"

Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Almonds
Swiss Style Milk Chocolate Creams
Original Dutch Bitter Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Innovation Sweets

High-class dealers sell Johnston's. If you cannot be supplied locally, we will send an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

Makes a Safety Of Any Razor

No matter how nervous you are, it is virtually impossible to cut yourself with the Best Razor Guard. It prevents the common fatal stroke—makes shaving safe. Fits any razor, slips on and off. Reversible, adjustable.

"BEST" RAZOR GUARD $1.00

Nothing like it—light, simple, practical and durable—lasts forever. Always ready—nothing to break—cannot nick or dull blade. Makes old razors safest—the "Best" Razor Guard makes them safe. Saves $36.50 yearly. $1.00 postpaid. FREE "Advice to Shavers."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—Order now, from this Ad. It is a legal guarantee. If you are not entirely satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded.

GIVEN AWAY—RAZOR—With your "Best" Razor Guard we will give absolutely free a $2.50 razor. Order now—you take no risk. Send $1.00 by express money order.

Best Sales Co.
612 Nassau Bldg
Denver, Colo.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

Write for our special offer and catalog showing sample bicycle.

Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models $10 to $27

1911 & 1912 Models all of best makes $7 to $12

100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, $3 to $8

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
SHIP ON APPROVAL
cent deposit, pay balance

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalog and offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. S-55. CHICAGO

THE ADVENTURES OF ANASTASIUS

(Continued from Page 21)

not be invested to more advantage to himself than in Lonely Hopes. He told her he thought he might find her a more remunerative speculation; but she would not listen. She had set her heart on purchasing Lonely Hopes; and she declared that if she could not get them from Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington she would have to go to a cousin—who was a stockbroker—for them. And she smiled so sweetly and pleaded so prettily that when she went she took with her a contract note for the delivery of sixteen hundred shares in the Lonely Hope Goldfields, Limited, and left behind a check signed Sibyl L'Estrange, and a faint perfume which made Moya sniff disdainfully when she next entered the room.

Anastasius turned to the telephone and endeavored to get into communication with Mr. Frinton-Potts. In this he was unsuccessful; and, though he rang up that gentleman's number half a dozen times before five o'clock, his customary time for leaving, the only result was to receive the stereotyped answer of "No reply!" from the exchange. Accordingly he sent him a note saying that he had found a customer for sixteen hundred of his shares and inclosing a check for eighty pounds in payment, together with a transfer note for him to execute. After all, he thought he had not done so badly! The deal showed a clear profit of over one hundred pounds.

That evening he dined at the Carlton, with a faint hope that he might obtain a glimpse of his afternoon visitor; for he had an intuition that he was fated to meet her again. Naturally he said nothing of this intuition to Moya, to whom he had explained that the interview had produced far different results from those she had suggested as likely.

"You wait!" she had replied. "You haven't got rid of her yet; and when she finds out that you have loaded her with some rotten pieces of paper she will not feel inclined to let you alone. I know the sort."

"Really, Miss Marston," he had said, "you are a most admirable young woman of business; but unfortunately you allow your personal feelings to interfere with your judgment." He pinched her ear. "Moya," he continued, "I believe you are actually jealous!"

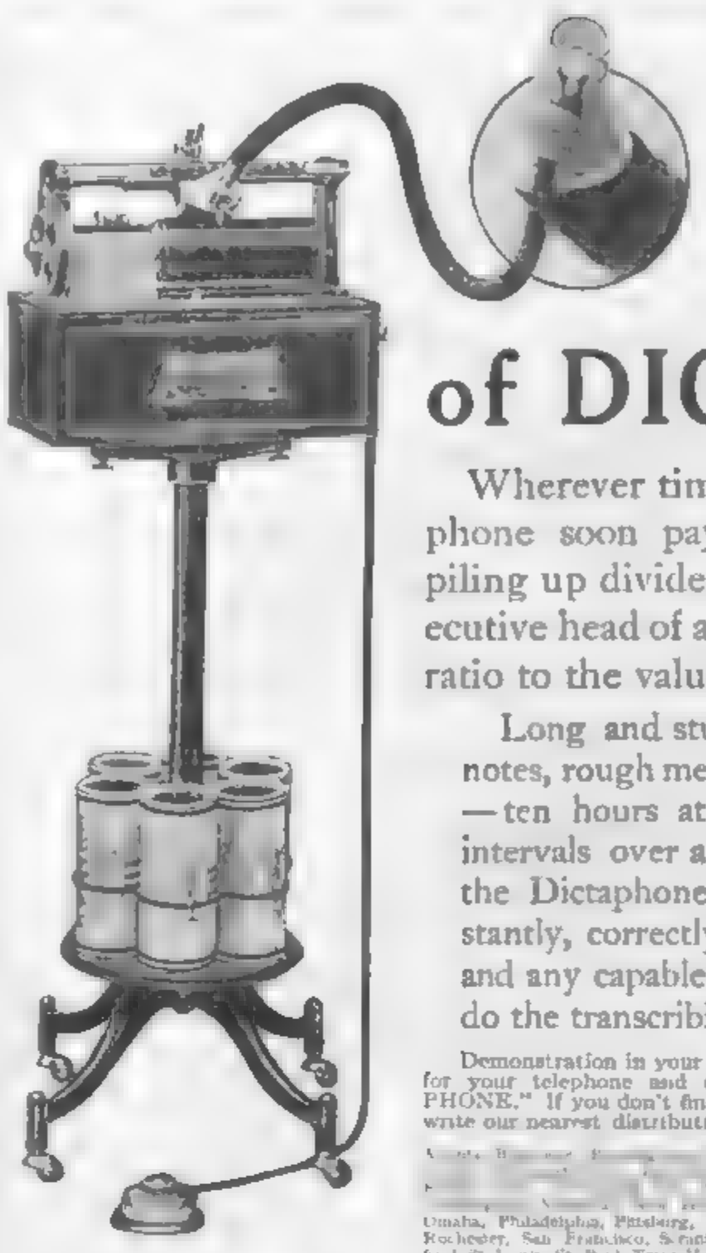
"Jealous!" she had answered—"Jealous of—of——" And she sailed away, her head high in the air, with something like a sob choking her throat and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye.

The next morning the name of Sibyl somehow mixed itself up with Anastasius' calculations, but without really seriously affecting them until after the delivery of the midday post. By this mail, however, there arrived a letter which caused him seriously to think. It was from Mr. Frinton-Potts returning Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington's check, with the transfer note unsigned and the intimation that, as the firm had not thought fit to exercise its option within the time allowed, he must decline to sell any shares at the price arranged. A footnote served to explain the reason: "Lucky for me your option expired yesterday—see cablegram in this morning's papers!"

Anastasius looked up the morning news and read that the management of the Lonely Hope gold mine reported a strike of a body of rich ore assaying ninety shillings a ton. Without delay, he rang up his broker and asked him to ascertain the price of Lonely Hopes. The answer came back: "Two pound buyers—market very short."

There was only one thing to be done. He immediately dictated a letter to Mrs. L'Estrange informing her that he had been mistaken in thinking that Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington had any shares in the Lonely Hope Goldfields, Limited, left to dispose of, since the whole parcel had been previously distributed to earlier applicants. He begged, therefore, to send Mrs. L'Estrange his own check in return for hers and hoped to receive the contract note in due course.

To this request he received no reply. Neither was his check cleared nor did any requests for acknowledgment secure any answer. Anastasius began to be



This is the Direct Method of DICTATION

Wherever time is money, the Dictaphone soon pays for itself and begins piling up dividends. Its value to the executive head of a great business is in exact ratio to the value of his own services.

Long and studied letters, quick, terse notes, rough memoranda, office messages, —ten hours at a stretch or at scattered intervals over a period of any length—the Dictaphone receives them all, instantly, correctly, almost automatically—and any capable operator on the staff can do the transcribing.

Demonstration in your own office and on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "THE DICTAPHONE." If you don't find that name in the book, write our nearest distributing branch:—

Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Me., Portland, Or., Rochester, San Francisco, Scranton, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, St. Louis, St. Paul, Terre Haute, Toledo, Washington, Wilmington. Canadian Headquarters, McKinnon Building, Toronto

THE DICTAPHONE

(Columbia Phonograph Company, General, Sole Distributors)

Executive Office, 131 Tribune Building, New York. Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented

An Improvement That Pays for the Machine

The above is an accurate statement of the service rendered by the Column Selector of the Model 10

Remington Typewriter

On the Model 10 Remington the starting point of every line of the letter is reached by one touch on a Column Selector Key. The time saved by eliminating hand adjustments of the carriage averages *40 seconds* per letter and envelope. This average has been determined by numerous comparative tests.

Forty seconds per letter! Multiply that by the number of letters your operator writes—every day and every week. Figure this time on the basis of the wages you pay your operator. Then you will see how quickly this improvement pays for the machine.

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

It is one thing to make soda crackers that are *occasionally* good.

It is quite another thing to make them so that they are not only always better than all other soda crackers, but ***always of unvarying goodness.***

The name "Uneeda"—stamped on every one of them—means that if a million packages of Uneeda Biscuit were placed before you, you could choose any one of them, confident that every soda cracker in that package would be as good as the best Uneeda Biscuit ever baked. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

seriously uneasy, especially as the price of Lonely Hopes went steadily up. He began to make inquiries about both Mrs. L'Estrange and Mr. Frinton-Potts, and what he learned did not lessen his uneasiness. Mrs. L'Estrange, he discovered, was not a widow, but the wife of a gentleman on the Stock Exchange who was noted for his astuteness, while Mr. Frinton-Potts was a cousin of the same gentleman.

To Moya, who had secured the information, Anastasius indignantly declared that the whole deal was a gross attempt to swindle him, and that under no circumstances would he pay any differences.

Settling day came and went without any further communication from the *ci-devant* widow; but the day of reckoning was only postponed. It came with the advent to the office of Mr. James Juniper, of the well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Juniper, Jilks & Juniper, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Anastasius scented trouble the moment this gentleman's card was handed to him.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"In Mr. Wilberforce's room," replied the girl. If Anastasius had been at that moment in company with Mr. Juniper he would have scented still more trouble, for he would have observed that the visitor was busily engaged in placing in a little bag which he had brought with him the correspondence which was left lying on Mr. Wilberforce's table; but he was not to learn of this calm appropriation until after Mr. Juniper, being shown into his own room, had revealed himself as the representative of Mrs. L'Estrange and had come to demand the delivery of the shares she had purchased.

For this demand Anastasius was prepared; and, with a fine show of indignation, he expressed his opinion of the plot which had been worked with the object of relieving him of a large sum of money. "I know all the parties," he said. "You may take, sir, what action you like; but never will I pay unless I am compelled by a court of law. You may rest assured, sir, that, if I do have to pay, the trickery of your clients shall be made known to the world and be held up to the scorn of all honest men."

Mr. Juniper listened to the eloquence of Anastasius unmoved. He was a ruddy-faced gentleman whom nine persons out of ten would have pronounced to be a small country squire who farmed his own land; but there was a twinkle in his gray eyes which spoke of shrewdness.

"H'm!" he ejaculated when Anastasius had finished. "Before you talk in that strain, Mr. Washington Yorke, let me recommend to you a consideration of the saying about people who live in glass houses. It has many present-day applications."

"If you mean to assert that I ever descend to trickery——" began Anastasius magnificently.

Mr. Juniper waved a deprecating hand. "Take the advice of a professional man, Mr. Yorke," he said. "I only know that there were a short time ago, in the room of a non-existent Mr. Wilberforce, a number of letters which to all appearances represent transactions with and on behalf of various well-known financial houses. Those letters are now in my possession and I am very much afraid indeed that, if this little matter of my client's is not settled amicably, the results of investigations into the authenticity of those letters may conceivably furnish material for your cross-examination when you go into the box in defense of the claim made against you."

Anastasius succumbed. Mr. Juniper took away with him a check for eight thousand pounds, being the price of sixteen hundred shares in the Lonely Hope Goldfields, Limited, at the making-up price of five pounds. He left behind him a bundle of bogus correspondence which, torn into tiny fragments, was disposed of in a waste-paper basket and a contract note for the sale of sixteen hundred shares.

Sadly that evening Anastasius made a new entry in his little book of reflections. It ran: "Feminine intuition is on occasion more reliable than masculine judgment."

The acquirement of this piece of philosophy cost him eight thousand pounds. And it said much for Moya's affection and for her power of self-control that not once did she say: "I told you so!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by G Sidney Paternoster. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Better Walls *for* Less Money than Lath *and* Plaster!

For New Houses

Bishopric Wall Board looks better and wears better than lath and plaster and costs a great deal less. Use it on your new house—save a month's time and half the cost of plastering. The beauty, solidity, durability and sanitary qualities of your Bishopric walls and ceilings will give lifetime satisfaction.

For Remodeling

This wonderful Wall Board is ideal for remodeling old houses, making extra rooms in attic or basement.

Beautiful, Durable, Sanitary

Nail the sheets direct to studs. Goes on dry. No muss, no fuss. Instantly ready for paint, paper, kalsomine or other decoration. Nothing could be more artistic.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Moisture-Proof—Fire-Resisting

Free Sample

Bishopric Wall Board is a combination of [illegible] asphalt mastic [illegible] dipped in hot asphalt mastic (a non-burning [illegible]) under tremendous pressure [illegible] makes a smooth, enduring and sanitary

$5,000 Anti-Warp Bond

Every [illegible] Wall Board stiffened by lath [illegible] Fire-proof, Rat-proof, [illegible] Non-conductor [illegible]

$2.50 Per 100 Sq. Feet

Comes in 4 ft. x 4 ft. sheets, ready to apply. Price $2.50 for 100 square feet; $6.40 per crate of 16 sheets, 256 square feet.

Free to Home Owners and Carpenters

Send for Free Bishopric Book, Free Sample, Free Plan of Model House and copy of $5,000 Anti-Warp Bond. Enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
40 Este Avenue (67) Cincinnati, Ohio

GILBERT Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

Entirely Different

ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling and [illegible] PURE SILK and [illegible] Oxford silk sweat band [illegible] White Canvas Cases. [illegible] Panama Hats. [illegible] Derby Hats, worth $3.00 [illegible] and [illegible] GILBERT HATS, worth [illegible] [illegible] $3.25 [illegible] and [illegible] Send [illegible] for GILBERT'S NEW STYLE BOOK.

GILBERT & COMPANY, Decatur, Illinois.

Broom and brush remove only SURFACE dirt, and work with them is drudgery.

THE JEWEL Vacuum Sweeper

To introduce the best New Style Vacuum Cleaner Works like carpet sweeper—runs on wheels, can be operated by a child. Powerful suction taking up every particle of dirt. Every demonstration means a sale. $10 will bring it to your home—PAID FOR and YOURS. Ready to save your health, your back, your rugs and carpets. It will save you $10 in 10 months. It lasts a lifetime.

Money Back the Same Day, If You Are Not Satisfied.

Order of our representative in your city, county, or direct.

Representatives Wanted in Unoccupied Territory

GENERAL APPLIANCE CORPORATION
225 Centre St., New York City

PATENT YOUR IDEAS Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentable nature. Patents secured by us advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journal.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
615 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 16 years

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure and writing of the Short Story taught by J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.

Dr. Esenwein

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Myrick Building, Springfield, Mass.

First Aid Always,—

Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

AS SUMMER PASSES

Woman's delicate complexion is again exposed to sudden, trying weather changes. The use of LABLACHE prevents ill effect from cold or heat, wind or sun. Protects the complexion, retains the delicate bloom and velvety softness desired by women of refinement.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10 cents for a sample box.

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 42
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

$18 for New Typewriter

[illegible] is speedily and [illegible] perfect work as [illegible] perfect [illegible] Writing [illegible] Manifolding [illegible] Kind of paper or [illegible] [illegible]

BENNETT Portable Typewriter

was perfected by a mechanical expert. Only 350 parts. Others have 1,000 to 3,700. Hence our $18 price. Made in famous [illegible] and sold on many [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] catalog and special proposition. Agents wanted.

G. G. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO. 346 Broadway New York

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc. send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of interest to Inventors. E. G. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

A Campaign for the Housewife and the Grocer

With a Word About Food Value and Food Prices

With the cost of living as high as it is now, it is more important than ever to get all you are entitled to; in buying food products, to consider the food value of what you buy, the energy it supplies, its nourishment, its digestibility. To be sure of quality in *all* goods and full net weight in the packages.

WE are using every means we know—magazines, street cars, billboards, newspapers—to tell you about two great food products made from corn—Kingsford's Corn Starch and Karo Corn Syrup—and their enormous increase in sales since people began to think about food value and food prices. And the third feature of this great campaign is the advertising and sales promotion of Kingsford's Oswego Gloss Starch, which impresses housewives with the facts about the quality of this product and the superior results the laundress gets with it.

20,000,000 Housewives Read Karo and Kingsford's Advertising Every Month

It is computed that 20,000,000 women read the Kingsford's and Karo advertising and benefit by the hints and suggestions it gives on household topics and the advice and recipes for the preparation of dainty and delicious dishes. 20,000,000 means nearly all the progressive housewives of the land, and most every housekeeper will find a favorite journal among the publications Kingsford's and Karo use. This list includes:

The Ladies' Home Journal
Butterick Trio
Woman's Home Companion
Housekeeper
Housewife
Ladies' World
Pictorial Review
Modern Priscilla
Mothers' Magazine
McCall's
People's Home Journal
Woman's World
St. Nicholas
Collier's
Leslie's Weekly
Christian Herald
The Saturday Evening Post

If by any chance you have missed this advertising, look it up at once. It will give you many interesting facts you ought to know.

Housewives Should Know What They Want and GET What They Order

We are doing this advertising because this is a time to emphasize quality in what people are buying. We want to drive home the truth about Kingsford's and Karo, the integrity of these products, their value, their economy and their vast and deserved popularity, and the increasing call for them over every grocery counter in America. We want to strengthen the hand of the reliable grocer in every neighborhood, wholesaler or retailer, who sells Kingsford's and Karo, and who refuses to offer doubtful substitutes, short-weight packages or unknown labels.

We want you to notice your grocer's shelves and to see whether he sells you these standard packages or some brand you do not know and never heard of before.

About the Only Foods That Haven't Gone Up in Price

Corn, that great American staple, has doubled in price the last dozen years. Yet on our two famous food products made from corn—Kingsford's Corn Starch and Karo Corn Syrup—we have kept down the price to you as low as ten years ago.

With moderate price, and with a greater assurance of purity, it is difficult to conceive why Kingsford's Corn Starch is not universally used, with its 64 years' reputation of careful manufacture under its exclusive processes that insure extreme delicacy of quality and absolute purity. In fact Kingsford's costs no more than the ordinary corn starch usually sold that cannot give anything like the same results. The housewife would do well to keep this fact in mind and avoid substitutes said to be as good, even if, in some instances, they may be offered at a less cost.

You Get FULL Net Weight in Every Kingsford's or Karo Package

In these days of short weights and short cuts of one kind and another, it is important to see that you get full weight. It is a common thing to find corn starch or syrup in short-weight packages. Kingsford's and Karo have always been full net weight, plainly marked on the label.

This fact, together with their fine quality, has made their wide popularity. The housewife demands full weight and honest measure in the goods she buys and she is looking after this and the quality in the package more sharply every day.

She has learned to her cost that cut-price package goods are too often short weight, and there is no quality nor economy in questionable brands and unknown labels.

Grocers, too, who want to keep their trade are learning this lesson—stick to standard package goods, full weight, high quality, one price, with the name of a manufacturer you know on the label as a guarantee.

The UNDERFEED

SAVED Over $50 Annually For Eight Years

Cuts Coal Bills ½ TO ⅔

SEVEN YEARS ago (Aug. 25, 1905), A. M. Trenholm, Rockford, Ill., wrote: "A year ago I installed an Underfeed and I am more than pleased. Last winter I saved more than $50 on fuel. The Underfeed is absolutely soot and dust proof and very simple to run."

May 27, 1912, Mr. Trenholm wrote: "During the eight years I have used the Underfeed Furnace, I have saved more than $50 each year in fuel besides keeping my house thoroughly heated during the coldest weather. I have a large house, with large double hall, and I never was able to heat the whole house comfortably until I put in the Underfeed. The furnace is in just as good condition as when I put it in and looks to me as if it would last indefinitely."

Ans Trenholm

Right NOW—before the Autumn rush—plan to do what Mr. Trenholm did years ago—put in an Underfeed and cut *YOUR* coal expense ½ to ⅔ next winter. Write for FREE Booklet describing

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

YOUR Underfeed (Furnace or Boiler) will soon pay for itself and every year thereafter—for a lifetime—will keep on cutting down your fuel expense.

The Underfeed is easily regulated; requires little attention. Coal is fed from below. Fire is on top and in direct contact with the most effective radiating surfaces. Even heat results—no blanketing of fire with fresh coal as in ordinary furnaces. No alternating chill and overheat. Always steady, *even* heat.

In the Underfeed, cheap slack soft coal and pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal yield *more* heat, *cleaner* heat and more *even* heat than high priced coal in other heaters.

Smoke and gases, wasted in other heaters, pass up through the fire in the Underfeed and are consumed, producing more heat. This means perfect combustion—no gases or smoke, no soot, no clinkers and but few ashes.

If you are about to build; if you paid *dearly* for *unsatisfactory* heat last winter; if you still use stoves or grates—fill out coupon below for FREE furnace or boiler booklet.

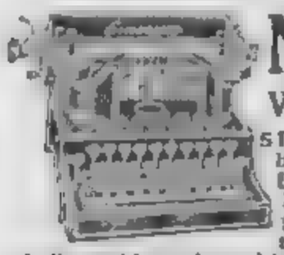
Free Heating Plans and Estimates Prepared for You by Our Engineering Department. Write TODAY.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Ave., CINCINNATI, O.

DEALERS—Write for our Winning Sales Proposition.
PROPERTY OWNERS—In writing use coupon below.

Write for Free Booklet

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.
Send me—FREE—
Underfeed Furnace Booklet / Boiler Booklet
Indicate by X Booklet you desire.
Name
Address
Name of my dealer



No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers pronounce the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made until after we send you an EMERSON to try. YOU CAN EARN ONE or a similar machine without paying one cent. We want a representative in every town or state who have recently earned EMERSONS without cost, or you may exchange your old typewriter, or have a sample, or MAKE BIG MONEY representing us. Liberal reward for your spare time. Reference—McHenry County, State Bank, Woodstock.

For all our offers, on a postal card or in a letter to us say, "Mail me your offers."

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill.

The Yale Team Won

(Stevens, Rockey and Crosbie)

DEFEATING ALL COMPETITORS IN THE N. J. MOTORCYCLE CLUB'S DECORATION DAY 24-hr. ENDURANCE CONTEST.

An all night ride through rain and mud which captured the Manufacturers' Trophy for team work and the three prizes for individual consistent performance, in the hardest contest ever held.

Absolute proof of Yale Supremacy

Buy a Yale with 10$ oversize tires and the original "jolt-killer" seat.

Yale Twins are furnished with Belt or Chain Drive. The most flexible motorcycle made. Speed 0 to 60 miles per hour.

Write for catalog. Orders shipped same day received.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1762 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted **FREE**

WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Free book free. How to Obtain a Patent. What to Invent. List of Inventions Wanted. Prizes. Mailed free. **FREE**

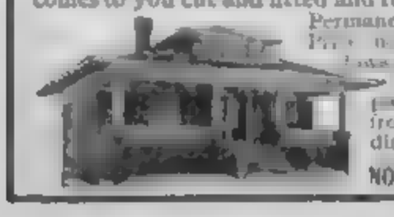
Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Complete Five Room **ALADDIN HOUSE** Shipped Anywhere **$298**

The Aladdin method enables you to buy all the material for a complete house direct from the original producer. It saves money on lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

DWELLING HOUSES, BARNS, SUMMER COTTAGES

Aladdin Knock Down Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required. Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Not portable. Plans for all sorts of houses, cottages or stores with full instructions for erecting. Houses contain best planed and matched lumber, best quality shingles, lath, sash, doors, glass, hardware, paint, etc. Houses from 2 to 12 rooms. Save four profits by buying direct from mill. Send stamps for catalog W-10.



NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO., Bay City, Mich.

A DOGGED UNDER DOG

(Continued from Page 14)

alongside him, I'm blessed if he didn't start up that little humming song of his—only it sounded pretty thick and ropy, coming through a pair of lips that were battered up—and one of them, the upper one, was split open on his front teeth.

"We didn't know then what he'd meant, but we knew in a month. For that day month, on the hour pretty near, here came Singin' Sandy tramping in, all by himself. Harve Allen was standing in front of a doggery that a man named Whitis ran—he died of the cholera years and years after—and Singin' Sandy walked right up to him and said: 'Well, here I am!' And he hit out at Harve with his fist. He hit out quick, like a cat dabbing with its paw—but he was short-armed and undersized; in fact, he didn't much more than come up to Harve's shoulder, and even if the lick had landed it wouldn't have dented Harve hardly. His intentions were good, though, and he swung out quick and fast; but Harve was quicker still. Singin' Sandy might hit like a cat, but Harve could strike like a moccasin snake biting you. It was all over almost before it started.

"Harve bellowed just once, like a bull, and downed him and jumped on him, and stamped him in the chest with his knees, and hammered him and clouted him in the face, until the little man was stretched out on the ground still and quiet. Then Harve climbed up off of him and swaggered away. Even now, looking back on it, it seems like a shameful thing to admit—but nobody dared touch a hand to Singin' Sandy until Harve was plumb gone. As soon, though, as Harve was out of sight behind a cabin, two or three went to the little man and picked him up and worked over him until he came to. If his face had been dog's meat before it was calf's liver now—just pounded out of shape. He could just get one eye open. I still remember how it looked. It looked like a piece of cold, gray flint—like the edge of one of these Indian darts. He held one hand to his side—two of his ribs were caved in, it turned out—and he braced himself against the wall of the doggery and looked all round him. He was looking for Harve Allen.

"'Tell him fur me,' he said slow and thick, 'that I'll be back agin in a month!' the same as before.

"Then he went back out the road into the oak barrens, falling down and getting up and falling some more, but keeping right on.

"They stood staring at him until he was off amongst the trees; then they recalled what he had said before—that he'd be back in a month; and two or three men went and hunted up Harve Allen and gave him the message. He swore and laughed that laugh of his, and looked hard at them and said:

"'The little varmint must love a beatin' a sight better than some other folks I could name.'

"At that they sidled off, scenting trouble for themselves if Harve should happen to take it into his head that they'd sided with Singin' Sandy.

"Well, so it went. So it went for five enduring months; and each one of these fights was so much like the fight before it that it's not worth my while trying to describe 'em for you boys. Every month, on the day, here would come Singin' Sandy Riggs, a-humming to himself. Once he came through the slush of a thaw, squattering along in cold mud up to his knees, and once 'twas in a driving snowstorm; but, no matter what the weather was or how bad the road was, he came and was properly beaten, and went back home again, still a-humming—or trying to. Once Harve cut loose and crippled him up so that he laid in a shack under the bank for two days before he could travel back to his little clearing on the Grundy Fork. It came mighty near being Kittie, Bar the Door with the little man that time; but he was tough as swamp hickory, seemingly, and presently he was up and going. The last thing he said as he limped away was for somebody to give Harve Allen the word that he'd be back that day month.

"The people here took to waiting and watching for the day—Singin' Sandy's day, they began calling it finally. The word spread all up and down the river and into the back settlements, and folks would come out of the barrens to see it; but nobody felt the call to interfere. Some were

Prints by Gaslight

To get the most satisfactory prints from your Kodak negatives—clear, snappy, vigorous prints—insist on the only paper that is made with sole reference to the requirements of the amateur negative—Velox.

The best finishers of Kodak work use Velox exclusively.

NEPERA DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

"Mum"

neutralizes all odor of perspiration

by acting on the perspiration, not on the pores of the skin.

Unscented, harmless, instantly applied.

25c at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum" send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

WAGNOCO Sure Cure for Swearing

If I Wish I Could Close this Collar Properly EACH *I Find it very simple With a Wagnoco Easy Lock Collar Button*

Guaranteed Perfect Fit Without Tearing Button Hole

Wagnoco Easy Lock Collar Button

WAGNER NOVELTY COMPANY 1820 No. Park Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS A BIG SELLER

SCREEN DOOR CHECK

Stops bang and saves the door. Dozen can be carried [illegible]

BIG DEMAND

EASY SALES. BIG PROFITS. [illegible] sample free to workers. Write at once.

THOMAS MFG CO., 9008 Barny St., Dayton, Ohio

Very Soon

[illegible] will want our handsome [illegible]

COME-PACKT

$9.75

Write for it NOW—All six money-saving household departments mailed free.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 814 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

After Those First Ten Cigars Have Been Smoked

I have no way of reversing your verdict—no show windows, no cigar salesmen. I have simply got to convince you with ten cigars—cigars, too, which are smoked in a super-critical mood, for do I not claim what you believe to be impossible: that I can sell you the ten cent cigar value for $5.00 per hundred?

When you have read my offer you will see there is no catch in it—I simply stand to lose ten good cigars and all express charges unless I can absolutely convince your trained cigar taste that my Panatela is actually worth ten cents; that it is true Havana filler—genuine Sumatra wrapper; that it is hand made by expert adult men cigar makers.

Here is my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

While I make 17 different cigars, my Panatela has been my leader ever since I went into business. I have over twenty thousand customers of this cigar alone. My other cigars are also sold under the terms of the above offer. If you prefer some other shape to the Panatela, write for my catalog. It gives a full description of every cigar I make.

However, if you have no objection to the Panatela shape, I urge you to accept my offer and smoke a few—first, because I know that it is a good cigar that should please you immensely; and secondly, because the terms of my offer furnish absolute protection against any expense to you if you fail to like the cigar.

In ordering, please enclose business card or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A pocket KNIFE SHARPENER GIVEN AWAY

The tough, sharp crystals of a Pike India Oilstone just *eat* steel. It's fun to see how quickly they put a dandy, keen edge on carvers, kitchen knives, tools, etc. No other stone cuts so fast without losing its shape. Adopted now by manual training schools, big machine shops etc. Nothing like it. This is only one of the famous

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

"The only line that includes EVERY sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening need."

Every home needs one. Hardware and tool stores everywhere sell them.

Let us mail you a Pike India Pocket Stone for pocket knives, offer [illegible] dealer's name and [illegible] book ever written on sharpening and how to select and care for oilstones. You'll be pleased. Write today.

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO.
103 Main St., Pike, N. H.

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCE

Strong, durable and cheaper than wood. Hundreds of patterns for lawns, churches, cemeteries, public grounds, etc. Write for free catalogue and special offer.

WARD FENCE CO., Box 601, DECATUR, IND.

afraid of Harve Allen, and some thought Singin' Sandy would get his stomachful of beatings after a while and quit; but on the morning of the day when Singin' Sandy was due for the eighth time—if he kept his promise, which as I'm telling you he always had—Captain Braxton Montjoy, the militia captain who'd fought in the War of 1812 and who afterward came to be the first mayor of this town, walked up to Harve Allen, where he was lounging in front of one of the doggeries. I can still remember his swallow-fork coat and his white neckerchief and the little walking stick he was carrying. It was one of these little shiny black walking sticks, made out of some kind of a limber wood, and it had a white handle on it of ivory, carved like a human leg. His pants were strapped down tight under his boots—just so. Captain Braxton Montjoy was fine old stock and was the best-dressed man between the mouth of the Cumberland and the Mississippi; and he wasn't afraid of anything that wore hair or hide.

"'Harvey Allen,' he says, picking out his words—'Harvey Allen, I am of the opinion that you have been maltreating this man Riggs long enough.'

"Harve Allen was big enough to eat Captain Braxton Montjoy in two bites, but he didn't start biting. He twitched back his lips like a fice dog and blustered up though.

"'What is it to you?' says Harve.

"'It is a good deal to me and a good deal to every other man who believes in fair play,' says Captain Braxton Montjoy. 'I tell you that I want it stopped.'

"'The man don't walk in leather that kin dictate to me what I shall and shall not do,' says Harve, trying to work himself up. 'I'm a leetle the best two-handed man that lives in these here settlemints; and the man that tries to walk my log better be heeled for bear. I'm half hoss and half alligator, and ——'

"Captain Braxton Montjoy stepped up right close to him and began tapping Harve on the breast of his old deerskin vest with the handle of his little walking stick. At every word he tapped him.

"'I do not care to hear the details of your ancestry,' he says. 'Your family secrets do not concern me, Harvey Allen. What does concern me,' he says, 'is that you shall hereafter desist from maltreating a man half your size. Do I make my meaning sufficiently plain to your understanding, Harvey Allen?'

"And at that Harve changed his tune. Actually it seemed that a whine came into his voice. It did actually.

"'Well, why don't he keep away from me then?' he says. 'Why don't he leave me be and not come round here every month pesterin' for a fresh beatin'? Why don't he take his quittances and quit? There's plenty other men I'd rather chaw up and spit out than this here Riggs—and some of 'em ain't so fur away now,' he says, scowling round him.

"Captain Braxton Montjoy started to say something more, but just then somebody spoke behind him and he swung round—and there was Singin' Sandy, wet to the flanks where he'd waded through a spring branch.

"'Excuse me, esquire,' he says to Captain Montjoy, 'and I'm much obliged to you; but this here is a private matter that's got to be settled between me and that man yonder—and it can't be settled only jist in the one way.'

"'Well, sir, how long do you expect to keep this up, may I inquire?' says Captain Braxton Montjoy.

"'Ontil I lick him,' says Singin' Sandy—'ontil I lick him good and proper and make him yell 'nuff!'

"'Why, you little spindly, runty strippet, you ain't never goin' to be able to lick me!' snorts out Harve over the captain's shoulder; and he cursed at Sandy—but I noticed he didn't rush him as he usually did. Maybe, though, that was because Captain Braxton Montjoy stood in the way.

"'You ain't never goin' to be big enough or strong enough or man enough to lick me!' says Harve.

"'I 'low to keep on tryin',' says Singin' Sandy. 'And ef I don't make out to do it there's my buddy growin' up and comin' along. And some day he'll do it!' he says, not boasting and not arguing, but as though he was telling of a thing that's already as good as settled.

"Captain Braxton Montjoy reared away back on his high heels—he wore high heels to make him look taller, I reckon—and looked at Singin' Sandy standing there,

Security!

Protect your home with the best revolver

You may need a revolver but once in a lifetime. At that crucial moment you want the best. Think of this when you buy. The Smith & Wesson costs more, but it's worth it. You can depend on it.

Send for interesting, handsomely illustrated booklet, "The Revolver"

SMITH & WESSON

For 56 Years Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

427 Stockbridge Street SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Dorset

A STYLE that has the endorsement of those whose opinions on dress are considered authoritative.

It's an ARROW COLLAR

2 for 25¢

Send for booklet

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY

457 River Street, Troy, New York

Ford

"Physically fit"—the strong man who carries no excess weight. The Vanadium-built Ford has surplus strength—but no surplus weight. Lean, clean and in perfect trim, the Ford carries all its "excess baggage" in its load—not in itself.

More than 75,000 new Fords go into service this season—a proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster $590—five passenger touring car $690—delivery car $700—f. o. b. Detroit, with all equipment. Catalogue—and name of nearest representative—from Ford Motor Company, Detroit.

little and insignificant and raggedy, all gormed up with mud and all wet with branch water, and smelling of the woods and the new ground. There was a purple mark under one of Sandy's eyes and a scabbed place on top of one of his ears where Harve Allen had pretty near torn it off the side of his head.

"'By Godfrey!' says Captain Braxton Montjoy, 'by Godfrey, sir!' And he began pulling off his glove, which was dainty and elegant, like everything else about him. 'Sir,' he says to Singin' Sandy, 'I desire to shake your hand!'

"They shook hands and Captain Braxton Montjoy stepped to one side and bowed with ceremony to Singin' Sandy; and Singin' Sandy moved in toward Harve Allen, humming to himself.

"For this once, anyhow, Harve wasn't for charging right into the mix-up at the first go-off. It almost seemed like he wanted to back away. Singin' Sandy lunged out and hit him in the face and stung him; and Harve's brute fighting instinct must have come back into his body, for he flailed out with both fists and staggered Singin' Sandy back. Then Harve ran in on him and they locked; and there was a whirl of bodies and down they went in the dirt, with Harve on top as per usual. So he licked Singin' Sandy, but he didn't lick him nigh as hard as he'd always done it up till then. When Harve got through and let him up Singin' Sandy could get up off the ground by himself, and that was the first time he had been able to do so without help. He stood up, rocking a little on his legs and wiping the blood out of his eyes, where it had run down from a little cut right in the edge of his hair. He spit and we saw that two of his front teeth were gone, broken short off up in the gums; and Singin' Sandy felt with the tip of his tongue at the place where they'd been. 'In a month!' he says, and away he goes, singing his tuneless tune.

"Well, I watched Harve Allen pretty close that next month, and I think nearly all the other people did too. It was a strange thing, but he went through the whole month without beating up anybody. Before that he'd never let a month pass without one fight anyhow. Yet he drank more whisky than was common even with him. Once I ran upon him sitting on a driftlog down in the willows by himself. He seemed to be studying over something in his mind.

"When the month was past and Singin' Sandy's day rolled round again for the ninth time it was springtime, and the river was bank-full from the spring rise and yellow as paint with mud, and full of drift and brush. Out from shore a piece in the current the floating snags were going down thick as harrow teeth, all pointing the same way like a school of big black fish going to spawn. Early that morning the river had bitten out a chunk of crumbly bank and took a cabin in along with it; and there was a hard job saving a couple of women and a whole shoal of young ones. For the time being, that made everybody forget about Singin' Sandy's being due; and so nobody, I think, saw him coming. I know I didn't see him at all until he stood on the riverbank.

"He stood there on the bank, swelling himself out and humming his little song louder and clearer than ever he had before; and fifty yards out from the bank, in a dugout that belonged to somebody else, was Bully Harve Allen, fighting the current and dodging the driftlogs as he paddled straight for the other shore that was two miles and better away! He never looked back once; but Singin' Sandy stood and watched him until he was no more than a moving spot on the face of those angry, roily waters.

"Singin' Sandy lived out his life here and died here—he's got grandchildren scattered all over this county now; but from that day forth Harve Allen never showed his face in this country!"

Cap'n Jasper got up slowly, and shook himself as a sign that his story was finished; and the others rose, shuffling stiffly.

"Well, boys, that's all there is to tell of that tale," said Cap'n Jasper—"all that I now remember anyhow. And now what would you say it was that made Harve Allen run away from the man he'd already licked eight times handrunning? Would you call it cowardice?"

It was Squire Buckley, the non-committal, who made answer.

"Well," said Squire Buckley slowly, "p'raps I would—and then agin, on the other hand, p'raps I wouldn't."

Perhaps You Have No Foundry—Let Ours Supply Your Castings

We specialize in making light malleable and gray iron castings for firms having no manufacturing plant—and others who are looking for extra quality, beauty of finish and quick shipments from a central point.

Our foundry is located at Franklin Park, a suburb of Chicago.

We have the ability and facilities to turn out these castings in any quantity. We undertake the very smallest and very largest jobs, guarantee quality and delivery.

Also we can arrange to make complete and market any articles made from a gray or malleable iron casting.

Prices on all Franklin Park Foundry work are remarkably low.

We believe there are readers of The Saturday Evening Post to whom this proposition especially appeals. We invite correspondence from them. Address

FRANKLIN PARK FOUNDRY
FRANKLIN PARK, ILLINOIS
(A Suburb of Chicago)

Speed Cars Use It

because it can be depended upon to lubricate all the time, whereas if the supply of ordinary oil and grease fails, there is serious trouble immediately. The lubricating effect of

DIXON'S
Motor Graphite
(Pulverized Flake)

persists longer than that of other lubricants on account of the physical structure of the graphite—it covers the microscopic roughness of a bearing with a tough, durable veneer that is almost frictionless.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Grease No. 677—for differentials and transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Valuable information in our free book, "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
Established in 1827
Jersey City New Jersey

MY BOOK IS FREE

I have just finished a 434 page book that I believe will help you realize more fully the possibilities of [illegible] fort. I had [illegible] commercial piles, for [illegible] trapped from my childhood days. I am a baseball, tennis and golf enthusiast [illegible]

Ask for Catalog and Guide No G 3

[illegible] does not measure up to your standard [illegible] My book is free, if you [illegible]

Powhatan R. Robinson, President
New York Sporting Goods Co.
18 and 17 Warren Street, New York

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS
YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME LINEN TEXTURE
All dealers. Collars, also Cuffs. Or Style Book Free
The Arlington Company, 725 B'way, N. Y.
Est. [illegible]

"Art of Writing"—Booklet Free

To this work, the Author of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Stories" tells how to tell *your story*, whatever it is, in a way to get results. Booklet free [illegible] writer, teacher

Chester PUBLISHERS SYNDICATE Dept. B Cincinnati, O

COLGATE'S
— PERFECTED —
SHAVING CREAM

Pleasant shaving—with the rich, creamy lather from this tube. Sanitary and convenient. A trial (this size) sent for 4c in stamps.

Colgate & Co.
199 Fulton St. N. Y.

NOTASEME
Silk-Lisle
HOSIERY

WEARS LIKE	LOOKS LIKE	COSTS BUT
"60"	"50"	25

For men, women and children

If your dealer cannot supply you, write
NOTASEME Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

ORIGINAL—GENUINE
HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

Delicious, Invigorating
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee
Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Twin Grip
PAPER FASTENERS

Simple—easily adjusted and detached.
Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

THE De LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., 654-658 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia

Essenkay Wins Nation-Wide Popularity

Thousands of Motorists Welcome Freedom from Punctures and Blowouts

Auto tire slavery is ended at last—logically—convincingly—completely. Essenkay—the *greatest boon* ever offered motordom—the *most practical* substitute for air ever invented—*used everywhere* and *sold everywhere*—makes punctures and blowouts impossible.

Essenkay Reduces Tire Upkeep—Eliminates Punctures and Blowouts

With Essenkay in your casings you motor from month to month with never a thought of your tires.

With Essenkay in your casings *expensive inner tubes are done away with*—your *tire bills* are *cut in half.*

With Essenkay in your casings you *lower your tire upkeep.*

Nails, glass, tin cans, and the like, menace you no longer, and *motoring becomes the pleasure—the recreation—the business asset* that it should be.

And these are *facts*, mark you, not claims. From coast to coast, thousands of motorists are using Essenkay and *heartily, enthusiastically, endorse it.*

Essenkay Is a Revelation

Heretofore your tires—*the very foundation of your car*—have been its weakest point; *Essenkay makes them* relatively the *strongest.* The uncertainty, the doubt, the danger of the *air-filled inner tube is taken away entirely.* In their stead comes the *confidence—the safety—the absolute complacency* born of Essenkay.

You'll never begin to realize the resiliency—the smooth, even, easy riding qualities—of Essenkay until you have used it. Essenkay is simply wonderful.

Pumps become relics of the past. Essenkay is placed in your tires at any pressure desired, and it stays there faithfully.

Essenkay Is a Proven Fact

—not an experiment. The test of time has stamped it with success—man-made tests have proved it serviceable. For years, in our own laboratories, we tested it under every conceivable condition. We know that it is impervious to heat, or cold, or the elements. We know that it is proof against acids, chemicals, or gases.

Essenkay in Thousands of Tires

Essenkay has been placed in thousands of tires. Big cars, little cars, heavy cars, light cars pleasure cars, commercial trucks—we filled tires without discrimination, then bade the owners test it as they would. They went at it with a will. No test was too severe, no trial too rigorous. They ran their cars in rain and snow, summer and winter, fair weather and foul. Rutty roads, rocky roads, car tracks, and the like had *no effect on* ESSENKAY. The cars ran over all kinds of roads; at night they rested in heated garages—yet *their tires never flattened.* There were no perceptible dents or bumps—*Essenkay never faltered.*

Nor was this simply a superficial test of a week or a month.

In Use for Years and Still Making Records

One year, two years, five years, came and went. Tire after tire went into the discard, worn down to the last thread. Yet Essenkay still stood up—still lived—still made good. Transferred to newer tires, it still rode on as though perpetual. And this is the strangest thing of all. As yet we cannot tell (even today) just how long it will last. It outlasts and outlives tire after tire, yet exhibits no perceptible sign of wear and tear.

Essenkay Has Come to Stay

We have staked $500,000 and our business future on it.

Men—successful business men—representing a combined capital of $7,000,000 are behind it. Here alone is indisputable proof of its excellence, its merit.

Install Essenkay Today

Don't surmise—don't infer—get Essenkay in your tires without delay. *Learn something about the freedom* from tire trouble. *Watch your upkeep bills decrease.* Get some of the real pleasure of motoring.

Essenkay Sold Everywhere On 30 Days' Trial

There is an Essenkay dealer in your town waiting to wait on you now. If you can't locate him, write us—we'll furnish his business address. And if you have any question to ask—any tire problem to solve—send it along—we'll help you.

Just keep this one big fact in mind: Thousands are using Essenkay. Sooner or later you'll come to it, too. Why waste valuable time? Why waste money on tires? Clip the coupon, fill it in this instant—mail it.

Big Men Are Handling Essenkay

Men who have investigated and realize the magnitude, the scope of our proposition—keen business men—have taken hold of Essenkay with a vim and are helping us carry it on to the success it deserves—a success unlimited.

Some Territory Still Open

Most of the territory has been allotted. There is only a little left. If you are the logical man to represent us in your territory—if you are a man of standing, capable of handling a big proposition in a big way—this may be your opportunity.

Wire Us at Once

If you are in a position to qualify for an agency, telegraph us. Make sure of an appointment—come to Chicago. We'll show you the proof of Essenkay's unparalleled success. We'll show you how Essenkay is operated—its merits. We'll make your investigation easy and afford you every opportunity to satisfy yourself beyond the shadow of a doubt that Essenkay is the wonder of the century. We want to meet you face to face, so that you can look us over and we can vouch for you.

If you want to know more about the proposition before you come, fill in the attached coupon and mail it at once. Remember, the opportunity is big, and time is fleeting. Mail us the coupon today. Better still, wire us this instant.

CAR OWNER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 676 Essenkay Building, 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay."

Name

Street and No.

City and State

My car is a——— Size tires———

Essenkay
"ENDS TIRE TROUBLES"

THE ESSENKAY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
676 Essenkay Building, 2120 Michigan Avenue

DEALER'S COUPON

The Essenkay Co., 676 Essenkay Building, 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I'm anxious to get your cars rolling on your NEW Essenkay.

Name

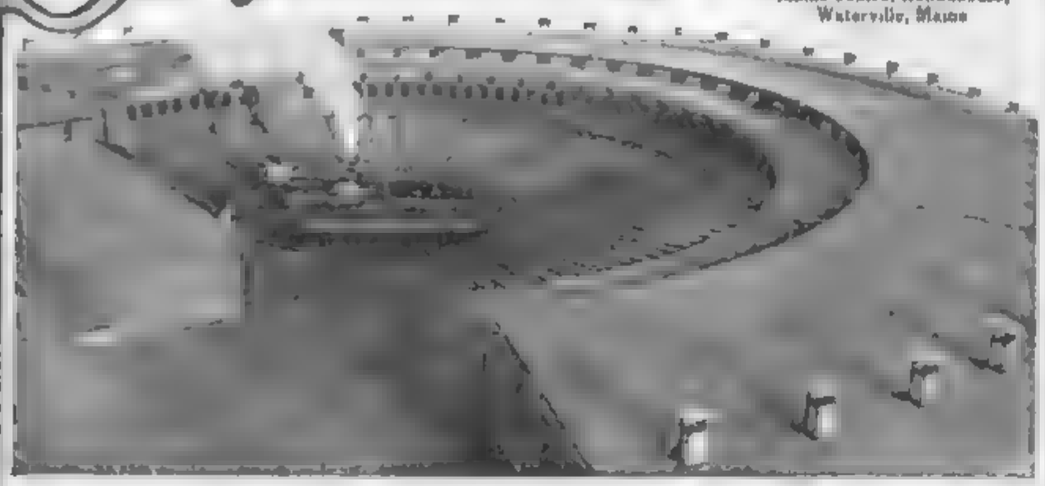
Street and No.

City and State

Territory interested in———

Estimated No. cars in territory———

Barrett Specification Roofs



Maine Central Roundhouse, Waterville, Maine

The Railroad Test

THE hardest kind of a building to roof successfully and economically is a railroad roundhouse.

Such a building is exposed to heat [illegible] condensed vapor from above and below, as well as acid fumes of coal smoke and the constant dropping of cinders and sparks on the surface. All this, in addition to the ordinary wear and tear of the weather.

The one type of roofing that can stand up under such conditions successfully is the Barrett Specification Roof.

Its low cost makes it attractive to begin with and the fact that there is no [illegible] expense such as painting or coating, makes the net cost per year of service far below that shown by other roof coverings.

[illegible] Roofs, durable [illegible] in fact, on all flat roofed [illegible]

[illegible] engineer and owner of any kind have a copy of The Barrett Specification [illegible] roofing plans and we are pleased to [illegible] to you free of charge. Address our nearest office

Special Note

We advise incorporating in your specifications for The Barrett Specification Roofs the following clause:

"All roofing to be done by a duly authorized agent of The Barrett Manufacturing Company, and to be guaranteed by them for [illegible] years from date of completion, provided the roof is maintained by them during the term of the guarantee."

If any abbreviated form is desired however, the following is suggested:

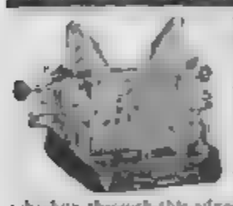
"ROOFING. Shall be a Barrett [illegible] Roof [illegible] in place [illegible] and guaranteed for [illegible] years."

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York [illegible] Boston [illegible] Cleveland Pittsburgh [illegible] Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver [illegible] Halifax, N. S.

A Plan to Sell 1,000 Typewriters Quickly!



Tremendous Price Saving—FREE TRIAL—Small Monthly Payments

[illegible] direct to the user without incurring the expense of agents, salesmen, branch offices, etc. All of this saving—the saving on buying and the saving on selling—goes to the people who buy through this advertisement.

Our sensational book, "Typewriter Secrets," gives all the inside facts about our [illegible] and explains [illegible] Send [illegible] no salesman will call. You will be under [illegible] today. You have nothing to lose [illegible] Even if you are not ready to buy now, [illegible] interesting. (113)

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, 166 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Come to

Calgary Canada

Mr. Manufacturer!

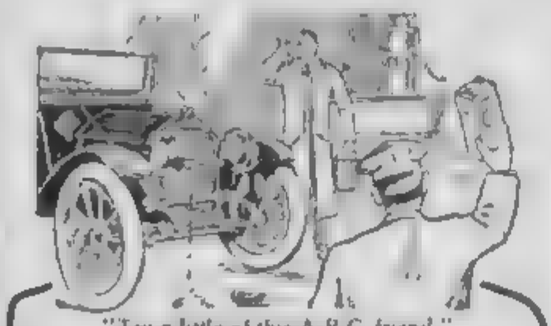
A [illegible] prosperous people [illegible] City thoroughly modern. Delightful climate. Write today for our literature, mentioning your own industry or plans.

Andrew Miller, Commissioner
THE INDUSTRIAL & DEVELOPMENT BUREAU
233 Eighth Avenue, West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Go In Business For Yourself

You can devote all of your time or profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town to look after the subscription business of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For this work we pay salary and commission.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



"Try a little of this A. R. C. friend."

"Keeps your circulation perfect because it prevents rust and scale."

APEX Radiator Cleanser

A scientifically prepared mixture endorsed by Automobile Manufacturers and garage men [illegible] be used in every radiator old or new. One fluid ounce (2 tablespoonfuls) to every gallon of water will clean out all rust and scale and prevent clogging; prevents further rusting; lubricates pump gears, saves wear and tear from overheating; keeps water below boiling point and increases engine efficiency.

Full Size Can Sent Prepaid For Trial [illegible] Price List on request

U. S. COMPOUND CO., Factory E, Buffalo, N.Y.
Dealers! Write for proposition.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

looking forward for a week and which she did not care to miss. She said:

"Ay take babies Mrs. Davis, under. Ay ban go now."

"Very well," yielded Mrs. Henderson. "Ask Mrs. Davis to look after them until Bobby comes home at noon. I suppose he'll have to stay home from school to take care of them this afternoon."

After Olga went Mrs. Henderson wept and wished that, for times of sickness, she had an Irish girl. "Olga is clean and a good cook, and an Irish girl might be careless and slovenly, but she'd take care of one like a mother," she thought.

A fortnight later Mrs. Henderson was ill again, and this time Olga stayed in. Mrs. Henderson thought it was because her conscience troubled her about her previous action, but such was far from being the case. It had merely occurred to Olga that if she spent a working day with a friend who was a cook she could learn how ladies with more money than Mrs. Henderson kept house, and what their cooking was like. Olga wanted an object-lesson, and her horizon was considerably widened by what she saw in the Riverside Drive house where her friend worked. From that moment she tried more strenuously to become an expert cook. She got a blank book, in which she collected recipes; and she also bought an English cookbook, which she studied with the help of her friends and in which she made marginal notes in Norwegian.

Meanwhile she had overcome her fear of the city. She was able to go to almost any place she desired, and she had even gone into the great shops alone. When she bought her first tailor-made suit, however, she took Ragnild with her to help choose. That night, resplendent in her new attire, she asked Mrs. Henderson for a raise in wages.

"It's the middle of the end," Mrs. Henderson said to her husband. "I've promised to give her three dollars and really she's worth six. When she is worth seven she'll leave me, and this will begin all over. Anyway, I've not cheated her, for I've given her all her training."

Hedwig, meantime, had changed her place and was acting as second girl in a German-American family where some English was spoken. She wore neat black clothes and a cap which was most becoming. She was getting five dollars, which seemed strange to Olga, who knew that she was learning English faster than Hedwig was; but Olga knew, too, that in the long run a good cook was paid more than a good second girl. She was contented with what her steady plodding was going to bring her. Hedwig, on the contrary, was discontented with every step she took, and her discontent worked hand in hand with her ambition. She confided her plans to Olga, for by means of the three languages the girls now managed to understand each other.

Hedwig's Ambitions

Hedwig could not forget that her father had been a shopkeeper and that she had meant to be a dressmaker. The strongest aspiration America had given her was the desire to rise socially. She was in a large household, where there were daughters no whit prettier than herself; she knew that the grandmother of these granddaughters had been a peasant woman who had worked in the fields of Germany—for the old person, in a moment of loneliness and of craving for sympathy, had told her so. Hedwig saw no reason why she should be a second girl always. She studied her young mistresses, the way they cared for themselves, their clothes, their manners; and she made up her mind that some day she would be a lady's maid and get fifteen dollars a week and perquisites. After that there were still heights.

Olga heard it all without comment. She did not agree with Hedwig's contempt for domestic service; in Norway such service is held to be honorable and the first generation of immigrant girls are not ashamed of their birthright. For that reason, among others, they are sought after by American housewives. They don't mind coming in the back door and receiving their callers in the kitchen—and, for an extra consideration, wearing caps. It is only in the second generation that social ambitions seem to stir. Norwegian mothers who have been servants want their daughters to go into stores and offices; the more ambitious send their girls to normal school, or even to college, and make teachers of them.

Olga had been with Mrs. Henderson eight months before she announced that she was going to leave. Mrs. Henderson had been expecting the blow to fall for two months, and she took it philosophically.

"I suppose you are going to some place in New York, Olga," she said resignedly. "Even immigrant girls despise Brooklyn after they have been here a few months."

"Ay ban go to Chicago," said Olga. "More Norwegian girls there—and Norwegian man. Here too far to find. Hedwig ban go too."

When the two girls arrived in Chicago it was without fear or uncertainty. They had addresses of boarding houses and of registry offices. They wore good clothes and they could understand some of the English shouted in their ears by cabmen, expressmen and hotel runners. Noise had ceased to disturb Olga; and, as she shook her head at all who spoke to her and made for the North State Street car, she said to Hedwig with a broad smile:

"Ay ban not scare. Ay ban American girl too!"

Olga's Romance

Just before they reached the car an express wagon backed out of an alley toward them. Waiting to let it pass, Olga glanced up at the driver. He was Nels Olafsson, a big, blue-eyed man whom she had known years before. Many a time she had seen him in the harvest field, hanging the precious hay in bundles exactly as she hung towels on a clotheshorse, or sailing his boat with its red-brown sail along the fiord to the place of Sunday worship. She remembered how he had once helped her replace in the seat of her father's Telemarken chair the teeth that were to act as a charm against rheumatism. She had a feeling, which she did not stop to analyze, of how remote was that chair, hewn in one piece out of a solid treetrunk, from anything in America. Five years before Nels Olafsson had gone to America and she had not thought of him again.

"Nels!" she called. "Ay ban Olga Jenssen."

Olafsson dropped his jaw and stared. The last time he had seen Olga she had worn a laced scarlet bodice, white full vest and sleeves, dark full skirt and a close-fitting cap. The girl speaking to him wore a dark-blue serge suit, a wide flower-wreathed hat and kid gloves.

"*Ja!*" he shouted, his face lighting. "Sure, Olga! You wait—I get down."

Presently Hedwig was listening to a steady flood of Norwegian, while the horse shook his head under the loose reins and several of the North State Street cars went past. Ultimately Olga took the address of Nels, promising to write him when she had a place.

"Come on," she said to Hedwig with a slightly conscious look.

"You didn't waste time already getting a fellow," remarked Hedwig, giggling.

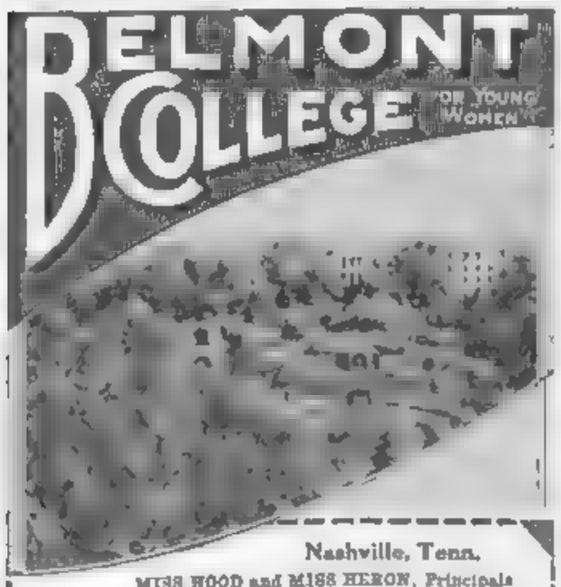
"Ay ban wanting place worse than fallow," replied Olga; but her tone was quite self-satisfied.

Both girls enjoyed a feeling of superiority and independence when they registered their names—Olga at a Scandinavian agency, where the woman in charge, impressed by Hedwig's stylish appearance, recommended her to a rather exclusive German agency where girls received from eight dollars a week up. The two felt that in New York they had been helpless, willing to take what they could get and go where they were sent; now, thanks to their growing knowledge of English, they were in a position to choose.

Within a week they both had situations. Hedwig was engaged as an upstairs maid, part of whose duties consisted in keeping her mistress'clothes in repair and in helping her dress. This quite suited Hedwig, who could evolve a bold scheme, but who nearly always lacked the courage to carry it out. She was conservative and she wanted to feel very sure of her ground. She meant to hold her present position at

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

BELMONT COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN



Nashville, Tenn.
MISS HOOD and MISS HERON, Principals

Located in West End Nashville, famous as "the Athens of the South." Magnificently equipped buildings. Charming 20 acre hilltop Park. Twenty per cent. Non-sectarian. Incorporated. Practical teaching imparting reality and power. Ideals installing worthy standards and womanly ideals. Rank with Eastern colleges. Schools of Art, Languages, Physical Education, Domestic Science, Music. Diploma accepted by Schools and Colleges. Early registration necessary. For Catalogue address

The Registrar, Box A.

Tennessee College
for Young Women Murfreesboro, Tenn.

GEORGE J BURNETT Pres 809 E Main St

HOLLINS COLLEGE
FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Founded 1842. College course (4 years). College Preparatory (2 years). Music, Art, etc. Located in the Valley of Virginia, seven miles south of Roanoke. Seven hundred acres in grounds and farm. Buildings equipped for 250 students and 35 officers and teachers. For catalogue and views address

MISS MATTY L. COCKE, President, Box 314, Hollins, Va.

SWEETWATER COLLEGE For Girls. Complete college course. Special advantages offered in Music, Expression, and Modern Languages. Fine laboratories. Four-year course in Domestic Science. Boarding Department limited to fifty. For catalogue address Principal

MRS ELIZABETH M. ROWLAND, Sweetwater, Tenn.

HAMILTON SCHOOL
For Girls and Young Ladies

Opposite the White House, Lafayette Square, Washington, D. C. For particulars and catalog apply to

Mrs. PHOEBE HAMILTON SEABROOK, President

BOWLING GREEN SEMINARY For Girls and Young Women

Bowling Green, Virginia. Term opens September 16th. Board, $197.50. 48th year. A school of the highest type. Located in one of the beautiful and historic towns of Virginia. In one of the healthful sections of the State. Careful work. Homelike attention to students. For catalogue address Rev C K MILLICAN A B Prin Box 403

THE LOUDOUN Select School for Girls and Young Ladies.

Electric to Washington D C every two hours. Rate reduced. Advantages of national capital with those of mountains of Virginia. Health unsurpassed. Personal attention to pupils marked feature. Catalogue. Rate $2 5. Address, THE LOUDOUN, Box 582, Bluemont, Va.

SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE 50th year $250 to $350

Historic School for Girls, after highest Virginia standards. Social training. Five buildings, with gymnasium. Regular and special courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. New pianos, steam heat, athletics. Catalogue.

Arthur Kyle Davis, A M, 210 College Place. Petersburg, Va.

Chevy Chase College and Seminary

A Home School for Girls. Spacious Grounds in Most Beautiful Section of Chevy Chase. Art, Languages, Literature, Music, Elocution, Domestic Science. Gymnasium, Tennis, Golf and other outdoor sports. In Charge of Boys' Camp at Bass Lake. "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water. Address

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. BARKER, Principals, Drawer 841, Washington, D. C.

Howard-Payne College Fayette, Mo. Founded 1844. A Junior College for women, graduates entered as Juniors in A grade colleges. Three new buildings. Equipment $100,000. Endowment $100,000. Conservatory. Tuition, $260. Catalogue. H T Stivers, President

COTTEY COLLEGE For Women, Nevada, Mo. A Junior College. Preparatory Courses. Conservatory. Graduates receive diploma and degree. Modern building, equipped throughout. Steam heat. Electric lights. Sanitary plumbing. Strong faculty. Mrs. V A. C. STOCKARD, Founder and President

Hardin College and Conservatory For Young Women

Endowed. Preparatory and Junior College. German-American Conservatory—German standards. Catalogue.

JOHN W MILLION, A M., Pres., 1102 College Place, Mexico, Mo.

School Information Free catalogs and advice of all Boarding Schools in U. S. (Name kind; girls' or boys'.) American Schools Association, 60 Wall St., N. Y., or 1515 Masonic Temple, Chicago

ten dollars for a time, and then boldly venture forth as a fully qualified lady's maid. Olga got a position as cook at eight dollars a week with a woman who kept two other maids. The agent in charge of the Scandinavian registry assured Olga that, no matter how good a cook she was, she would have to know more English before any employer would consider her worth more than eight dollars. Employers, she said bitterly, were apt to grasp at any excuse to keep wages down.

By this time both Olga and Hedwig had come to appreciate the relationship of the American mistress and her maid. The American household is more complex than the Norwegian or the German. The character of the work seems more heterogeneous and the emergencies which arise more numerous. The maid in the American household has a feebler sense of responsibility and loyalty toward the family she serves and a stronger sense of what is due her health and temperament. If there is but one maid in the family the relationship resolves itself into a more or less polite struggle of two personalities for supremacy. Each yields as little as she can and asks as much as she dare, and the balance of power is likely to shift from day to day.

As a matter of fact, a servant in an American household is illogical, is out of line with the trend of the times and the industrial organization of the age. The family has sent away all household assistants such as spinner and shoemaker, but it has kept the cook because, without the cook, the mistress thinks she cannot preserve the family life. She never dreams of sharing the corporate life of the community with her family as a unit of that life. She grieves when her cook gives up celibacy and starts a family life of her own. She never thinks out a clearly defined and independent relation for herself and her servant. She merely pays as much as she has to and yields as much freedom as she must to keep her family life running smoothly.

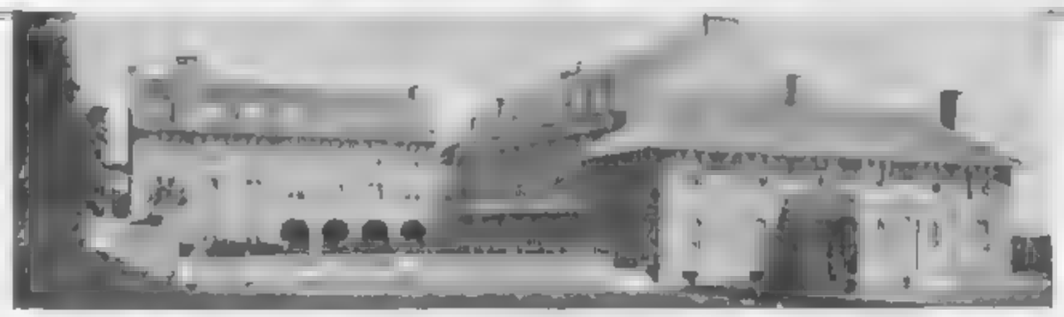
The Social Scale in Service

Olga and Hedwig did not understand thoroughly their place in the economic scheme of things, but they did understand and enjoy thoroughly the sense of power that was theirs because there was more demand than supply for their kind of work. The servants of the city had a social register quite as complete as that of society itself and rather more accurate. The independence of the two girls did much to cure the sense of homesickness that sometimes swept over them. It helped to make Hedwig forget that in Germany the police had kept a record of her efficiency and character. It helped make Olga forget that never in her most daring daydreams had she contemplated saving more than twenty dollars a year. Now she believed the day would come when she could save more than that a month.

After they had settled into their new places the two girls saw less of each other. They were both working on the North Side and not very far apart; but, for one thing, they had different sets of friends. Olga sought those of her own nationality; Hedwig sought first for those in the highest grade of service, and second for those of her own nationality. Hedwig was already ashamed of being a servant. She was taking lessons in English and in French and was constantly thinking of how she could better herself. Another reason for their separation was Nels Olafson.

In a way at first he was only a figure of speech to them. Both Hedwig and Olga had known there was almost no chance for them to marry at home, for men were much scarcer than girls, even girls with some dowry; and these two had none. When they emigrated they had hoped to find in America men who were not thinking of dowries, but this thought was in the background of their minds; in the foreground was the pressing need to find work, earn money and learn the new language. When Olga reached Chicago and found she was not afraid she had felt a surging sense of competence. Nels met her at the psychological moment. He put in the foreground of her mind the thought of men and marriage. She was twenty-four and good-looking; why should not she lead in this new land the life of the average woman, have her home and husband and children? She was not thinking of Nels definitely—merely of marriage; but from that moment her aim was divided. She was working merely until she found her man.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



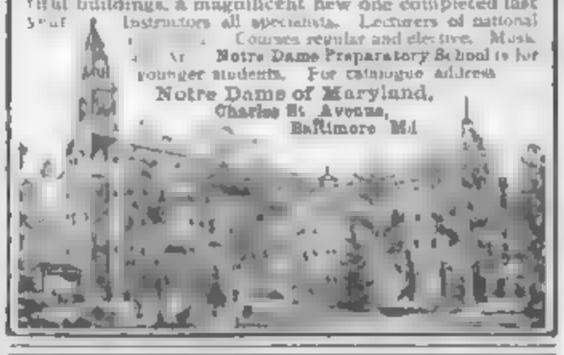
The Ely School
For Girls
Greenwich, Conn.

Building new and specially designed for the school. 50 minutes from New York City. College preparatory. General courses, including music, painting and modelling, domestic science and household arts. Athletic fields. Gymnasium.

NOTRE DAME of Maryland
A College for Women

Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame, to train the body, mind and spirit—to develop true womanhood. Located in beautiful park of 50 acres, outdoor exercises—rowing, basketball, tennis, hockey. Beautiful buildings, a magnificent new one completed last year. Instructors all specialists. Lectures of national fame. Courses regular and elective. Music. Notre Dame Preparatory School is for younger students. For catalogue address

Notre Dame of Maryland,
Charles St. Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.



Sweet Briar College
Sweet Briar, Va.

A College for Women, of the grade of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. Four years of collegiate and two years of preparatory work are given. Located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains on an estate of 3000 acres. The buildings are modern, and the conditions for health are unsurpassed. On Southern Railroad, south of Washington. Twenty-fifth year opens September 24th, 1912. Catalogue and views sent upon application.

DR. MARY K. BENEDICT, President, Box 137.

Buford College
Nashville, Tennessee

Limited, Select Home College for the Higher Culture of Women. Non-Sectarian. Enrollment Strictly 100

Ideal location, excellent equipment. Sanitation practically perfect. Beautiful highland campus of 25 acres. Athletics and physical culture emphasized. Complete, cosmopolitan curriculum. 4 years' course. Degrees conferred by University Bible course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music and Expression. Write for Year Book M.

Mr. R. G. BUFORD, Regent. Mrs. R. G. BUFORD, President.

AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE
Decatur (6 miles from Atlanta), Ga.
Letters, Science, Philosophy.
Home Economics.

Resident students limited to 300. For catalog, address

F. H. GAINES, D.D., LL.D., President

COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF ST. GENEVIEVE
FOR YOUNG LADIES
Asheville, N. C.

Located in the "Land of the Sky" 3,000 feet above sea level. Unsurpassed climatic conditions with mild winters. Ideal home life. Instructors hold degrees from European and American Universities. The Languages are taught by French and German teachers. ST GENEVIEVE'S also has a Preparatory Department for young children. For catalogue and particulars apply to the Mother Superior

ABBOT ACADEMY
ANDOVER, MASS.
A School for Girls.

Founded 1828. 21 miles from Boston. Address THE PRINCIPAL.

Wheaton College FOR YOUNG WOMEN
NORTON, MASS. (30 miles from Boston)

Educates for "The Business of Being a Woman." A. B. degree. $1,000,000 endowment. Also Wheaton Seminary under supervision of Wheaton College. Catalog, address Rev. Samuel V. Cole, A. M., D. D., President.

National Park Seminary
FOR GIRLS Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)

A distinctly original school for American girls. Academic Studies. Music. Art. Elocution. Domestic Science. Athletic Sports. Golf. Tennis. Horseback Riding. Swimming. Basketball. Hockey. Baseball. Track Work. Etc. Outdoor Sports. Large grounds. Building beautiful and commodious. Students from every section of the United States. Rate $260. Catalogue. Address

Forest Glen, Md.

LASELL SEMINARY
Auburndale, Massachusetts Ten Miles from Boston

Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thorough instruction in the Household Arts. Especial attention in the Art of Entertaining, House Planning and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Millinery. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
115 Woodland Road

SOUTHERN SEMINARY For Girls and Young Ladies

46th year. Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, near Natural Bridge. Within reach of Washington and Monticello. Courses: College Preparatory and Graduating, Music, Art, Home Economics, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Elocution, Physical Culture, etc. Outdoor Sports. Large grounds. Building beautiful and commodious. Students from every section of the United States. Rate $260. Catalogue. Address

SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 829, Buena Vista, Va.

BRENAU College Conservatory
Gainesville, Ga.

The unique combination of these two institutions offers high grade collegiate advantages, rationally adapted to the nature and needs of women. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. A. B. degree. Campus of 100 acres. Mineral springs. Gymnasium. Athletic park. Tennis, basketball, golf, boating, horseback riding. Expenses moderate. Catalogue.

BRENAU, Box K, Gainesville, Ga.

GODDARD SEMINARY

In the Green Mountains. College Preparatory, General Course, Music. Steam heated. Modern Buildings. Gymnasium. Champion basketball, hockey, baseball and track. $250 a year.

Orlando K. Hollister, Litt. D., Prin., Box 8 B, Barre, Vt.

Powhatan College Charles Town, W. Va.

Largest woman's college in the State. Preparatory and Collegiate Courses. Teachers' and Business Courses. Location near Washington, D. C. Catalogue. Address

S. P. HATTON, A.M., LL.D., President.

CRESCENT COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY For Women, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

On top of the Ozarks. Famous health resort. $300,000 fireproof building. Elevator. Rooms with private bath. Preparatory and College Courses. Certificate privilege. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Horseback riding. Catalogue. Address Crescent College, Department 8

The Chatham Episcopal Institute for Girls

Chatham, Va. [illegible]

ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, [illegible], Box 108

Brown County School for Girls
CONDUCTED BY THE URSULINE NUNS

Located in a beautiful, healthful country. Ideal surroundings. Just the sort of personal attention needed in the successful development of refined, cultured young women. Character building. Social training. Physical culture. Outdoor life and sports. Please write today for Catalog A.

URSULINE SISTERS' ACADEMY, St. Martin, Ohio

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Mount Ida School
Send for Your Book

For GIRLS
6 miles from Boston
Preparatory finishing school
Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates
College Certificate Privilege (without examination)
Piano, Voice, Violin, new Pipe Organ, with Noted Men
Domestic Science, Nurse, New Gymnasium, with Swimming Pool, Director of Athletics
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life
79 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

BESSIE TIFT COLLEGE
Forsyth, Georgia
An Ideal Home School for young women, in an atmosphere of Christian culture and refinement. Unsurpassed physical location in foothills of middle Georgia, with mild winter climate and excellent health conditions. 52 acres in campus.
Excellent faculty representing American and European institutions. Four years collegiate work, leading to A.B. degree.
Full departments of Music, Art, Expression, Household Economics. Preparatory department.
Gymnasium with tennis, basketball, etc.
Write for attractive catalogue A.
C.H.S. JACKSON, A.M., LL.D., President

ST. MARY'S
An Episcopal Southern College for Young Women and Girls
[illegible] years. Music, Art [illegible] athletics, horseback riding, etc. 14 electric lighted, steam-heated buildings, 250 students. 26 capable teachers. Low tuition—[illegible] due to church support. Send for illustrated catalog. Address
REV. GEO. W. LAY, Rector Box 16, Raleigh, North Carolina

Lindenwood Junior College
FOR WOMEN
In Continuous Existence Since 1831
A strong, up-to-date institution with high standards. Courses in Music and Art; excellent Preparatory [illegible] Terms $320 per year.
George Frederic Aiter, Ph.D. Box 216 St. Charles, Mo.

Monticello Seminary 75th year opens Sept. 25, 1912. School for Young Women. [illegible] Preparatory and Junior College Courses. [illegible], Music, Art. Certificate privileges. Fine [illegible] equipment. Gymnasium, basketball and hockey fields. Rates moderate. Miss Martina G. Erickson, Prin., Godfrey, Ill.

Hamilton College For Young Women Lexington, Ky.
44th Year. A Blue-Grass home school with University advantages. Faculty of 29. Beautiful six acre campus; 5 well-equipped buildings. Standard Junior College Course. Music, Art, Expression. Yearly expense, $400. For catalogue, address The President, Box C.

LEWISBURG SEMINARY FOR GIRLS
In Alleghanies, 2300 ft. above the sea, near Greenbrier White Sulphur. Fine buildings, modern equipment, large campus. Courses in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Elocution, Business. $250 to $550. Catalog on request.
R. C. Sommerville, A.M., Pres., Box 36, Lewisburg, W. Va.

Akeley Hall Grand Haven, Mich. [illegible] gan. Thorough preparation for College. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Physical Culture. Excellent Gymnasium. All outdoor sports, tennis, basketball, boating. Individual Attention. Separate house for younger girls. Board [illegible] tuition $500. Mary Helen Yerkes, Susan Hall Yerkes, Principals.

STANLEY HALL For Girls. 23rd year. Aesthetic home environment. Broad culture. [illegible] for College. Certificate admits to all [illegible]. 17 specialists. Degree courses in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Affiliate [with] Northwestern Conservatory. 40 instructors. OLIVE A. EVERE, Principal, Minneapolis, Minnesota. 3120 Pleasant Avenue.

Chappaqua Mountain Institute A Friends School for Girls [with] separate departments for both sexes under 14 years. In care of Home Mother). 42nd year. New buildings, 70 acres, 500 ft. altitude. $300 to $400. Primary, Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Domestic Science and Music Dept. Address Box W.

Mary Baldwin Seminary
FOR YOUNG LADIES STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
Term begins Sept. 12th, 1912. Located in Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, beautiful grounds and modern appointments. Six States represented. Terms Moderate. Pupils enter any time. Send for catalogue. Miss E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.

The Oxford College for Women — Founded 1830
One hour from Cincinnati. Ambitious students, brilliant faculty. Standard four year course, B.A. Degree. Rate only $355.00. Art, Music, Expression, Normal, Domestic Science, Business. Write for "Seven Points."
JANE SHERZER, Ph.D. (Berlin), Pres., Box 29, Oxford, Ohio

Ward Seminary for Girls and Young Women. 80th year. Seminary and Special Courses. College Preparation. Conservatory of Music. 175 Boarding Pupils. Complete appointments. City advantages. Outdoor sports. Delightful climate. For catalog, address J. D. BLANTON, LL.D., President.

FORT LOUDOUN SEMINARY, Winchester, Virginia.
For higher culture of young women. Delightful location [in] the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business [illegible]
Miss Katherine R. Glass, Pres.

Fauquier Institute FOR YOUNG LADIES
[illegible] Va. [illegible] ginia, 55 miles from Washington. A limited and thorough home school. Rates, $225 upwards. Catalogue on request.
MISS NELLIE V. BUTLER, Principal, Box 18

SCIENCE HILL SCHOOL Shelbyville, Kentucky.
English and Classical School for Girls. College preparatory. Certificate privileges at Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and other colleges. 37 years of successful work. College trained teachers. Superior advantages in Music, Domestic Science, Domestic Art. Mrs. W. T. POYNTER, Principal.

EASTERN COLLEGE MANASSAS, VA. (The Battlefield City)
30 miles from Washington, D. C., but 600 feet higher. A Junior College. Fine new buildings. Degree courses in Arts, Science, Literature, Pedagogy, Music, Expression, Commerce. Also academy for boys and girls. $150 to $275 a year. Catalogue.
D. HERVIN U. ROOP, President, Box A.

Greenbrier Presbyterial Military School
Lewisburg, W. Va. An up-to-date military boarding school for 75 boys. Large corps of instructors—all college graduates. Delightful climate. Brick buildings. Athletic field. Terms $250. Catalogue. Address
Col. H. B. MOORE, A.M., Principal.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING
Miss B. E. Montgomery, President Ohio Kindergarten Assn., Principal. Courses in Oberlin College, possible—19th year begins September 25th. Catalogue. Address Secretary OBERLIN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, Drawer A C, OBERLIN, OHIO.

Cushing Academy
Ashburnham, Mass. Endowment [illegible] all the advantages of a high priced school for $275 to $300 a year. College certificate. Music. Extensive campus. Six buildings. New dormitory. Athletic field. Gymnasium. Co-ed[illegible]
[illegible] H. S. COWELL, A.M., Principal.

GERMAN WALLACE COLLEGE
Berea, Ohio
[illegible] to cosmopolitan op[illegible] Journalism. New Music [illegible]
ARTHUR L. BREAKEY, President 14 Seminary Street

The Cross School LOUISVILLE, KY.
[illegible] life. Catalogue.
MRS. L. B. CROSS, Ph.D., Principal, 926 Fourth Ave.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY
921 Parkway Building, Philadelphia
The oldest and best school of its kind in the country. Instruction in Public Speaking, Elocution, Physical Training, English and Dramatic Art. School year opens October 7th. Forty page catalog on request. D. A. Shoemaker, Registrar.

The Technical Normal School of Chicago
[illegible] year [illegible] Drawing, Music, Physical Education, Domestic Science, and Domestic Art. [illegible]
Box 24 3201 Michigan Blvd.

The Institute of Musical Art
of the City of New York
FRANK DAMROSCH, Director
Invites correspondence or personal application from those desiring the best in musical education.
AN ENDOWED SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Conducted solely in the interests of higher musical education. It provides students of natural ability and earnest purpose a thorough, comprehensive education in music without going abroad.
The Operatic Department is carried on in close affiliation with the Metropolitan Opera House.
[illegible] Catalogue and full information on [illegible]
Box 750, 120 Claremont Avenue, New York

TULANE
UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA
Education in all Departments of
Arts and Sciences, Medicine
Engineering, Pharmacy
Law, Dentistry
With school for teachers and graduates.
Separate school for women under large endowment.
For information, address SECRETARY
TULANE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS
A SOUTHERN SCHOOL FOR SOUTHERN BOYS AND GIRLS

Hedwig, on the contrary, found that as her ambitions loomed larger the chances of marriage grew more remote. In her position in the household she was not brought into contact with the butcher's or grocer's men; and if she had been she would have despised them as being merely in receipt of wages. She wanted a man who was in business for himself or who would be his own man some day. She might have considered the butler, only he happened to be married to the cook. She might have considered the houseman, who made love to her, but she could not persuade herself that he had ambition enough to strike out for himself. So Hedwig put her whole mind on her success; and she told herself that some day, when she had gone as far as she could go, there might be a husband for her. She would have some money then and would not be too old.

Nels called regularly on Olga and ate her good food with increasing admiration. By superhuman saving he had bought a small farm in Minnesota, near a community of people from his own part of Norway; but he had the bare land and no money for buildings or implements. So he had rented it to a friend on shares, and he was working hard with an express firm so as to get enough money properly to equip the farm. He slept on the hay above the stable where the horses were lodged and saved every penny he could. Olga indirectly helped him to save by the good meals she gave him two or three times a week.

"I will not always drive an express wagon," he would say, nodding his head.

Next day Olga would find herself singing an old Norwegian refrain:

Love your husband; mend his stockings;
Then you'll wander on red roses.

Meantime Hedwig was realizing her dreams more rapidly than Olga. She had become a lady's maid proper at eighteen dollars a week. With skilled hands she dressed her lady's hair, altered her gowns and kept track of her possessions. Hedwig's elegance of figure and carriage had increased; she kept the other servants at a distance—even an unattached butler. She had decided that a man who had been a butler remained in spirit always a butler and would be incapable of handling a business of his own. Hedwig's wonderful German sense of economy enabled her to save all she earned, and even more. She received a good many tips and some of the gowns and hats given her she sold for a good price. Meantime she spent all her spare time embroidering linen that she meant to dispose of some day at a profit to herself.

Nels and His Plans for Olga

Olga had been three years in America before Nels asked her to marry him. In that time she had changed places four times, each time to advantage. She had become a very competent cook, was receiving ten dollars a week and had saved three hundred dollars. Within half an hour after they were engaged Nels and she were talking of practical matters. He was having a house built on his farm, for which he would have just enough to pay. He thought that Olga's three hundred dollars would furnish it for them, and that, with his share of the crops, they would have enough to get through the year on, supposing they married in the autumn; yet, even as they talked, each felt a sort of reluctance.

"You ban laking me pretty well?" inquired Olga wistfully.

Nels assured her on that point.

"You lak to come to Minnesota?" he inquired anxiously.

"*Ja*," she replied. "Ay ban glad to get back to the country."

They each felt a silent "but"; and at last Nels inquired:

"You might lak better some other fallow?"

"No," Olga said. "If we ban richer," she added, "we could go home first."

Nels smiled broadly.

"We ent such fools!" he said tentatively. "We could not get married till another year."

"It ent so bad driving wagon and cooking," said Olga.

Nels laughed.

"We ent wiser than the other fallows from Norway," he said. "They all want to go home once an' spend lots of money."

"Ay lak show the girls my clothes," Olga said, 'and tell them my wages. Ay lak to take things to my father and sisters.'

"Sure, we go home," said Nels. "When we go we never get homesick any more. We ban glad to come back here. All the fallows say that. We come back and work another year."

As Nels had implied, it took the trip back to Norway to make confirmed Americans of himself and Olga. They found themselves already alien to the ways of Norway. Their horizon had expanded; they didn't want to return to the petty economies of their native land. In a dim way, too, they found the spiritual atmosphere oppressive; they were aware of intolerances and prejudices from which America is free. They enjoyed to the full their rôles of Lord and Lady Bountiful; for all their honesty, they were not above leaving the impression that their prosperity was greater than it really was. After all, though, this was only partly a lie; some day their prosperity would be as great as their friends in Norway believed it to be. They came back happy in the impression they had created and willing, for the sake of it, to live a lean year.

The Parting of the Ways

Olga saw Hedwig only once more. Nels had gone back to sleeping on straw and she was wearing her spring suit in December, when, on a Thursday afternoon, she ran across Hedwig, beautifully dressed.

"Hallo," said Olga, with her broad, slow smile. "Is this your day out too?"

"Already I have no day out," said Hedwig superbly. "I am now in my own business."

"*Ja!*" cried Olga, impressed.

"The lady I am with lends me some already," said Hedwig. "Also I have saved and my brother in Germany lends me some. I have a little shop just started for fine linen underwear and waists and for babies' fine clothes. I have three girls just over from Germany to help me."

Hedwig was smiling triumphantly. She was only twenty-seven and in business for herself. Already her profits were such that she knew that she could clear herself from debt in two years. She was paying her three countrywomen the lowest possible living wage and making them work long hours; she had already plans for enlarging her shop and bringing over other German girls to exploit. Money and success had become her god; and if she sometimes thought of a husband it was only when she was very tired. Then she put the thought away; it would be some time before she would be free to marry and there would be plenty of men to marry a woman with a good business. Hedwig had succeeded, as most of the Germans do, by dint of economy and perseverance; but she knew that her success had been greater than that of most German girls, while Olga's had been only that of the average Norwegian girl. Hedwig changed her smile of triumph to patronage as she said:

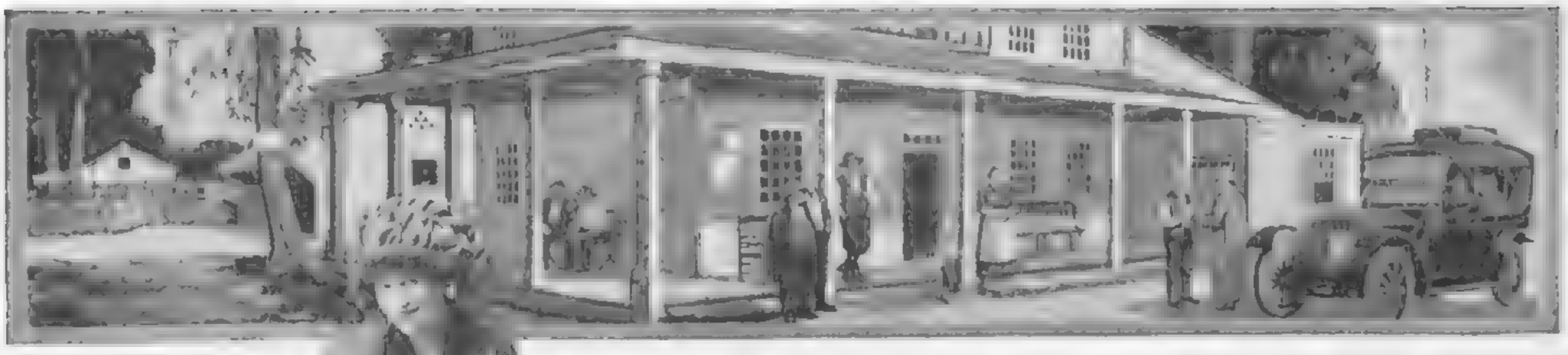
"You should save already, Olga, and get a business."

Olga looked back at her unperturbed and smiled also with patronage. She had something like the feeling that the wife has for the spinster.

"Ay ent have to," she said. "Ay got a man. A man ban better than a business!"

So Olga took her final place in America when she followed her man to Minnesota, there to live as she had in Norway—away from all excitement. Like so many of the Norwegian Americans, she preferred the melancholy plains of the great Northwest to the life of the city. There she would become the mother of a brood of young Americans who would blend completely with our national life. They would never be spectacular or in any large way conspicuous, but they would be a life-giving force like the root of a tree. She and hers would show the signs of the soil even to the second generation. Her sons might be bankers, but they would be provincial—unurban. She and hers would carry on traditions of doggedness and pertinacity, clear insight and independence. They would not hand down any destructive passions or prejudices. They would be self-centered and too ready to give money the first place in their aims; but they would prove to be, all things considered, as good for America as any American of old stock. Olga, leaving Norway to make a place for herself, likewise conferred a benefit upon the country to which she came.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The second will appear in an early issue.



Kelly-Springfield Tire Company
20 Vesey St., New York

Branch Offices in
New York
Chicago
Philadelphia
Boston
St. Louis
Detroit
Cincinnati
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Cleveland
Baltimore
Washington
Seattle
Atlanta
Akron, O.
Buffalo

Boss Rubber Co. Denver, Colo.
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Co. Dallas, Texas
Bering Tire & Rubber Co. Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Company New Haven, Conn.

Kelly-Springfield
Automobile Tires

The wear you get out of a tire depends absolutely on the wear the factory puts into it.

The wear the factory puts into a tire depends in turn on the composition of rubber that is used in the making.

The experience of 17 years of rubber tire manufacture has gone directly into perfecting the rubber composition used in Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires.

We have reason to believe that there is no way on earth to make a pneumatic tire that will give more mileage and better service under actual road conditions than the Kelly-Springfield.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, 20 Vesey St., New York

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Cornwall School
A College Preparatory School for Boys

Beginning with the next school year, ALVAN F. DUERR will be associated with the present headmaster in the management of this school. Mr. Duerr for eleven years was head of the Department of German in Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. For the past six years he has been headmaster of the Polytechnic Preparatory School of Brooklyn. His experience as a successful teacher and head of an important school assures the friends of this school of its enlarged efficiency.

CARLOS H. STONE, Headmaster
Cornwall-on-Hudson

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA
1838 1912

MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, PHARMACY
Seventy fifth Session begins Sept. 17th, 1912. Excellent laboratory and clinical facilities. Climate salubrious. Living expenses moderate. Write for Catalogue 9
Christopher Tompkins, M.D., Dean, Richmond, Va.

The Northwestern Conservatory
MUSIC ART EXPRESSION

The only conservatory in the northwest that offers special courses and courses leading to Artists Diplomas and Teachers Certificates.
The 28th year opens September 5, 1912

OLIVE ADELE EVERS, Principal, 2120 Nicollet Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

Charlotte Hall School

Charlotte Hall St. Mary's County Md. [illegible] the historic Cool Springs. [illegible] news and classical courses. Military discipline. Moderate terms.
G. M. THOMAS, A. M., Principal

Lesley Normal School for Kindergartners and Grade Teachers

[illegible] grades. Address Secretary, 29 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School

FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal, 871 Lafayette Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Is Your Income Increasing
to correspond with the increasing cost of living?

THE average man's salary remains unchanged. The margin between his income and the price he pays for food-stuffs and other necessities is diminishing steadily.

If your income is not keeping pace with the increasing price of necessities, you must look for something to supplement it. Like thousands of others, you must look for something which will net you $50, $75 or $100 more each month and which does not interfere with your regular work.

We will explain to you how thousands of persons who, like you, are facing the high cost of living, are making both ends meet—and are laying aside a surplus for a rainy day by procuring more readers in their towns for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

We will tell you about the plan if you are sincerely interested in increasing your income and can represent our company creditably. Write at once.

The Agency Division The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

YOUNG men and women, here is an exceptional opportunity for you to study dentistry at an extremely moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. The course is three years. The [illegible]
INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
133 E. Ohio Street Indianapolis, Ind.

American Conservatory OF MUSIC, CHICAGO.

One of America's largest, most successful centers for [illegible] Arts. Modern courses, masterfully taught by 70 [illegible] music. Twenty free scholarships. Twenty-seventh season opens Sept. 9th. Catalogue free, on request.
JOHN J. HATTSTAEDT, President
Kimball Hall 324 South Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.

Louisville College of Dentistry
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

[illegible]
W. E. GILANT, D.D.S., Dean, 171 East Broadway

Ohio College of Dental Surgery

[illegible]
Regular winter session Oct. [illegible]
H. A. SMITH, A.M., D.D.S., 344 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, Ohio

Bennett Medical College
45th Year. Medical Dept. of Loyola University

[illegible]

MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, 321 Maynard St.

University School of Music

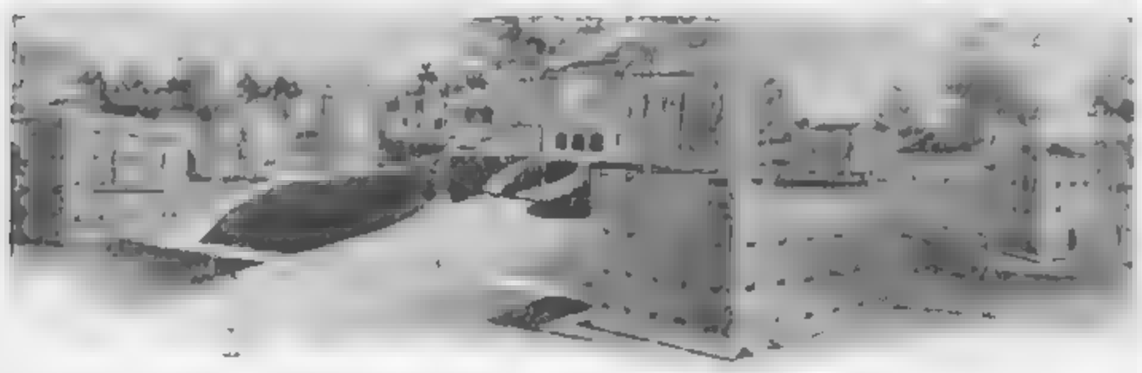
[illegible] artists. May present four plays. Piano, vocal and violin [illegible] recitals. Catalogue. Address CHARLES A. SINK, Secretary

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL
[illegible] Boylston St. (Copley Sq.), Boston, Mass.
Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
and other scientific schools. [illegible]

MISS HART'S Training School for Kindergartners

[illegible]
Miss CAROLINE M. C. HART, The Pines, Rutledge, Pa.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



CASTLE HEIGHTS SCHOOL For Boys, Lebanon, Tennessee

An institution that is materially helping to make history—one that "does things." At the very front in character-building, scholarship, and clean sport. *Undoubtedly the best equipped private school for boys in the South.* Classical, scientific, and commercial courses. Individual attention guaranteed daily to every student. *Your boy deserves the best.* Our superbly illustrated catalog will compel your interest. Rates $180.00.
Address THE HEAD MASTERS, Box 444

Rensselaer Established 1824 Troy, N.Y.
Polytechnic Institute
Engineering and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.) and General Science (B.S.). Also Special Courses.
Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.
For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus apply to
JOHN P. NUGENT, Registrar

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM & MARY

SINCE the days of its illustrious students, [illegible] and John Tyler, [illegible] standard of education. [illegible] Degrees: A.B., B.S., and M.A. Special [illegible] Big [illegible] All [illegible] Summer [illegible] and home life [illegible] Seaside [illegible] Railway. [illegible] Session [illegible] 12 [illegible] Total [illegible] of [illegible] and fees only $2[illegible] Session [illegible] September 21st
Write for our annual catalogue.
H. L. BRIDGES, Registrar. Box A. Williamsburg, Va.

Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa.

51st year begins September 18th.
Degrees granted in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Arts. Preparatory Courses of Study. [illegible]
Col. CHAS. E. HYATT, President.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Location—[illegible] suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.
Organization—Academic, military and physical training departments. Lower school for boys of 8 to 14 years.
Advantages—Only recommended boys taken. Certificates admit to colleges. Write for catalog to
A. M. Henshaw, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
(Roller's School) Ft. Defiance, Va.
A school with country location and modern equipment in the famous Shenandoah Valley. 125 acres [illegible] successful work. Charges $340.00.
THOS. J. ROLLER CHAS. S. ROLLER, Jr., Principals.

Kemper Military School
Boonville, Mo.
Rated Class "A" by War Dept.

A teacher to every ten boys. Modern buildings and extensive [illegible]
Col. T. A. Johnston, Supt.
733 Third St.

Specialized Training for Modern Business
[illegible] practice from the staff. [illegible] Service Department gets positions and advancement for graduates. Students enter any week. Write for catalog to
MICHIGAN BUSINESS AND NORMAL COLLEGE
Battle Creek, Mich.
C. J. Arguebright, Pres., 501 Tacoma Building, 42 Main Street.

St. John's School
For Boys
Overlooking the Hudson
New York

Offers a quick and thorough preparation for college. Military drill. [illegible] gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic field of five acres, tennis, golf. $500 a year covers all expenses. *Junior Hall*, a separate school for boys under 14. For catalogue address
Rev. W. A. Ramsey, A.M., Ph.D. Principal

Music and Drawing
Special One-Year Course

[illegible] training young men and women to teach [illegible] the Public Schools. The demand for these teachers greatly exceeds the supply. [illegible] Statistics [illegible] open [illegible]
The Secretary, Thomas Normal Training School
2160 W. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

STUDY LAW at Home
Become a Lawyer *LEGAL DIPLOMA*
[illegible] Correspondence Law Course [illegible] Guarantee [illegible] Business Law Course [illegible] Begin now
Catalog and Partic[illegible] Free
LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Box 2365 Chicago Ill.

Mercersburg Academy [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] land Valley, one of the most picturesque [illegible] New gymnasium. Equipment modern. [illegible]
William Mann Irvine, LL.D., Headmaster, Mercersburg, Pa.

Carlton Academy Summit, N. J.
[illegible] with Catholic Laymen as instructors. In [illegible] 31 miles from N.Y. Thorough preparation. [illegible] individual care. Supervised Athletic Sports.
Charles H. Schultz, A.M., Head Master.

Kiskiminetas Springs School [illegible]
[illegible] boys not intending to go to college. [illegible]
Dept. 25, Saltsburg, Pennsylvania

Old Dominion Academy Bellance Virginia
[illegible] Principal of [illegible] Winchester [illegible]
[illegible] W. R. KLINE, B.S., Pres.

OBERLIN ACADEMY
OBERLIN, OHIO [illegible] Thoroughly [illegible] any [illegible] New Gymnasium, new Library, new Chapel. [illegible] $200 to $325. Eightieth year begins September 25, 1912. For catalogue apply to JOHN F. PECK, Principal, [illegible]

Virginia, Dayton (Shenandoah Valley)
Shenandoah Collegiate Institute AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Co-educational. College preparatory. Certificate admits [illegible] C.I., Box 105

Wayland Academy Beaver Dam, Wis. [illegible] grade [illegible] year [illegible] Address [illegible] 5 [illegible]

ST. CHARLES MILITARY ACADEMY
St. Charles, Mo. A military home school, 20 miles from St. Louis. Special emphasis on character building and outdoor life. All sports. $435. Address Col. M. F. Walter, Pres., Box 204

ROCKRIDGE
178 Cliff Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Buildings Modern
Equipment Complete
Physical Laboratory
Chemical Laboratory
Manual Training Shop

Gymnasium
Bowling Alleys
Athletic Field
Swimming Pool
Tennis Courts

ROCKRIDGE HALL, for boys of high-school age. Location high, dry and healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful residential villages. Every boy an object of constant thought and care; hence well-regulated daily lives, marked improvement, rapid progress. THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE for young boys. Home-like atmosphere. Experienced teachers. Manual training. Constant supervision. SENIOR HOUSE—(New for 20 of the oldest boys. Thorough preparation for any college or for [illegible] Masters' sisters, experienced mothers

BY-PRODUCTS OF BASE-BALL—By Irvin S. Cobb

COAL tar, so I hear, has more by-products to its credit than any known substance. One forgets how many thousand by-products of coal tar there are on the market already, with quite a number of back districts yet to hear from. It would seem from the available returns now on hand that every time a scientific chemist hasn't anything else to do he rushes the growler for a bucket of coal tar, retires to his laboratory and presently emerges proudly waving aloft several new and novel by-products with names to them like sleeping-cars and guaranteed to be good for what ails you.

In this matter of by-products, therefore, one is safe, I take it, in putting coal tar first; but baseball runs second. Baseball began by being the national pastime—and still is to such an extent that annually, between April and October, there are several million people scattered over this broad continent who cannot seem to concentrate their intellects for any considerable period of time on anything except averages and percentage columns. Baseball, though, is now a good deal more than the mere sporting proposition it was back in the day when every self-respecting catcher took 'em off the bat while wearing nothing to protect himself except a large, fibrous set of whiskers; and the batter called for the kind of ball he wanted and the pitcher had to give it to him. Those were the happy days when the baseman threw up his right arm and yelled "Judgment!" on a close play; and if you didn't care for the umpire it was perfectly proper to surge out upon the grounds and destroy him utterly, leaving only a few scattered fragments. There are still some old-timers left who recall distinctly when—to hear them tell it—a baseball field after one of these technical disputes would look like a place where somebody had been cleaning fish.

Diamond Stunts on the Stage

That day is done, however, and we only recall it now when a Tyrus Raymond Cobb swarms into the bleachers with a bat and reproaches a conversational fan for calling him hard names. And nowadays baseball, in addition to being a sport, is a business, with by-products and offshoots that give employment to thousands and provide profits running away up into the uncounted millions. Looking at it from this standpoint, you discover that baseball, with its allied and subsidiary interests, is one of the biggest industries we have in this country—and, what is more, is getting bigger all the time.

Consider for a fleeting moment baseball's output of histrionic talent. Baseball and the drama first got married away back yonder when Charley Hoyt wrote his farce, A Runaway Colt, with particular reference to the parts to be played in it by Pop Anson, Chicago's Grand Old Man of Baseball, and Arlie Latham, the original Dan Rice of the Diamond. Latham so liked the pleasing flicker of the footlights in his rugged face that he afterward essayed burlesque, while so lately as last spring Anson was doing a music-hall monologue, and doing it pretty well too. He had spirited opposition, though, from within the ranks of his own trade. There was at least one quartet—the Boston Red Sox Quartet—resting their heads each upon another's shoulder, and informing the two-a-day audiences regarding the clandestine colored persons discovered by them 'way down yonder in the co-o-o-rnfield.

In vaudeville, also, there were two so-called baseball acts—one featuring Meyers and Mathewson, the Giants' heavy battery, and the other made up of Bender, Coombs and Morgan, of the Athletics' pitching staff. Mike Donlin, the walloping outfielder, went on the stage as an honest-to-goodness, cross-your-heart actor after he became the husband of Miss Mabel Hite, the comedienne; and Ty Cobb starred in a done-over and warmed-up version of George Ade's comedy, The College Widow. Charley Dooin, the oriflamme-tufted catcher-manager of the Philadelphia team in the National League, sang and talked for hire, he having a rich, warm voice to match his hair and a sense of humor of his own; and Jimmy Callahan, who runs the Chicago White Sox, proved that as a teller of Irish stories he was just as clever as any professional monologist in the business. Germany Schaefer, of the Washingtons, also monologued for several profitable months. One of the moving-picture houses claimed for a fleeting engagement Charley Faust and Little Dick Hennessy, the official mascots of the Giants. This season will see an even larger crop of baseplayer actors upon the boards, because it has come to be an accepted fact that those who go to a ball park in the summer to see a player stealing bases will go to a theater in the winter to hear him stealing lines.

Speaking of Charley Faust naturally brings us round to the subject of mascoting, which is another latter-day by-product of the game. Every professional team in the country now has its official mascot, who may be a fat boy or a dwarf or a giant, or some other refugee from the dime museum; or, on the other hand, he may be merely a small boy with an abnormal knowledge of the game and a genius for toting bats without spilling them. At the outset of the present season there was a certain rich man, with a growing-up son, who offered a manager ten thousand dollars upon these conditions—namely, three thousand dollars if the manager would carry his son along with the regular team as a combination of mascot and benchwarmer, and seven thousand more if the youth showed enough promise to warrant signing him as a utility or substitute player. The seven thousand has not been paid yet and there does not appear to be much prospect at this writing that it ever will be. Another wealthy father, a Philadelphian, sends his boy along with a club, paying all the youngster's traveling expenses and providing him with plenty of spending money; and the father is satisfied that he has his money's worth when he sees the boy in a uniform, sitting on the bench with the regulars and once in a while taking part in preliminary practice before a game starts. Being a mascot, though, is a precarious calling and one oftentimes fraught with disaster. Should a team strike a losing streak, the mascot is liable to fall under suspicion of being a jinks, which is modern baseball for a Jonah. Let that happen and the superstitious players will throw him out bodily.

Fans of the Third Degree

Next in order after the mascots come those persons who—again resorting to the vernacular of the craft—having been first "fans," then became "bugs," and now are "nuts." A nut is a person who will play hooky from his own funeral to attend a baseball game. All actors are fans, and many of them are nuts and proud of it. DeWolf Hopper is one who openly wears the chaplet of pecan and chinkapin leaves—which, however, is but a natural failing in the case of one whose professional reputation is indissolubly associated with his recitation of that immortal baseball classic, Casey at the Bat. Louis Mann has been known to cut short a road tour in order to witness a championship series; and Willie Collier and George M. Cohan and Honey Boy George Evans—to name a few other notable patients—have the disease in almost as incurable a form.

Some well-known actresses are pretty ardent also. Miss Ethel Barrymore, in private life Mrs. Colt—no relative of the Chicago Colts but a great admirer of the Western branch—attends, on an average, a hundred games a season. Miss Julia Sanderson, the musical-comedy prima donna, owns an automobile that is trained to start automatically for the Polo Grounds at 3:30 P. M. daily. Miss May Tully, Miss Ray Cox and Miss Florence Holbrook are actresses who have made use of their knowledge of the intricacies of baseball for vaudeville and musical-comedy purposes. Miss Cox's impersonation of a lady rooter is a part of her regular repertoire. The same may be said for Miss Tully's conception of how various celebrities, including Sarah Bernhardt and Colonel Roosevelt, would behave during a close ninth inning. One popular comedian carries his enthusiasm to a point where he gives a silver cup, big enough to be a duck press or a mortuary urn, to the player who finishes each season with the best all-round average.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Tennessee Military Institute
SWEETWATER TENNESSEE

ONE of the [illegible] military schools in the country. Conveniently located [illegible] from nearly every State. Offers thorough preparation for best colleges, government academies or business. In mountains, [illegible] famous for health, beauty. Detroit Military [illegible] the only Military School in South [illegible] the United States.

Modern in every detail, fireproof buildings, especially designed for military purposes. Steam heat, electric lights, sanitary baths, spring water in every room. Complete [illegible], large athletic field.

Gymnasium, bowling alley. All branches of athletics.

Mountain encampments, practice marches, cavalry troops. Terms $350, tuition and board. For illustrated catalogue, address

Col. O. C. HULVEY, Prest.

Pennsylvania State Normal School

A completely equipped normal school offering a practical education at a remarkably low cost. Its thorough courses enable ambitious young men and women to qualify for good-salaried positions in teaching and other professions. Rates extremely low—$166 for prospective teachers and $266 for non prospective teachers. These rates [illegible] apply to applicants from [illegible] the state as well. Situated in a region of healthfulness and beauty. Modern buildings, supervised and supported by the State. All Athletics. Opens September 10th. In connection is the

Normal Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts

[illegible] Theory of Music. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address

James E. Ament, LL.D., Principal
Indiana, Pa.

St. Paul's

We Know How to Teach Boys

Location: Beautiful and healthful Garden City, Long Island, 18 miles from New York.

Equipment: Fire-proof buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool; 30 acres of athletic fields.

Instruction: Both class and individual instruction given. Prepares for any college or scientific school.

Also a Lower School for Younger Boys

Buildings now open. Catalog on request.

WALTER R. MARSH, Headmaster, Box 31, Garden City, L. I.

DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass.

Young men and young women find here a home-like atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in [illegible] department of a broad culture, a loyal and [illegible] terms, $300 per year.

For catalogue and information address

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal.

Hans Wagner already has enough of these trophies laid by to fill a stable loft; and if his hand-turned Teutonic legs hold out a few years longer he'll have to put an addition on his barn.

All of the tribe, though, are not actors—not by any manner of means. E. E. Smithers, the horseman, loves a baseball game next to a horserace. The late Magistrate "Battery Dan" Finn, one of the most picturesque personalities that Tammany politics ever produced, used to take his vacations from the bench in February so he could go South and watch the clubs at their spring practice. Harry Sparrow, of New York, Dr. F. J. Finley, of Finleyville, Pennsylvania, and Paul Armstrong, the playwright, are charter members of a band who make the pilgrimage to Texas every year to see McGraw whipping his outfit into shape; and there are scores of others if one only had the time and space to list them.

Baseball, as every one knows who reads the sporting page, has bred a tongue of its own—a language as distinctive as the game itself, and one that is constantly changing and amplifying itself to meet new requirements and new conditions. Some of this vocabulary, which is so incomprehensible to the understanding of a foreigner and yet so competent for describing the great American game, is bred in the bleachers, and some of it is bred in the grandstand; but most of it springs from the alert brains and trickles off the nimble pencils of the boys in the press box. Eddie Roth, a pioneer at the art of coining slang of the diamond, is now a copy-reader for a New York evening newspaper. He can remember distinctly when ball games were described in plain United States, which lets in a light upon the length of his years in the service. Charley Dryden is another of the veteran slangsmiths. Dryden is probably responsible for more baseball vernacular than any man alive. He is still in the harness, writing baseball for a Chicago paper. Will Aulick, who for years ran Dryden a close second in this regard, is now a theatrical publicity man; but once in a while he steals away to the press stand at the ballground, borrows a block of paper and takes a fling at the old, fascinating pursuit of thinking up new and timely pet names for inshoots and base hits and things.

The Boys in the Press Box

Peter Dunne and George Ade, the humorists, and Paul Armstrong all served apprenticeships as baseball reporters, and contributed their shares to the language that takes the curse of seriousness off a boxscore. Ban Johnson, head of the American League, and Charley Murphy, owner of the Cubs, were baseball reporters in their day—and not such a far distant day at that. Charley Van Loan and Allen Sangree are magazine men now; but it was only recently that they quit writing baseball fact and began to write baseball fiction. Hughey Fullerton, the original exponent of inside baseball, is another baseball reporter who lately gave up the daily assignment to contribute special articles on his favorite subject to the magazines. Damon Runyon and Bozeman Bulger, of New York, continue to cover games regularly; but Runyon writes books of verses dealing with baseball, and Bulger does two or three vaudeville sketches a year—all with baseball for their motif.

Few players have gone from the field to the press stand, but there are at least two notable exceptions in Sam Crane and Tim Murnane, twinkling stars of the auld lang syne who turned baseball reporters when the days of their usefulness as players were ended. The late Addie Joss, pitcher for Cleveland, was a clever and a ready writer; and Billy Evans, the American League umpire, can turn out a readable newspaper or magazine article on baseball and kindred topics and frequently does so.

This tallying-up of the literary by-products of baseball is not taking into consideration the players, active and retired, who are specially retained every fall to cover the World's Series for individual newspapers and syndicates of newspapers—a thing that increases in scope annually. For example, last October, when the Giants and the Athletics were fighting it out for the flag and the prize money, there was a long and impressive list of these specially retained player-correspondents—including Anson, Jennings, Marquard, Meyers, Hal Chase, Ty Cobb, Mathewson and Dooin—all of whom had places in the press stand,

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

355 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

[illegible] feet above sea-level, pure, dry, healthful [illegible] the Shenandoah Valley [illegible] open air [illegible] tutorial system. Academy fifty two years old [illegible]

CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A. M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

The Citadel

The Military College of South Carolina
Charleston, S. C.

Founded 1842. [illegible] distinguished college [illegible] Mild climate [illegible] Modern buildings; splendid equipment. Expert faculty of long training and experience. Government rating. "Full courses leading to B.S. and C.E. degrees. Minimum age for admission 16. Expenses, $332—no extras. Catalogue. Address

COL. O. J. BOND, Superintendent

ORTER MILITARY Academy

Established in 1867 to give good boys the right start in life. Growth continuous. 1908-09, 97; 1909-10, [illegible]; 1910-11, 164; 1911-12, 231. College or business [illegible]—Languages, Science, History, Music, [illegible] Commercial Courses. Eleven [illegible] buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic field. Mild climate. Outdoor [illegible]. Board [illegible], $250. Two from one family, $450. Lower School, [illegible] dormitory, for boys 10 to 14. Write [illegible]

Rev. WALTER MITCHELL, B. D., Box D, Charleston, S. C.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

10 miles from Philadelphia

Preparation for all colleges, technical schools and business. Military training in Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry. Largest gymnasium and athletic field in New Jersey. Rural life. No saloons or factories in the town. Beautiful and healthful location.

Special Provision Made for Junior School Boys

Undefeated football, basketball, and indoor track teams for 1911 and baseball for 1912.

School opens Sept. 19th, 1912. Write for catalog and year book.

MAJOR JOHN R. JONES, Supt.
Box 114 Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J.

FISHBURNE Military School

Waynesboro, Virginia

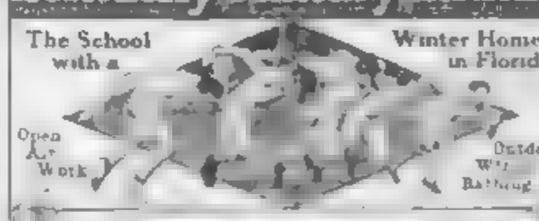
A home like school with able instructors and [illegible] [illegible] 14 [illegible] [illegible]

Rates moderate. Send for catalogue

Jas. A. Fishburne, A.B., Principal, Box 267

Kentucky Military Institute

The School with a [illegible]



Winter Home in Florida

Open Air Work

Outdoor Wet Bathing

Getting a Start in life is a serious matter and requires careful training to succeed. Such training is embodied in the preparatory technical and business courses taught at K. M. I. Permanent home in the Blue Grass region [illegible] Founded 1846 [illegible]

THE PRESIDENT, K. M. I., Lyndon, Kentucky

Oldest and Largest Military School in the Middle West.

Government Supervision. In Class "A."

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

Its methods teach and develop both men [illegible]

THE SECRETARY,
1812 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

Verbeck Hall St. John's School

Saint John's Summer Cavalry School

Manlius Schools

MANLIUS, N. Y.

DESIGNATED by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution, 1904-05-06-07-08-09-10-11-12," this being highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application [illegible] principle to preparation for college or business. Because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in honor system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.

WM. VERBECK, President

New Mexico Military Institute

[illegible] an opportunity to develop the [illegible] of self reliance. Send him to the [illegible] Valley, where the climate [illegible] development shows [illegible] by State Academic and Elective Courses [illegible] ma edions to all colleges. All athletics. [illegible]

Col. J. W. Wilson, Supt., Box F, Roswell, New Mexico

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY, Gainesville, Ga. NEAR ATLANTA

The most modern and up-to-date private Military School in the Southland for boys 14 to 20 years of age. Every advantage and convenience. A natural park of 1,500 acres surrounding beautiful Lake Warner, with fishing, boating, swimming. Fine athletic grounds. Ideal location on Blue Ridge Escarpment, 1,600 feet above sea level. Courses: College Preparatory, Classical, Scientific and Business. For handsome catalog, write THE SUPERINTENDENT, Box A, Gainesville, Ga.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

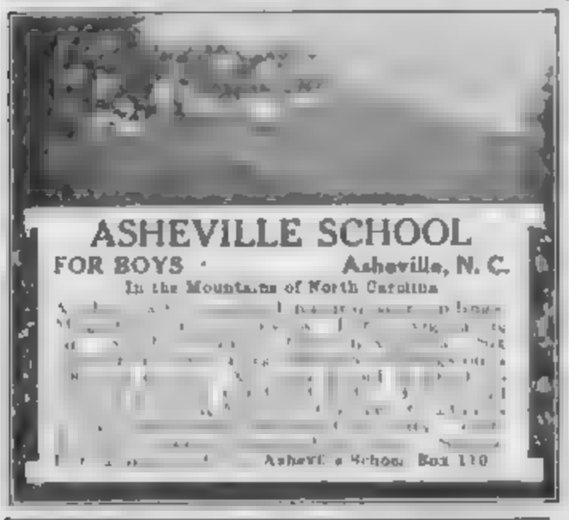
Great schools, like men who create the world's standards in every vocation, must possess distinctive character and ability to produce results superior to those of their competitors.

The Georgia Military Academy

The South's Most Splendidly Equipped Prep School

through results achieved, has won national repute and patronage and [illegible] investigation of parents wishing the VERY BEST FOR THEIR SONS. Elegantly appointed in every detail, cultured home-life, [illegible] teacher grouped with about every 12 cadets for personal care and right study, select and limited. Ideal Southern climate, elevation [illegible] feet above sea level. [illegible] Officer. Classed A by War Dept. Expenses $360. Eight miles from Atlanta, the heart of the South.

COL. J. C. WOODWARD, A. M., President
College Park, Ga.



ASHEVILLE SCHOOL
FOR BOYS — Asheville, N. C.
In the Mountains of North Carolina

[illegible]

Asheville School, Box 110

Howe School
HOWE, INDIANA

A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS

Every Boy Receives
Every Lesson
Every Day

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificate.

Estate of 150 acres. 9 Fine Buildings. Thorough sanitation. Heat by steam. All athletic sports. Beautiful lakes.

Separate School for Younger Boys

For illustrated catalogue address

The Rev. J. H. McKENZIE, L.H.D., Rector, Box 220

The Army and Navy Preparatory School

Prepares for any College [illegible]

4110 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

Certificates accepted at all universities. Catalogue on request.

Detroit University School

Preparatory and Manual Training School for Boys

[illegible] graduates in 24 colleges in the last 13 years. Your boy will get here not only an all-around development, but manual training to make him exact. Modern buildings, unexcelled dormitories, shops, laboratories, gymnasium, pool and athletic field, exceptional faculty. College certificate [illegible] upon application. Those addressing the SECRETARY, 65 Elmwood Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, will receive a book.

IRVING SCHOOL for Boys
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

25 miles from N. Y., in the best [illegible] country. 25th year. 21 years [illegible]

Address J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Headmaster, Box 904.

Morgan Park Academy
A Real School for Real Boys

Morgan Park Academy, Morgan Park, Ill. Box 22

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY
1836 POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. 1912

[illegible] a home for the development of the better kind of boys. It looks beyond college entrance [illegible] the school an exceptional knowledge of boys. School opens September 26, 1912. For catalog,

Address JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A.M., Box 710.

Randolph-Macon Academy
For Boys and Young Men. Front Royal, Va.

[illegible] Gymnasium. [illegible] Terms, $250. [illegible] For free [illegible]

Charles L. Melton, A. M., Principal, Box 411, Front Royal, Va.

Holy Cross College
WORCESTER, MASS.

LARGEST CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN AMERICA

Founded 1843. Direction Jesuit Fathers. High Educational Standard. Advanced courses. Modern [illegible] of development [illegible] $

Write Prefect of Studies

SWARTHMORE
Preparatory School

A high grade boarding school [illegible] faculty patronage [illegible] which [illegible] rugged. [illegible] who [illegible] send for catalogue [illegible] no factories nor saloons [illegible] Moderate cost. Address

ARTHUR H. TOMLINSON, Head Master, Swarthmore, Pa.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY
For Boys and Young Men

Fits for college, scientific schools or business. Work [illegible] and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms $250. No extras. For catalogue address

E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal, Bedford City, Va.

THE VERMONT ACADEMY
for Boys

Saxtons River, Vt. [illegible] Lower school for [illegible] $ [illegible]

GEORGE R. LAWSON, A. M., D. D., Principal

WILLISTON SEMINARY
FOR BOYS

Easthampton, Mass. [illegible]

JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L. H. D., Principal

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA

46th Year Opens September 17th, 1912

Distinguished for munificence of graduates, careful selection [illegible], personal training, separate family [illegible] military physical training [illegible] Address for catalog, REV. JAMES DOBBIN, D.D.

The Massanutten Academy
Woodstock, Va.
For Boys.

[illegible] rates finest home traditions of [illegible] ful location, beautiful Shenandoah V[illegible] culture and business; splendid music [illegible] ensemble. Limited [illegible]

HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, A. M., H[illegible]

New [illegible] Seminary

Montclair Academy

[illegible] and method. Fine equipment. Col[illegible]. Write for booklet "Your Boy and [illegible] manage to all [illegible]

Address JOHN G. MacVICAR, A. M., 75 Walden Place.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY
Columbia, Tenn.

A high grade school in the blue grass region [illegible] and Country. Most [illegible] equipment in the south. A limited school with a teacher for each twenty pupils. Careful [illegible] supervision [illegible] relation with [illegible] school work and [illegible] Charges [illegible] $ [illegible] expenses, [illegible] and books, $400.00 [illegible]

Col. J. C. HARDY, Principal, Columbia, Tennessee

working side by side with novelists, fiction writers and playwrights, and likewise with sixty or more regular reporters, representing practically every big newspaper in the country. Incidentally it may be worth while to know that there are probably a hundred or more expert baseball reporters scattered over the country who make their livings by writing baseball stuff alone. They have spent years, most of them, specializing in baseball, and any one of them is likely to be among the three or four highest salaried writers on the staff of his paper.

Baseball, which is the backbone, the heart and the lungs of every sporting page in America, likewise supports three periodicals devoted exclusively to baseball—two weeklies and an illustrated monthly. Also there are the statisticians—men like George "Figgers" Moreland, Ernest Lanigan, W. F. Phelan, and others less well known who make a tidy thing of it by compiling daily, weekly and seasonal tables of averages and columns of comparisons in base-running, batting, pitching, base-stealing and the rest of it. The newspapers pay well for these statistics and the fans read them with avidity, but not many laymen realize what an expert knowledge it takes to turn them out accurately and rapidly. Under the classification of literary by-products, also, we must list the press agents of the various parks and teams, mainly ex-reporters. There was a time when a baseball press agent had to fight in order to slip a measly stickful of copy into type; nowadays the newspapers print miles of baseball stories where they used to print inches, and the press agent is often more concerned with keeping things out of print than with getting them in.

The Army of Specialists

Of other lines of expert endeavor connected with the game itself there is almost a countless array. There are expert stand-builders; expert photographers who devote their talents to snapshotting exciting and crucial moments of actual play; expert printers who turn out the endless reels of admission tickets, all consecutively numbered and properly dated—one concern has made a fortune for its owners out of baseball tickets alone; expert telegraph operators who send reports of the games to the printing offices and to the ticker-tape shops; even expert announcers and expert peanut and lemonade peddlers. Harry Stevens, who owns the refreshment and scorecard concessions for the two New York parks, is rated as a millionaire. On the side, he does catering on a wholesale scale for automobile meets, six-day bicycle races, fairs and all manner of big gatherings, both indoors and outdoors; but his profits are largely based upon his income from baseball—and that seems fitting, for a baseball park was where he made his start, vending lemonade and peanuts. He still has the red coat he wore in those days and it is probably his most treasured possession.

Joe Humphreys, of New York, sometimes known as the Human Bottomless Pit and sometimes as the living Cave of the Winds, is probably the most noted among the announcers. He never needs a megaphone to send his voice over a few square acres of territory; bountiful Nature, when he was born, provided him with all the facilities. People have been known to come from miles round to hear Joe Humphreys announce something, which was a needless trouble—they could have stayed at home and raised the windows.

One of the announcers at the Polo Grounds this year is a physician of repute and a graduate of Heidelberg University. He spent a good deal of time electioneering for the job and eventually his ambition was gratified. Mornings he practices his profession; afternoons, on a salary of one dollar a day—which he does not in the least need—he appears upon the field proudly bearing a funnel of varnished pasteboard, with a mouthpiece at one end and the lower end of the state of New York at the other. Through this instrument he bellows the pleasing information that batteries for the day will be: for "N'Yawk—Blallum and Blallum"—loud cheers; for "Ch'c'go—Wobblum and Wrigglum"—prolonged hisses. And he is amply satisfied. He gets out into the fresh air and the sunshine, unless it rains; he sees the game from the best possible position; he knows the players by their first names and is by his first name known to them; he enjoys a little authority, and he is part and parcel of the fascinating machinery of the thing.

Not to be overlooked are the certain small towns down toward the Gulf that never seem really to get definitely upon the map until the big-league teams go South for practice. Ten months in a year these towns drowse along. Then, early in February, they wake up; and thereafter for a month or six weeks they figure daily in the dispatches. Players, correspondents, fans, rubbers, trainers, scouts, managers, and all the camp-followers who trail the army of baseball, swarm in then, bringing with them a touch of life from the outside world, and bringing also unfailing topics for conversation. Some of these towns live the rest of the year on the memories of the training season; and the free advertising they get may properly be classified as one of baseball's by-products.

There are architects who specialize in the designing of the great three and four story concrete stadiums that are taking the places of the old-time wooden stands; there are contractors who do nothing but construct these stadiums, and still other contractors who buy up the display spaces in the parks and utilize them for advertising purposes. Goodness knows how much money is invested every year in ball-fence advertising—in the big cities an advertiser has to pay a mighty fancy price for a few running yards of space. The custom of offering prizes to the player who hits the ball over the fence or hits a particular spot on the fence is dying out in some cities, but still prevails in others. Two seasons ago there was one park I have in mind where the batter who placed his hits right could collect, among other things, five pounds of cream cheese, a dozen linen collars, a safety razor, a case of whisky, a suit of clothes, two hats, a pair of shoes, a trunk to keep them in, five hundred cigarettes, a hundred cigars and cash prizes aggregating one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

An enterprising tailor once posted a notice in box-car letters on the Polo Grounds fence, offering a fifteen-dollar suit for every home run made by a member of the local team. If a batter made two home runs he could have two fifteen-dollar suits or one thirty-dollar suit—it made no difference. Whether it was the lure of this offer or whether all of a sudden the Giants got their lamps trimmed, I am not prepared to say; but the fact stands out that they proceeded to knock the stitches off the ball. The tailor was game, though. He stood the drain until the swatting Giants rolled up an aggregate of twelve home runs in one series. Then at night he sent a man out to the park to paint out the offer. He thought his sorrows from that source were ended, but they were not. Second Baseman Larry Doyle dropped in the next morning to pick out an entire fall outfit—suits, extra trousers, overcoat and waistcoats. He had been saving up his home runs until he had ten of them to be traded in—one hundred and fifty dollars' worth—all at once!

The Testimonial Business

Fence advertising is a big item in the total; but a still bigger one is the kind that springs from the willingness of ballplayers to allow the use of their names and their pictures in advertisements for all kinds of proprietary articles. Most of them are more than willing—they get paid for their willingness. They pick up a good deal of money from this source of revenue and there isn't any doubt that the advertisers pick up a great deal more. Nearly all the players sell or give away the authority to reproduce their likenesses on cigarette cards. Others write signed testimonials for this or that thing. A letter from Thomas A. Edison, saying he was delighted to own one of So-and-So's three-dollar revolvers; "No metal can touch you"; or one from Luther Burbank, stating that he positively could not get along without at least one of Doctor Bristle's patent toothbrushes; "The flavor lasts"—might or might not be worth a good deal in resultant purchases; but when Hans Wagner comes out in print and says his pants feel lost unless firmly attached to a pair of Somebody's ballbearing suspenders, it's a dead moral certainty that right away several thousand amateurs, who have been wondering why it was they could not bat four hundred too, will take a running start for the nearest suspender emporium.

Divers enterprising persons devote their energies to selling jewelry to ballplayers, ballplayers being notoriously addicted to cluster pins and solitaire rings. A gentleman known among his friends as Diamond

Joe is a noted character round New York. He carries his stock of goods on his person. He is a sort of traveling showcase. When he corners a prospective customer—usually a ballplayer—he seems to exude precious stones from all over himself; he has them in every pocket. In Cincinnati there is another man in the same line of trade, who last year seized upon the psychological moment, when the Giants had won the National League pennant and were assured of a greater or less share of the World's Series gate money, to sell them sixty-five hundred dollars' worth of jewelry in less than three days' time.

Nearly all the big railroad lines east of the Mississippi River have special passenger agents who do nothing in the season except skirmish for baseball business, which means not only routing the teams, and carrying them on special trains if necessary, but working up excursions from contiguous territory when a particularly interesting game or a series of games is being played in any city on the two main circuits. The telegraph companies have created special departments presided over by officials bearing the impressive title of supervisor of sporting events, and made up of expert operators who from the press stands send in reports of the games, inning by inning, as fast as the newspaper men can write or dictate their stories—the evening-paper men dictate and the morning-paper men write, usually. In a major league town anywhere from ten to twenty-five operators will be found at every game, working under a manager who also looks after the long and short distance telephone service that is a part of the equipment. Similarly, the various news-gathering associations cover fully all games in all recognized leagues and furnish various styles of reports for wire distribution among their subscribers, these reports ranging from boxscores and complete accounts for the big papers down to brief summaries by innings, with the names of the batteries, for the smaller papers that take the "pony" service.

Mention of these things brings to mind the sporting extras issued by the evening newspapers in big-league towns, especially on account of baseball games, providing employment for added forces in every department of the newspaper shops—editorial, mechanical, advertising and circulation. Akin to these activities, also, is the business of manufacturing and selling devices for reproducing the results at a distance from the grounds, which means not only the scoreboards in front of the newspaper offices and the bulletin boards in the cafés and clubs, but those complicated, electrically controlled affairs whereon every play is illustrated as it occurs by a code of moving colored lights.

The Scouting System

Not on any account is to be overlooked the horde of trainers, rubbers, massage experts and bonesetters who make their livings by tending stiff and crippled ballplayers, most of them being regularly attached to the teams and drawing regular salaries; nor the groundkeepers—landscape gardeners they are, really—who keep the fields in order and see to it that the turf is always green and springy and that the flower beds are always in bloom. There is record of one groundkeeper who was sent abroad to take a course of study among the lawns of English country estates. Recent years have likewise seen the development of the professional coach. For some years Arlie Latham was carried on the roll of the New York National League team as a uniformed player, though his sole employment was to coach from the side lines and by his antics keep players and spectators in good humor. Other coaches, such as Wilbert Robinson, of the Giants, and the veteran Kid Gleason, of the Chicago White Sox, are employed largely in training and developing young players who show promise but lack experience.

In addition to these aides, every big-club manager also has at least one professional scout on his staff. Usually this scout is a retired player with a good eye for recognizing talent in the rough. He travels about over the country, visiting the smaller cities and towns and keeping ever on the lookout for raw material. Fully half of the men now playing on the major circuits were secured in this way, and the work of the scout has come to be of invaluable help. Arthur Irwin, Billy Murray, Jim McGuire, "Sadie" McMahon and Mike Finn are among the best known of the scouts—Finn being likewise a minor-league manager on his own account.

Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, has a system of his own for finding young recruits. Clergymen and college professors of all denominations are always made welcome at Shibe Park when the Athletics are playing at home, or aboard the private car when the team is traveling. Mack treats these visitors as his guests and gives them every opportunity to mingle with his players. The result is that in a dozen or more big schools there are members of the faculties keeping a weather eye out for the adolescent speed marvel and the budding pitching "phenom." And when such a youth is spotted Connie Mack hears about it by the next mail—but he maintains his force of scouts too.

Speaking of colleges serves to remind us of still another side issue of baseball—the college boys who play semiprofessional ball in the summer to earn the money to carry them through to graduation. And, if it may be permitted to whisper a confidential aside, tales have been told before now of a natural-born hitter who took a special course in crewel work, say, or painting tea-sets, on every other Wednesday afternoon from 1:30 to 1:45, in order that the varsity team might have the benefit of his services in the outfield between times.

The Men Who Get Rich

Probably the only unwholesome side issue of baseball is gambling, which persists in some of the larger cities despite all efforts to scotch it—handbook operators, who frequent saloons and billiard parlors, laying odds against the teams. These handbook men have been active for years in Pittsburgh, where, for some reason, more money is wagered on baseball games than in any three cities in the two big leagues; and early in the present season they were found to be gaining more or less of a foothold in New York. However, there isn't any danger that baseball will ever come to be the adjunct of gambling that horse racing now is. The players themselves dislike the gambling, being proud of the clean name which their trade enjoys. The managers hate it and the majority of the public will have none of it, fearing that the gambling infection, spreading, would kill what is now the greatest asset of professional baseball—the universal belief that every player is doing his best and that no game is lost or won except upon its merits. So, perhaps, it would be unfair to include the bookmaking gentry among the lesser by-products. There are still many small industries we might name without including them—the refreshment stands, the flag-selling privileges, the scorecard concessions, and scores of other businesses employing directly or indirectly thousands of men and representing an aggregate of millions of invested capital.

Finally one comes to the pretty substantial fortunes that have been amassed by those players, both active and retired, who had the wit and sagacity to capitalize their professional popularity in business. In the off seasons a good many of the men are partners in cafés, billiard rooms, theaters, cigar stores, clubs—places where a man's individual reputation along sport lines is apt to draw trade. Others go into more prosaic businesses: they run shoe stores, chicken ranches, fruit orchards or stock farms. A number of professional ballplayers have reputations as scientists—"Zaza" Harvey, a former outfielder for Cleveland, being an entomologist of note, and Birdie Cree, the famous batter of the Yankees, and Christy Mathewson being forestry experts, to name three examples. Strangely enough, at least two umpires are undertakers by profession and own their establishments. On second thought, though, it's not so strange. Looking past the surface, one seems to discern a kinship between umpiring and undertaking—in summer an umpire causes grief; in winter he ministers to it.

Not all the retired stars of the diamond do well when their legs wear out and their eyes grow dim and their bellows begin to wheeze.

Some drop back into the obscurity from which they emerged and a few do not even stop there—they keep on going. When last heard from, one of the greatest pitchers the game ever produced was driving a lumber wagon in a small Indiana town for a dollar a day; and a famous old outfielder of Boston is a coalheaver.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY

Atlanta, Georgia

An Engineering Institute of the highest rank, in the heart of the progressive South. 1050 feet above sea level. The climate is healthful and delightful. Advanced courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Textile and Civil Engineering, Engineering Chemistry, Chemistry and Architecture. Extensive and new equipment of Shop, Mill and Laboratories. New Hospital, new Engineering Shop Building, and new Y. M. C. A. Building, costing $75,000.00.

The demand for the School's graduates is much greater than the supply. Dormitories. Cost reasonable. For illustrated catalog, address

Dept. R K. G. MATHESON, LL.D., President

New York University
School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance

Day and evening courses offered in University Building, Washington Sq. East. Courses in Accounting, Banking, Advertising and Salesmanship, Insurance, Real Estate, Statistics, Practical Politics, Commercial Teaching, Journalism, etc. Year begins Sept. 26. Send for Bulletin to Secretary, School of Commerce, Washington Square East, New York.

Electricity in One Year

Complete—Thorough—Practical—Authoritative. No superficials or non-essentials. Actual construction, installation and testing. Admits only young men of character and stickability. Its graduates are "making good" all over the world. Write for new illustrated catalogue. *Opens Sept. 23.*

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 75 TAKOMA AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

QUICK, THOROUGH ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

A complete college course in two years. Time and money saved. Taught by graduate engineers. Practice on apparatus and machines—construction, operation and repair. Every branch of generation, transmission and application. Graduates in leading electric companies. New classes July and September. Write for details.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
No. 101, College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago

Thirty-first Annual Session begins October 1, 1912, and continues for thirty-six weeks.
Four-year graded course for degree of M. D.
Completely equipped buildings and laboratories situated in the heart of Chicago's great medical center.
Strong faculty of one hundred and forty members.
Class room, laboratory, clinical and hospital bedside instruction.
Students allowed to specialize in elective subjects.
Attend a recognized school.
Thirty-five hundred members in the Alumni body.
For catalog and detailed information address
DR. FRANK H. EARLE, Sec'y, Box 22, Congress and Honore Sts., Chicago

Detroit College of Law

Established 1891. Prepares for the Bar in all States. Two distinct schools—Day and Evening. Three years' course leads to the degree of LL.B. Students may witness 20 courts in daily session. Law Library 18,000 Vols. Catalog mailed free. Self-supporting students should write for pamphlet describing our efficient Bureau of Self-Help. Address

MALCOLM McGREGOR, Sec'y, 90 Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MEMORY the BASIS of All Knowledge

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 933 And'l'n Bldg., Chicago

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and most successful school in the world, teaching law by the correspondence plan, will send **Free** its beautiful catalog and testimonials, showing how thousands of ambitious men, through its **Regular College Course,** became successful practitioners, and how other thousands climbed to commanding business positions by taking The Business Law Course. Easy Payment Plan.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
256 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW

Two years' course leading to the degree of LL. B., and admission to the State and U. S. Courts. Fine law building, strong faculty of 15. Terms reasonable. Students may be self-supporting. Term begins Sept. 18, 1912. For illustrated catalogue address

Judge CHARLES R. EVANS, Box P, Chattanooga, Tenn.

CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY

1847 DEPARTMENT OF LAW Lebanon, Tennessee 1912

Over sixty years of successful work. *Alma mater* of two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. An opportunity is offered to earnest students to complete the entire course and obtain the degree of Bachelor of Laws in ONE YEAR. The next term begins September 4, 1912. Send for catalogue.

Stop! Read! and Consider!!

Which is the better off, the man who has a good trade, or he who belongs to the vast army of unskilled workers? The New York Trade School, founded in 1881, and endowed, provides practical instruction in various trades for young men. Full day courses, $25 to $45; evening classes, $12 to $16. Illustrated catalogue, showing trades taught and giving full particulars, mailed free on application. Address, 1250 First Avenue, New York City.

Practical Electricity
Steam Engineering School

Qualify as an expert electrician or high salaried steam engineer. Our students learn by actually running our great plant of boilers, engines, dynamos and electric apparatus. References: any of our 3000 graduates. If you are interested in machinery or electricity write for free catalog.

Hawley School of Engineering, Boston, Mass.

A Practical Business School

Thorough training in modern business methods. A position for every graduate. 1,500 students last year. Book-keeping, etc. Penman or Gregg system, the latter considered by many the fastest and easiest. Write for Catalog E.

Philadelphia Business College
1017 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

EASTMAN Trains young men and women thoroly for business and obtains positions for graduates of complete com'l course. Delightful, recreative situation. Summer session. For catalog, address
C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

New Bedford Textile School

New Bedford, Mass. Thorough preparation in art of cotton manufacture and allied industries. Two and three year courses. Graduates hold many responsible and lucrative positions in textile and allied industries.

Address WILLIAM E. HATCH, President and Manager.

The Law Froebel Kindergarten Training School
TOLEDO, OHIO.

A broad education, a profession or livelihood and a preparation for domestic life. No failures.
MARY E. LAW, M. D., Principal, 2131 Ashland Avenue.

The Sargent School For Physical Education

The largest normal school for physical education in the world. Address

THE SUPERINTENDENT, Cambridge, Mass.

School for Nurses The Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago

Affiliated with *Rush Medical College of the University of Chicago*, offers a three year course. Listed by the State of Illinois. Special eight hour working day. New modern building in construction. Address
Principal, Box 109, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

INDIANA, Angola, 310 So. Darling St.

Tri-State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical or Electrical Engineer in two years. $165 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

WRITE FOR THESE
books telling you how

Northwestern University

"Campus and Town"—finds and develops your talents.
Scenes of beautiful campus and gymnasium (largest in U. S.)
Best Preparation for Engineering
Earning One's Way
Evanston as a Music Centre
Typical Lessons in Pharmacy
Also bulletins of our Schools of Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Music and Commerce; and "Student Life at Evanston Academy."

E. S. BRANDT, 400 Northwestern University Bldg., Chicago

A Start in Life
For Boys Past 17

High School boys and other young men with good education and ability will be prepared for and aided to positions paying $75 a month.
The cost is $100 for a term of 12 weeks, including tuition, text-books, board and room.
Usually from three to five terms are required.
We also train young women for business and aid them to positions paying from $35 to $50 a month, with good chance for advancement.
1564 students last year. Every graduate employed.
Write for particulars.

STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
804 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

1913—ANNOUNCEMENT—1913

SIX NEW STYLES, ranging in price from $1,700 to $3,050, all well equipped, compose the Abbott-Detroit line for 1913. Two of these models, the 34-40, Fore-Door Roadster and the 34-40, 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, have a 116" *wheelbase* while the other four models, the 44-50 Demi-Tonneau, the 44-50 7-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, the 44-50 Battleship Roadster and the 44-50 Limousine, are built upon a *121" wheelbase* chassis.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in SERIAL form. This is the first advertisement. No. 2 will appear in The Saturday Evening Post, August 17th; Collier's, August 17th; Life, August 22nd; Literary Digest, August 24th.

THE ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER
1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. This is not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but an electric *self-starter*,—a real one—a dependable one—built as a part of the engine—the first reliable one ever placed on a car complete—as part of the regular equipment.
Visit our sales rooms and have its operation explained.

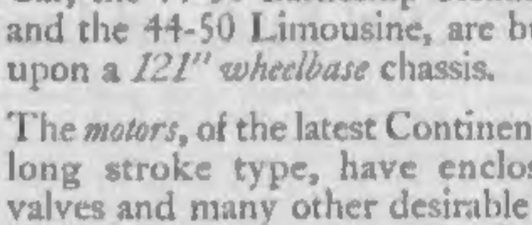
The Car Shown Above is the 44-50 Seven-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car. 121-inch wheelbase **$2,000**

The *motors*, of the latest Continental, long stroke type, have enclosed valves and many other desirable features; the 34-40 motors are 4⅛" bore x 5¼" stroke, while those of the 44-50 are 4½" x 5½".

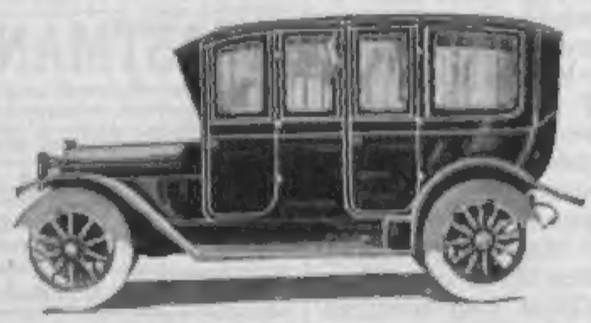
34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116" wheelbase . . . **$1,700**

The *Tires*—Goodyear-No-Rim-Cut—are mounted on Booth Demountable *Rims*—the 34-40 models being equipped with 34"x4" tires, while the 44-50 models have 36"x4½" with the exception of the Battleship Roadster, which is fitted with 35"x4½" all around.

All of the models have an *underslung spring construction* which lowers the center of gravity and in addition to allowing the use of a very pleasing design of body tends to eliminate side-swaying and excessive skidding, making it safer to drive the car at high speed. *Other important features* to which your special attention is called are: Dry Plate, Multiple Disc Clutches; Strong, compact nickel steel Transmissions; enclosed Unit Power Plants; full floating type Rear Axles of nickel steel construction, the housings of which are so designed as to form complete double trusses of great strength and extreme rigidity; Timken Roller and imported Schafer annular Bearings; oil tempered Springs; large Artillery Wheels, made of selected hickory; Special Steels; heavy duty Forgings, double heat treated; ventilated fore-door Bodies; Inside Control; Ten inch Upholstering; twenty-four painting operations on bodies.



44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121" wheelbase . . . **$2,150**



44-50 Seven-Passenger Fore-Door Limousine, 121" wheelbase . . **$3,050**

Equipment includes black enamel, nickel trimmed Electric Headlights; electric Side and Tail Lamps fitted with Tungsten globes; very complete Electric Lighting System with Dynamo; large capacity Lighting Battery; Extension Auxiliary Light; Dash Light; Splitdorf Dual Ignition System; specially designed self-contained Electric Self-Starter; Booth Demountable Rims; Horn; complete set of Tools; Tire Repair Outfit; Jack; Tire Irons; Robe Rail; Tool Box and Foot Rest.

The Battleship Roadster has, in addition, an extra equipment of two spare tires and tire trunk.

Auxiliary seats are a part of the regular equipment of the 44-50 Fore-Door Touring Car.

Bodies finished in any combination of three colors, running gear and standard finish. All prices F. O. B. Factory.

34-40 Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, 116" wheelbase . **$1,700**

After a careful consideration of these exceptional features and a critical examination of these cars themselves, we think that you will agree with us that Abbott-Detroit cars for 1913 are *the best cars in the world at the price.*

44-50 Five-Passenger Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121" wheelbase **$1,975**

Abbott-Detroit
Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

Send for Beautiful Art Catalog

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
601 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN

AXLES AND BEARINGS

Human Safety Comes First

Up over the rocks and ruts of the hills; down through the sand and mud of the valleys; veering round corners, spurting ahead—

Pleasure, satisfaction, a feeling of security—can only come with reliance on good axles and bearings.

Safety—to you and to those who ride in your car—is a prime consideration in a motor car. Nothing can compare in importance with human safety.

Good Axles are the Foundation of Motor-Car Safety

Whatever the speed or whatever the road, the axles must stand up to the stresses and shocks—

Not *most* of the time but *all*—over every foot of the trip.

Timken-Detroit Axles are doing this under thousands of cars built by more than a hundred noted American manufacturers.

There is every reason why Timken Axles should be good axles—and why they are.

First, the great Timken-Detroit organization, now over a thousand men, began its study of axles in the early days when there were no automobiles.

Second, all the energy, all the mind and all the heart of that organization are devoted to just one thing—the designing and building of "make good" axles for "make good" cars.

Third, Timken experience has been uniformly successful—with horse-drawn vehicles, in the early automobiles, under the first motor-trucks, and today, in all classes of cars.

The Timken Bearing with Cup Removed

Tapered rollers, revolving about a cone, sustain more load because they carry it along lines—not on points as balls do.

Good Bearings are the Heart of Safe Axles

One of the greatest reasons for the uniform success of Timken-Detroit Axles is the fact that they are equipped solely with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Bearings that can carry greatest vertical load—that can, at the same time, sustain all the side pressure—

Bearings that offer greatest possible resistance to wear—and that can be easily adjusted to perfectly take up minute wear.

Bearings whose correctness of principle and whose practical efficiency are so widely recognized that they are used in the wheels and other places of the cars made by a large majority of all car-builders in the United States and by many leading Foreign makers as well.

Add to your knowledge of your car by writing for the Timken Primers on axle and bearing anatomy

The whole story of Timken Axles and Bearings is told in simple, non-technical language in the Timken Primers, A-3 "On the Care and Character of Bearings" and A-4 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles." They'll give you a new grasp of a vital, interesting subject and a new understanding of your car.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

For more than fourteen years the Timken Roller Bearing Axle (made at Canton, Ohio) has been giving satisfactory service in horse-drawn vehicles

THE OLDSMOBILE is a car for the motorist whose demands must of necessity call for something more in a car than can be supplied by the type of automobile made in quantities and turned out at a price to meet merely a utilitarian need.

The Defender, a new and popular five-passenger Oldsmobile model, here illustrated in action, is the outgrowth of the fourteen year Oldsmobile experience and a worthy exponent of the line which it represents.

Like its big brother, the Autocrat, the Defender is staunch and enduring. Some think it even better looking. With a smaller motor of the same stroke and a lighter chassis, its performance is surprising even Oldsmobile enthusiasts.

The mere list of specifications gives no conception of its all around ability—up and down hill, on country roads, or gliding sedately, throttled literally to a walk, on city streets.

Long continued experience in progressive manufacture is the rarest among assets of automobile manufacturers. This one thought should be sufficient to turn the serious attention of the prospective purchaser to the Oldsmobile.

The Defender, two, four and five passenger car, equipped with the finest of everything you need in a car—price $3,000.

Catalog showing complete line of Oldsmobile models on request.

Branches in Principal Cities

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Dealers from Coast to Coast

Copyright 1912, Olds Motor Works